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"HE SHALL SPEAK PEACE"





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“PEACE, BE STILL”

Reproduction of the painting

“Herr, erbarm dich unser!”

by

ANTON DIETRICH

“HE SHALL SPEAK PEACE”

*The battle bow shall be cut off: and he shall
speak peace unto the heathen:*

*And his power shall be from sea to sea, and
from the rivers even to the end of the earth.*

—THE WORD OF GOD

*“Silence, ye troubled waves, and, thou Deep, peace!”
Said then the omnific Word: “your discord end!”
Confusion heard His voice, and wild Uprou
Stood ruled, stood vast Infinitude confined.—MILTON*

NOW it came to pass on a certain day, that he went into
a ship with his disciples: and he said unto them,

Let us pass over to the other side.

And they launched forth.

And there arose a great storm of wind, and the waves
beat into the ship, so that the ship was filled.

And he was in the hinder part of the ship, sleeping
upon a pillow.

And they came to him, and awoke him, saying,

Master, carest thou not that we perish?

Then he arose, and rebuked the wind and the raging
of the water.

And said to the sea, Peace, be still.

And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm.

And he said unto them, Why are ye so fearful? how
is it that ye have no faith?

—THE BIBLE

Butler 1915
1

“He Shall Speak PEACE”

*Love: The Path to Paradise—
Present: Eternal*

Compiled by
Dignus non sum

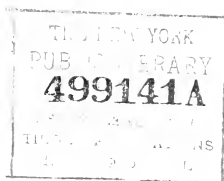
I have a message from God unto thee.
—THE BIBLE

WHERE IS THY BROTHER?

GOD

MILWAUKEE
WILLIAM F. BUTLER
1915

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By WILLIAM F. BUTLER

OBEY!

O MY people,

Hearken to the pleadings of my lips.

I stand at the door, and knock.

O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord:

Meditate upon these things,

Written with the finger of God,

Who will ever plead for his people.

From whence are wars and contentions among you?

You covet, and have not: you kill, and envy, and can not obtain. You contend and war, and you have not, because you ask not.

You ask, and receive not; because you ask amiss.

Thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thine help.

Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.

And his commandments are not grievous:

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart,
and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all
thy strength:

This is the first and great commandment.

And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy
neighbour as thyself.

On these two commandments hang all the law and the
prophets.

And the God of love and peace shall be with you.

Why transgress ye the commandments of the Lord?
ye cannot prosper so.

So are the paths of all that forget God.

How long will it be ere they believe me?

How long will it be ere they believe me?

HOW LONG WILL IT BE ERE THEY BELIEVE ME?

HOW LONG WILL IT BE ERE THEY BELIEVE
ME?

“*I*, BUDDH, who wept with all my brothers' tears,
Whose heart was broken by a whole world's woe,
Laugh and am glad, for there is Liberty!
Ho! ye who suffer! know

*"Ye suffer from yourselves. None else compels,
None other holds you that ye live and die,
And whirl upon the wheel, and hug and kiss
Its spokes of agony,*

*"Its tire of tears, its nave of nothingness.
Behold, I show you Truth! Lower than hell,
Higher than heaven, outside the utmost stars,
Farther than Brahm doth dwell,*

*"Before beginning, and without an end,
As space eternal and as surety sure,
Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good,
Only its laws endure.*

*"It will not be contemned of any one;
Who thwarts it loses, and who serves it gains;
The hidden good it pays with peace and bliss,
The hidden ill with pains.*

*"It seeth everywhere and marketh all;
Do right—it recompenseth! do one wrong—
The equal retribution must be made,
Though DHARMA tarry long.*

*"It knows not wrath nor pardon; utter-true
Its measures mete, its faultless balance weighs;
Times are as nought, to-morrow it will judge,
Or after many days.*

*"Such is the Law which moves to righteousness,
Which none at last can turn aside or stay;
The heart of it is Love, the end of it
Is Peace and Consummation sweet. Obey!*

*"What lets?— Brothers! the Darkness lets! which breeds
Ignorance, mazed whereby ye take*these shows
For true, and thirst to have, and, having, cling
To lusts which work you woes.*

*"So grow the strifes and lusts which make earth's war;
So grieve poor cheated hearts and flow salt tears;
So wax the passions, envies, angers, hates;
So years chase blood-stained years*

*"With wild red feet. So, where the grain should grow,
Spreads the birân-weed with its evil root
And poisonous blossoms; hardly good seeds find
Soil where to fall and shoot;*

*"And drugged with poisonous drink the soul departs,
And fierce with thirst to drink Karma returns;
Sense-struck again the sodden self begins,
And new deceits it earns.*

*"Enter the Path! There is no grief like Hate!
No pains like passions, no deceit like sense!
Enter the Path! far hath he gone whose foot
Treads down one fond offence.*

*"Enter the Path! There spring the healing streams
Quenching all thirst! there bloom th' immortal flowers
Carpeting all the way with joy! there throng
Swiftest and sweetest hours!"*

WITH the exception of the above words from the lips
of the Light of Asia, and these concluding lines of
the "Foreword," the odd-numbered pages of this volume,

to be read in succession, contain nothing but passages from the Bible—presented in large type, thus offering every man, woman, child, from the youngest to the eldest, with “eyes which see,” ample opportunity to readily read the Message. In order that various listening ears may “hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God”—may this plan serve also to draw more and more closely the ties of brotherhood!—these excerpts are taken from the Leeser (Jewish), the Douay (Roman), and the King James (Anglican) versions of the Scriptures—the orthography, etc., as in each original.

This little book distinguishes not “church,” “sect,” nor “creed.” It knows “neither Gentile nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free.” It does not presuppose the ignorance of any of its readers concerning the fundamental truth it echoes; it aims, rather, to recite that widely known truth to those of us who may seem, at times, to have forgotten or cast it aside: namely, that there can be no abiding peace between nations, between individuals, or in any heart, except through a living demonstration of the eternal oneness of the Creator with His creation. It seeks and asks the receptive heart, mind, soul, of every child in the one family of one Father. Its gospel, its hope, is LOVE—its gospel: the “everlasting love” of God for all His sons and daughters; its hope: the grateful love of man for God, and thus man’s love for man; the willing love of man for man, and thus man’s love for God. It undertakes its mission, in the confident vision of a re-awakened, re-gladdened Earth, new born of her whose “ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace”—*Obedience*.

Let each soldier in the gentle Army of Love, God’s promised presence blessing his every thought, word, deed,

faithfully consecrate his one talent, his five or his ten talents, to the cause in which it is his chief delight to serve. Then, in Love's good time—for "God is Love"—, will be heard, a chorus for ever drowning all past and forgotten discord, the union of the joyful voices of Earth's now unhappy, widely straying brothers and sisters with the unnumbered Angelic-choir in the ageless hymns of praise—"Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men;" "God is All, and God is Love."

The page-method adopted in the book will be understood at a glance: The theme is dressed in two styles of printer's type, appropriately walking side by side; the large type—selections from all parts of the Bible, arranged in sequence; similarly, the small type—writings of many well-known men and women of all times, countries, and beliefs.

Much matter is tendered in comparatively small space, necessitating condensation throughout the entire work; also the omission of book, chapter, and verse of Bible passages, as well as the usual indications of abridgement.

"Go, little booke!"

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"PEACE, BE STILL"

Frontispiece

*F*EAR not, O land; be glad and rejoice: for the Lord
will do great things.

*Remember ye not the former things, neither consider
the things of old.*

*For, behold, I create new heavens and a new earth:
and the former things shall not be remembered, nor come
into mind.*

Be ye glad and rejoice for ever in that which I create.

—THE EVERLASTING ARMS

“THE HAPPY GARDEN”

“BY ONE MAN’S DISOBEDIENCE LOST”

Arranged from

“PARADISE LOST”

JOHN MILTON

“**O** PITY and shame, that they who to live well
Entered so fair should turn aside to tread
Paths indirect, or in the midway faint!”

*Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
God-like erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty, seemed lords of all,
And worthy seemed; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shon,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure—
Severe, but in true filial freedom placed,
Whence true authority in men.*

*So passed they naked on, nor shunned the sight
Of God or Angel; for they thought no ill.*

*About them frisking played
All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chase
In wood or wilderness, forest or den.
Sporting the lion ramped, and in his paw
Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
Gambolled before them; the unciely elephant,
To make them mirth, used all his might, and wreathed
His lithe proboscis.*

*A Heaven on Earth: for blissful Paradise
Of God the garden was, by him in the east
Of Eden planted. Eden stretched her line
From Auran eastward to the royal towers
Of great Seleucia, built by Greeian kings,
Or where the sons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telassar. In this pleasant soil
His far more pleasant garden God ordained.
Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;*

PART ONE

*And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold; and next to life,
Our death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew fast by—
Knowledge of good, bought dear by knowing ill.*

*"This Paradise I give thee; count it thine
To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat.
Of every tree that in the Garden grows
Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth.
But of the tree whose operation brings
Knowledge of Good and Ill, which I have set,
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,
Amid the garden by the Tree of Life—
Remember what I warn thee—shun to taste,
And shun the bitter consequence: for know,
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
Transgressed, inevitably thou shalt die,
From that day mortal, and this happy state
Shalt lose, expelled from hence into a world
Of woe and sorrow."*—THE PRESENCE DIVINE

*"O, by what name—for Thou above all these,
Above mankind, or aught than mankind higher,
Surpaskest far my naming—how may I
Adore thee, Author of this Universe,
And all this good to Man, for whose well-being
So amply, and with hands so liberal,
Thou hast provided all things?"*—ADAM

*"Thrice happy men,
And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanced,
Created in his image, there to dwell
And worship him, and in reward to rule
Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,
And multiply a race of worshippers
Holy and just! thrice happy, if they know
Their happiness, and persevere upright!"*

—THE ANGELIC HARMONY

.

*O*F Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the World, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat,
Sing, Heavenly Muse, that, on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That Shepherd who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning how the heavens and earth

THE FORMER THINGS

.

*Rose out of Chaos: or, if Sion hill
 Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed
 Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
 Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
 That with no middle flight intends to soar
 Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
 Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
 And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
 Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
 Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first
 Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
 Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss,
 And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
 Illumine, what is low raise and support;
 That, to the highth of this great argument,
 I may assert Eternal Providence,
 And justify the ways of God to men.*

*Say first—for Heaven hides nothing from thy view,
 Nor the deep tract of Hell—say first what cause
 Moved our grand Parents, in that happy state,
 Favoured of Heaven so highly, to fall off
 From their Creator, and transgress his will
 For one restraint, lords of the World besides.
 Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?*

*The infernal Serpent; he it was whose guile,
 Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
 The mother of mankind, what time his pride
 Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host
 Of rebel Angels, by whose aid, aspiring
 To set himself in glory above his peers,
 He trusted to have equalled the Most High,
 If he opposed, and, with ambitious aim
 Against the throne and monarchy of God,
 Raised impious war in Heaven and battle proud,
 With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
 With hideous ruin and combustion, down
 To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
 In adamantine chains and penal fire,
 Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.*

.

GOD'S ANGEL MINDS ADAM OF HIS STATE AND OF HIS ENEMY

“**A**ND now all Heaven
 Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread,
 Had not the Almighty Father, where he sits
 Shrined in the sanctuary of Heaven secure,

THE LIGHT SHINETH IN DARKNESS; AND THE DARKNESS
COMPREHENDED IT NOT

THE Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground.

Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.

To be carnally minded is death.

From whence come wars and fightings among you? come they not hence, even of your lusts that war in your members?

Ye lust, and have not: ye kill, and desire to have, and cannot obtain: ye fight and war, yet ye have not, because ye ask not.

Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your lusts.

The wages of sin is death.

—THE BREATH OF HIS MOUTH

Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
 This tumult, and permitted all, advised,
 That his great purpose he might so fulfil,
 To honour his Anointed Son, avenged
 Upon his enemies, and to declare
 All power on him transferred. Whence to his Son,
 The assessor of his throne, he thus began:—
 'Go, then, thou Mightiest, in thy Father's might;
 Ascend my chariot; guide the rapid wheels
 That shake Heaven's basis; bring forth all my war;
 My bow and thunder, my almighty arms,
 Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh;
 Pursue these Sons of Darkness, drive them out
 From all Heaven's bounds into the utter Deep;
 There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
 God, and Messiah his anointed King.'
 He said, and on his Son with rays direct
 Shon full. He all his Father full expressed
 Ineffably into his face received.
 He on his impious foes right onward drove,
 Gloomy as Night. Under his burning wheels
 The stedfast Empyrean shook throughout,
 All but the Throne itself of God. Full soon
 Among them he arrived, in his right hand
 Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
 Before him, such as in their souls infixed
 Plagues. They, astonished, all resistance lost,
 All courage; down their idle weapons dropt;
 O'er shields, and helms, and helmèd heads he rode
 Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,
 That wished the mountains now might be again
 Thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire.
 Hell heard the unsufferable noise; Hell saw
 Heaven ruining from Heaven, and would have fled
 Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep
 Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
 Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos roared,
 And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
 Through his wild Anarchy; so huge a rout
 Incumbered him with ruin. Hell at last,
 Yawning, received them whole, and on them closed—
 Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire
 Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
 Disburdened Heaven rejoiced, and soon repaired
 Her mural breach, returning whence it rowled.
 Sole victor, from the expulsion of his foes
 Messiah his triumphal chariot turned.
 To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood
 Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,
 With jubilee advanced; and, as they went,
 Shaded with branching palm, each order bright
 Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,

IS there any word from the Lord?

Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion given,
 Worthiest to reign. He celebrated rode,
 Triumphant through mid Heaven, into the courts
 And temple of his mighty Father throned
 On high; who into glory him received,
 Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.
 Thus, measuring things in Heaven by things on Earth,
 At thy request, and that thou may'st beware
 By what is past, to thee I have revealed
 What might have else to human race been hid—
 The discord which befell, and war in Heaven
 Among the Angelic Powers, and the deep fall
 Of those too high aspiring who rebelled
 With Satan: he who envies now thy state,
 Who now is plotting how he may seduce
 Thee also from obedience, that, with him
 Bereaved of happiness, thou may'st partake
 His punishment, eternal misery;
 Which would be all his solace and revenge,
 As a despite done against the Most High,
 Thee once to gain companion of his woe.
 But listen not to his temptations; warn
 Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have heard,
 By terrible example, the reward
 Of disobedience. Firm they might have stood,
 Yet fell. Remember, and fear to transgress."

"Great things, and full of wonder in our ears,
 Far differing from this World, thou hast revealed,
 Divine Interpreter! by favour sent
 Down from the Empyrean to forewarn
 Us timely of what might else have been our loss,
 Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach;
 For which to the infinitely Good we owe
 Immortal thanks, and his admonishment
 Receive with solemn purpose to observe
 Immutably his sovran will, the end
 Of what we are."

"Know then that, after Lucifer from Heaven
 (So call him, brighter once amidst the host
 Of Angels than that star the stars among)
 Fell with his flaming Legions through the Deep
 Into his place, and the great Son returned
 Victorious with his Saints, the Omnipotent
 Eternal Father from his Throne beheld
 Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake:—
 'At least our envious foe hath failed, who thought
 All like himself rebellious; by whose aid
 This inaccessible high strength, the seat
 Of Deity supreme, us dispossessed,
 He trusted to have seized, and into fraud
 Drew many whom their place knows here no more.

THIS people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth,
and honoureth me with their lips; but their heart is
far from me.

They profess that they know God: but in their works
they deny him.

A son honoreth his father, and a servant his master: if
then I be a father, where is my honor? and if I be a
master, where is my fear?

And why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things
which I say?

Not every one that saith to me, Lord, Lord, shall enter
into the kingdom of heaven: but he that doth the will of
my Father who is in heaven, he shall enter into the king-
dom of heaven.

For not the hearers of the law are just before God, but
the doers of the law shall be justified.

The Lord knoweth them that are his.

He that is not with me, is against me; and he that
gathereth not with me, scattereth.

Yet far the greater part have kept, I see,
 Their station; Heaven, yet populous, retains
 Number sufficient to possess her realms,
 Though wide, and this high temple to frequent
 With ministeries due and solemn rites.
 But, lest his heart exalt him in the harm
 Already done, to have dispeopled Heaven—
 My damage fondly deemed—I can repair
 That detriment, if such it be to lose
 Self-lost, and in a moment will create
 Another world; out of one man a race
 Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
 Not here, till, by degrees of merit raised,
 They open to themselves at length the way
 Up hither, under long obedience tried,
 And Earth be changed to Heaven, and Heaven to Earth,
 One kingdom, joy and union without end.
 Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heaven
 When such was heard declared the Almighty's will.
 Glory they sung to the Most High, good-will
 To future men, and in their dwellings peace—
 Glory to Him whose just avenging ire
 Had driven out the ungodly from his sight
 And the habitations of the just; to Him
 Glory and praise whose wisdom had ordained
 Good out of evil to create—instead
 Of Spirits malign, a better Race to bring
 Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse
 His good to worlds and ages infinite.
 There wanted yet the master-work, the end
 Of all yet done—a creature who, not prone
 And brute as other creatures, but endued
 With sanctity of reason, might erect
 His stature, and, upright with front serene
 Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence
 Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven,
 But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
 Descends; thither with heart, and voice, and eyes
 Directed in devotion, to adore
 And worship God Supreme, who made him chief
 Of all his works. Therefore the Omnipotent
 Eternal Father (for where is not He
 Present?) thus to his Son audibly spake:—
 'Let us make now Man in our image, Man
 In our similitude, and let them rule
 Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
 Beast of the field, and over all the earth,
 And every creeping thing that creeps the ground!'
 This said, he formed thee, Adam, thee, O Man,
 Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breathed
 The breath of life; in his own image he
 Created thee, in the image of God
 Express, and thou becam'st a living Soul.

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he.

All hearts doth the Lord search, and every imagination of the thoughts doth he understand.

And in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them: but gather the wheat into my barn.

THE JUDGE OF ALL THE EARTH

Male he created thee, but thy consôrt
 Female, for race; then blessed mankind, and said,
 'Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the Earth;
 Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
 Over fish of the sea, and fowl of the air,
 And every living thing that moves on the Earth!'
 Wherever thus created—for no place
 Is yet distinct by name—thence, as thou know'st,
 He brought thee into this delicious grove,
 This Garden, planted with the trees of God,
 Delectable both to behold and taste,
 And freely all their pleasant fruit for food
 Gave thee. All sorts are here that all the earth yields,
 Variety without end; but of the tree
 Which tasted works knowledge of good and evil
 Thou may'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou diest.
 Death is the penalty imposed; beware,
 And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin
 Surprise thee, and her black attendant, Death.
 Here finished He, and all that he had made
 Viewed, and, behold! all was entirely good.
 Attend! That thou art happy, owe to God;
 That thou continuest such, owe to thyself,
 That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.
 This was that caution given thee; be advised.
 God made thee perfect, not immutable;
 And good he made thee; but to persevere
 He left it in thy power—ordained thy will
 By nature free, not over-ruled by fate
 Inextricable, or strict necessity.
 Our voluntary service he requires,
 Not our necessitated. Such with him
 Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how
 Can hearts not free be tried whether they serve
 Willing or no, who will but what they must
 By destiny, and can no other choose?
 Myself, and all the Angelic Host, that stand
 In sight of God enthroned, our happy state
 Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds.
 On other surety none: freely we serve,
 Because we freely love, as in our will
 To love or not; in this we stand or fall.
 And some are fallen, to disobedience fallen,
 And so from Heaven to deepest Hell. O fall
 From what high state of bliss into what woe!
 Be strong, live happy, and love! but first of all
 Him whom to love is to obey, and keep
 His great command; take heed lest passion sway
 Thy judgment to do aught which else free-will
 Would not admit; thine and of all thy sons
 The weal or woe in thee is placed; beware!
 I in thy persevering shall rejoice,
 And all the Blest. Stand fast; to stand or fall

HATH God cast away his people?

For what cause hast thou left them?

Why shouldst thou be as a stranger in the land?

Why standest thou afar off, O Lord? why hidest thou thyself in times of trouble?

Wherefore dost thou forsake us for ever, and forsake us so long time?

Is the Lord among us, or not?

We cannot find him out.

Will God in very deed dwell with men on the earth?

Are we not counted of him strangers?

Carest thou not that we perish?

The Lord our God be with us, as he was with our fathers; oh may he not leave us, nor forsake us.

Oh that God would but speak!

Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.
Perfet within, no outward aid require;
And all temptation to transgress repel."

"How fully hast thou satisfied me, pure
Intelligence of Heaven, Angel serene,
And, freed from intricacies, taught to live
The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the sweet of life, from which
God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,
And not molest us, unless we ourselves
Seek them with wandering thoughts, and notions vain!"

THE MORNING HYMN OF ADAM AND EVE

"THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair: Thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye Sons of Light,
Angels—for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing—ye in Heaven;
On Earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of Stars, last in the train of Night,
If better thou belong not to the Dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great World both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy Greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient Sun, now fliest,
With the fixed Stars, fixed in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wandering Fires, that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise who out of Darkness called up Light.
Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye Mists and Exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the World's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,

YOUR iniquities have separated between you and your
God, and your sins have hid his face from you.

With an everlasting love have I loved thee.

Ye have forsaken me.

Thine own mouth condemneth thee, and not I: yea,
thine own lips testify against thee.

Thy way and thy doings have procured these things
unto thee.

Thou hast stumbled through thy iniquity.

Destruction is thy own: thy help is only in me.

I change not.

I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.

Your sins have withholden what is good from you.

YOUR FATHER

Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
 Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
 His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
 With every Plant, in sign of worship wave.
 Fountains, and ye, that warble, as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
 Join voices, all ye living Souls. Ye Birds,
 That, singing, up to Heaven-gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
 Hail, universal Lord! Be bounteous still
 To give us only good; and, if the night
 Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark."

THE DISOBEDIENCE OF OUR FIRST PARENTS

ADAM, first of men, to first of women, Eve:—
 "Sole partner and sole part of all these joys,
 Dearer thyself than all, needs must the Power
 That made us, and for us this ample World,
 Be infinitely good, and of his good
 As liberal and free as infinite;
 That raised us from the dust, and placed us here
 In all this happiness, who at his hand
 Have nothing merited, nor can perform
 Aught whereof he hath need; he who requires
 From us no other service than to keep
 This one, this easy charge—of all the trees
 In Paradise that bear delicious fruit
 So various, not to taste that only Tree
 Of Knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life;
 So near grows Death to Life, whate'er Death is—
 Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou know'st
 God hath pronounced it Death to taste that Tree:
 The only sign of our obedience left
 Among so many signs of power and rule
 Conferred upon us, and dominion given
 Over all other creatures that possess
 Earth, Air, and Sea. Then let us not think hard
 One easy prohibition, who enjoy
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
 Unlimited of manifold delights;
 But let us ever praise him, and extol
 His bounty, following our delightful task,
 To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers;
 Which, were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet."

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WHAT is our iniquity? or what is our sin that we have
committed against the Lord our God?

To whom thus Eve replied:—"O thou for whom
 And from whom I was formed flesh of thy flesh,
 And without whom am to no end, my guide
 And head! what thou hast said is just and right.
 For we to him, indeed, all praises owe,
 And daily thanks—I chiefly, who enjoy
 So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
 Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou
 Like consort to thyself canst nowhere find.
 Adam, well may we labour still to dress
 This Garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flower,
 Our pleasant task enjoined; but, till more hands
 Aid us, the work under our labour grows,
 Luxurious by restraint: what we by day
 Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
 One night or two with wanton growth derides,
 Tending to wild. Thou, therefore, now advise,
 Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present.
 Let us divide our labours—thou where choice
 Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind
 The woodbine round this arbour, or direct
 The clasping ivy where to climb; while I
 In yonder spring of roses intermixed
 With myrtle find what to redress till noon.
 For, while so near each other thus all day
 Our task we choose, what wonder if so near
 Looks intervene and smiles, or objects new
 Casual discourse draw on, which intermits
 Our day's work, brought to little, though begun
 Early, and the hour of supper comes unearned!"

To whom mld answer Adam thus returned:—
 "Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond
 Compare above all living creatures dear!
 Well hast thou motioned, well thy thoughts employed
 How we might best fulfil the work which here
 God hath assigned us, nor of me shalt pass
 Unpraised; for nothing lovelier can be found
 In woman than to study household good,
 And good works in her husband to promote.
 Yet not so strictly hath our Lord imposed
 Labour as to debar us when we need
 Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,
 Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse
 Of looks and smiles; for smiles from reason flow
 To brute denied, and are of love the food—
 Love, not the lowest end of human life.
 For not to irksome toil, but to delight,
 He made us, and delight to reason joined.
 These paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands
 Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide
 As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
 Assist us. But, if much converse perhaps

IS not thy wickedness great? and thine iniquities infinite?
This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil.

They were all bound together with one chain of darkness.

If thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door.

Hast thou not procured this unto thyself, through thy forsaking the Lord thy God, while he was leading thee on the right way?

Ye have sinned against the Lord, and have not obeyed his voice, therefore this thing is come upon you.

Be sure your sin will find you out.

Even so are the ways of all that forget God.

For whereas wickedness is fearful, it beareth witness of its condemnation: for a troubled conscience always forecasteth grievous things.

For fear is nothing else but a yielding up of the succours from thought.

And while there is less expectation from within, the greater doth it count the ignorance of that cause which bringeth the torment.

Because fear hath torment.

Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield;
 For solitude sometimes is best society,
 And short retirement urges sweet return.
 But other doubt possesses me, lest harm
 Befall thee, severed from me; for thou know'st
 What hath been warned us—what malicious foe,
 Envyng our happiness, and of his own
 Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame
 By sly assault, and somewhere nigh at hand
 Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
 His wish and best advantage, us asunder,
 Hopeless to circumvent us joined, where each
 To other speedy aid might lend at need.
 Whether his first design be to withdraw
 Our fealty from God, or to disturb
 Conjugal love—than which perhaps no bliss
 Enjoyed by us excites his envy more—
 Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side
 That gave thee being, still shades thee and protects.
 The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
 Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
 Who guards her, or with her the worst endures."

To whom the virgin majesty of Eve,
 As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,
 With sweet austere composure thus replied:—
 "Offspring of Heaven and Earth, and all Earth's lord!
 That such an Enemy we have, who seeks
 Our ruin, both by thee informed I learn,
 And from the parting Angel overheard,
 As in a shady nook I stood behind,
 Just then returned at shut of evening flowers.
 But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt
 To God or thee, because we have a foe
 May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
 His violence thou fear'st not, being such
 As we, not capable of death or pain,
 Can either not receive, or can repel.
 His fraud is, then, thy fear; which plain infers
 Thy equal fear that my firm faith and love
 Can by his fraud be shaken or seduced:
 Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy breast,
 Adam! misthought of her to thee so dear?"

To whom, with healing words, Adam replied:—
 "Daughter of God and Man, immortal Eve!—
 For such thou art, from sin and blame entire—
 Not diffident of thee do I dissuade
 Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid
 The attempt itself, intended by our Foe.
 For he who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses
 The tempted with dishonour foul, supposed
 Not incorruptible of faith, not proof

There standeth one among you, whom ye know not.

The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness did not comprehend it.

But if a man walk in the night, he stumbleth, because there is no light in him.

How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? when wilt thou rise out of thy sleep?

Continually, all the day, is my name blasphemed.

Woe unto him that striveth with his Maker!

He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him.

Thou hast forgotten me, and cast me behind thy back.

He that shall deny me before men, shall be denied before the angels of God.

Why transgress ye the commandments of the Lord, that ye cannot prosper?

Is this the return thou makest to the Lord, O foolish and senseless people? Is not he thy father?

Ye know with all your heart and with all your soul, that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spoke concerning you: all are come to pass unto you, not one thing thereof hath failed.

Yet ye have forsaken me, and served other gods.

Ye denied the Holy One and the Just.

Ye worship ye know not what.

It is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful.

O ye sons of men, how long shall my glory be put to shame?

Against temptation. Thou thyself with scorn
 And anger wouldst resent the offered wrong,
 Though ineffectual found; misdeem not, then,
 If such affront I labour to avert
 From thee alone, which on us both at once
 The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare;
 Or, daring, first on me the assault shall light.
 Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn—
 Subtle he needs must be who could seduce
 Angels—nor think superfluous others' aid.
 I from the influence of thy looks receive
 Access in every virtue—in thy sight
 More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were
 Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,
 Shame to be overcome or overreached,
 Would utmost vigour raise, and raised unite.
 Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel
 When I am present, and thy trial choose
 With me, best witness of thy virtue tried?"

So spake domestic Adam in his care
 And matrimonial love; but Eve, who thought
 Less attributed to her faith sincere,
 Thus her reply with accent sweet renewed:—
 "If this be our condition, thus to dwell
 In narrow circuit straitened by a Foe,
 Subtle or violent, we not endued
 Single with like defence wherever met,
 How are we happy, still in fear of harm?
 But harm precedes not sin: only our Foe
 Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem
 Of our integrity: his foul esteem
 Sticks no dishonour on our front, but turns
 Foul on himself; then wherefore shunned or feared
 By us, who rather double honour gain
 From his surmise proved false, find peace within,
 Favour from Heaven, our witness, from the event?
 And what is faith, love, virtue, unassayed
 Alone, without exterior help sustained?
 Let us not then suspect our happy state
 Left so imperfct by the Maker wise
 As not secure to single or combined.
 Frail is our happiness, if this be so;
 And Eden were no Eden, thus exposed."

To whom thus Adam fervently replied:—
 "O Woman, best are all things as the will
 Of God ordained them; his creating hand
 Nothing imperfct or deficient left
 Of all that he created—much less Man,
 Or aught that might his happy state secure,
 Secure from outward force. Within himself

Children have I nourished and brought up, but they have rebelled against me.

My people have forgotten me days without number.

They have rejected me, that I should not reign over them.

They know not, neither will they understand; they walk on in darkness: all the foundations of the earth are out of course.

Now their own doings are all round about them.

They that commit sin and iniquity, are enemies to their own soul.

My people have changed their glory for that which doth not profit.

Wise are they to do evil, but how to do good they do not know.

The word of the Lord is become unto them a reproach; they have no delight in it.

My people have forsaken me the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water.

They are not valiant for the truth upon the earth; for they proceed from evil to evil, and they know not me.

My people have been a lost flock, their shepherds have caused them to go astray, and have made them wander in the mountains: they have gone from mountain to hill, they have forgotten their resting place.

They have sinned against the Lord, the habitation of justice, even the Lord, the hope of their fathers.

They have turned their backs to me, and not their faces.

They have fled from me.

The danger lies, yet lies within his power;
 Against his will he can receive no harm.
 But God left free the Will; for what obeys
 Reason is free; and Reason he made right,
 But bid her well be ware, and still erect,
 Lest, by some fair appearing good surprised,
 She dictate false, and misinform the Will
 To do what God expressly hath forbid.
 Not then mistrust, but tender love, enjoins
 That I should mind thee oft; and mind thou me.
 Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
 Since Reason not impossibly may meet
 Some specious object by the foe suborned,
 And fall into deception unaware,
 Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warned.
 Seek not temptation, then, which to avoid
 Were better, and most likely if from me
 Thou sever not: trial will come unsought.
 Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve
 First thy obedience; the other who can know,
 Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?
 But, if thou think trial unsought may find
 Us both securer than thus warned thou seem'st,
 Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more.
 Go in thy native innocence; rely
 On what thou hast of virtue; summon all;
 For God towards thee hath done his part: do thine."

So spake the Patriarch of Mankind; but Eve
 Persisted; yet submit, though last, replied:—
 "With thy permission, then, and thus forewarned,
 Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
 Touched only, that our trial, when least sought,
 May find us both perhaps far less prepared,
 The willinger I go, nor much expect
 A Foe so proud will first the weaker seek;
 So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse."

Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand
 Soft she withdrew.

O much deceived, much failing, hapless Eve,
 Of thy presumed return! event perverse!
 Thou never from that hour in Paradise
 Found'st either sweet repast or sound repose;
 Such ambush, hid among sweet flowers and shades,
 Waited, with hellish rancour imminent,
 To intercept thy way, or send thee back
 De spoiled of innocence, of faith, of bliss.

"Ah! gentle pair, ye little think how nigh
 Your change approaches, when all these delights

This people honoureth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me.

Because they are all estranged from me through their idols.

How long yet will they not believe in me?

O that there were such an heart in them, that they would fear me, and keep all my commandments always, that it might be well with them, and with their children for ever!

THOU hast forgotten me, and trusted in falsehood.

The fear of the Lord driveth out sin.

This people draw near with their mouth, and with their lips do honor me, but have removed their heart far from me.

In the day of your fast ye find pleasure.

For contention and strife do ye fast, and to smite with the fist of wickedness.

Is it such a fast that I have chosen? wilt thou call this a fast?

Is not this rather the fast that I have chosen? loose the bands of wickedness, undo the bundles that oppress, let them that are broken go free, and break asunder every burden.

Is it not to distribute thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the afflicted poor into thy house? when thou seest the naked, that thou clothe him; and that thou hide not thyself from thy own flesh?

Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe—
 More woe, the more your taste is now of joy.
 Sight hateful, sight tormenting! Thus these two,
 Imparadised in one another's arms,
 The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill
 Of bliss on bliss; while I to Hell am thrust,
 Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
 Among our other torments not the least,
 Still unfulfilled, with pain of longing pines!
 Yet let me not forget what I have gained
 From their own mouths. All is not theirs, it seems;
 One fatal tree there stands, of Knowledge called,
 Forbidden them to taste. Knowledge forbidden?
 Suspicious, reasonless! Why should their Lord
 Envy them that? Can it be sin to know?
 Can it be death? And do they only stand
 By ignorance? Is that their happy state,
 The proof of their obedience and their faith?
 O fair foundation laid whereon to build
 Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds
 With more desire to know, and to reject
 Envious commands, invented with design
 To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt
 Equal with gods. Aspiring to be such,
 They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?"

So spake the Enemy of Mankind, enclosed
 In serpent, inmate bad, and toward Eve
 Addressed his way—not with indented wave,
 Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear,
 Circular base of rising folds, that towered
 Fold above fold, a surging maze; his head
 Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes.
 He, bolder now, uncalled before her stood,
 But as in gaze admiring. Oft he bowed
 His turret crest and sleek enamelled neck,
 Fawning, and licked the ground whereon she trod.
 His gentle dumb expression turned at length
 The eye of Eve to mark his play; he, glad
 Of her attention gained, with serpent-tongue
 Organic, or impulse of vocal air,
 His fraudulent temptation thus began:—
 "Queen of this Universe! do not believe
 Those rigid threats of death. Ye shall not die.
 How should ye? By the Fruit? it gives you life
 To knowledge. By the Threatener? look on me,
 Me who have touched and tasted, yet both live,
 And life more perfect have attained than Fate
 Meant me, by ventring higher than my lot.
 Shall that be shut to Man which to the Beast
 Is open? or will God incense his ire
 For such a petty trespass, and not praise
 Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain

Hear now this, thou that art given to pleasures, that dwellest carelessly, that sayest in thine heart, I am, and none else beside me.

To exercise righteousness and justice is more acceptable to the Lord than sacrifice.

I will have mercy, and not sacrifice.

If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit?

Even so faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone.

What shall it profit, if a man say he hath faith, but hath not works? Shall faith be able to save him?

Yet they seek me daily, and delight to know my ways, as a nation that did righteousness.

Know thou, and see that it is an evil and a bitter thing for thee, to have left the Lord thy God, and that my fear is not with thee.

One speaketh peaceably to his neighbour with his mouth, but in heart he layeth his wait.

Before the eyes of the Lord are the ways of man, and all his tracks doth he weigh in the balance.

He disappointeth the devices of the crafty, so that their hands cannot perform their enterprise.

They shall meet with darkness in the day, and grope at noonday as in the night.

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayer: therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation.

Of death denounced, whatever thing Death be,
 Deterred not from achieving what might lead
 To happier life, knowledge of Good and Evil?
 Of good, how just! of evil—if what is evil
 Be real, why not known, since easier shunned?
 God, therefore, cannot hurt ye, and be just;
 Not just, not God; not feared then, nor obeyed:
 Your fear itself of death removes the fear.
 Why, then, was this forbid? Why but to awe,
 Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,
 His worshippers? He knows that in the day
 Ye eat thereof your eyes, that seem so clear,
 Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then
 Opened and cleared, and ye shall be as gods,
 Knowing both good and evil, as they know.
 What can your knowledge hurt him, or this Tree
 Impart against his will, if all be his?
 Or is it envy? and can envy dwell
 In Heavenly breasts? These, these and many more
 Causes import your need of this fair Fruit.
 Goddess humane, reach, then, and freely taste!"

He ended; and his words, replete with guile,
 Into her heart too easy entrance won.
 Fixed on the Fruit she gazed, which to behold
 Might tempt alone; and in her ears the sound
 Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd
 With reason, to her seeming, and with truth.

Pausing a while, thus to herself she mused:—
 "Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of Fruits,
 Though kept from Man, and worthy to be admired,
 Whose taste, too long foreborne, at first assay
 Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
 The tongue not made for speech to speak thy praise.
 Thy praise he also who forbids thy use
 Conceals not from us, naming thee the Tree
 Of Knowledge, knowledge both of Good and Evil;
 Forbids us then to taste. But his forbidding
 Commends thee more, while it infers the good
 By thee communicated, and our want;
 For good unknown sure is not had, or, had
 And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
 In plain, then, what forbids he but to know?
 Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise!
 Such prohibitions bind not. But, if Death
 Bind us with after-hands, what profits then
 Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
 Of this fair Fruit, our doom is we shall die!
 How dies the Serpent? He hath eaten, and lives,
 And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,
 Irrational till then. For us alone

Ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith.

Ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess.

So you also outwardly indeed appear to men just; but inwardly you are full of hypocrisy and iniquity.

Ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers.

The prayer out of the mouth of the poor shall reach the ears of God.

Thy heart is not right in the sight of God.

How can you believe, who receive glory one from another: and the glory which is from God alone, you do not seek?

For the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God.

He that is of a proud heart stirreth up strife.

A man's pride shall bring him low.

Take heed to thyself, and attend diligently to what thou hearest: for thou walkest in danger of thy ruin.

Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased.

Better is it to be of an humble spirit with the lowly, than to divide spoil with the proud.

Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall.

Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned?

Or can he walk upon hot coals, and his feet not be burnt?

The pride of thine heart hath deceived thee.

Was death invented? or to us denied
This intellectual food, for beasts reserved?
What fear I, then? rather, what know to fear
Under this ignorance of Good and Evil,
Of God or Death, of law or penalty?
Here grows the cure of all, this Fruit divine,
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,
Of virtue to make wise. What hinders, then,
To reach, and feed at once both body and mind?"

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
Forth-reaching to the Fruit, she plucked, she eat.
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe
That all was lost.

"But what if God have seen,
And death ensue? Then I shall be no more;
And Adam, wedded to another Eve,
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct!
A death to think! Confirmed, then, I resolve
Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe.
So dear I love him that with him all deaths
I could endure, without him live no life."

So saying, from the Tree her step she turned.
To him she hasted; in her face excuse
Came prologue, and apology to prompt,
Which, with bland words at will, she thus addressed:—
"Hast thou not wondered, Adam, at my stay?
Thee I have missed, and thought it long, deprived
Thy presence—agony of love till now
Not felt, nor shall be twice; for never more
Mean I to try, what rash untried I sought,
The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange
Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear.
This Tree is not, as we are told, a Tree
Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown
Opening the way, but of divine effect
To open eyes, and make them Gods who taste;
And hath been tasted such. The Serpent wise,
Or not restrained as we, or not obeying,
Hath eaten of the Fruit, and is become
Not dead, as we are threatened, but thenceforth
Endued with human voice and human sense,
Reasoning to admiration, and with me
Persuasively hath so prevailed that I
Have also tasted, and have also found
The effects to correspond—opener mine eyes,
Dim erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,
And growing up to Godhead; which for thee
Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.

For not he who commendeth himself, is approved, but he whom God commendeth.

Thou hast forgotten the God of thy salvation, and the rock of thy strength thou hast not remembered.

The leaders of this people cause them to err; and they that are led of them are destroyed.

They be blind leaders of the blind. And if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch.

Great men are not always wise.

Let not the wise glorify himself in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glorify himself in his might.

The king is not saved by a great army: nor shall the giant be saved by his own great strength.

The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.

Some trust in chariots, and some in horses.

The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord.

Her princes in her midst are like wolves that tear in pieces the prey, to shed blood, to destroy souls, in order to obtain selfish gain.

There is no wisdom nor understanding nor counsel against the Lord.

Why dost thou strive against him?

He shall break in pieces mighty men without number, and set others in their stead.

The Lord saveth not through sword and spear.

For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss;
Tedious, unshared with thee, and odious soon.
Thou, therefore, also taste, that equal lot
May join us, equal joy, as equal love;
Lest, thou not tasting, different degree
Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce
Deity for thee, when fate will not permit."

Thus Eve with countenance blithe her story told;
But in her cheek distemper flushing glowed.

On the other side, Adam, soon as he had heard
The fatal trespass done by Eve, amazed,
Astonied stood and blank, while horror chill
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relaxed.
From his slack hand the garland wreathed for Eve
Down dropt, and all the faded roses shed.
Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length
First to himself he inward silence broke:—
"O fairest of Creation, last and best
Of all God's works, creature in whom excelled
Whatever can to sight or thought be formed,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost! how on a sudden lost,
Defaced, deflowered, and now to death devote!
Rather, how hast thou yielded to transgress
The strict forbiddance, how to violate
The sacred Fruit forbidden? Some cursed fraud
Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown,
And me with thee hath ruined; for with thee
Certain my resolution is to die.
How can I live without thee? how forego
Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly joined,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn?
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart. No, no! I feel
The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe."

So having said, as one from sad dismay
Recomforted, and, after thoughts disturbed,
Submitting to what seemed remediless,
Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turned:—
"Bold deed thou hast presumed, adventurous Eve,
And peril great provoked, who thus hast dared
Had it been only coveting to eye
That sacred Food, sacred to abstinence;
Much more to taste it, under ban to touch.
But past who can recall, or done undo?
Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,

Darts are counted as stubble: he laugheth at the shaking of a spear.

Sin is a reproach to any people.

And the mean man shall be brought down, and the mighty man shall be humbled, and the eyes of the lofty shall be humbled.

And I will stop the arrogance of the presumptuous, and the haughtiness of the tyrants will I humble.

For he that is higher than the highest regardeth.

Hearken unto me, ye stout of heart, that are far from righteousness:

God is the king of all the earth.

There is no power but of God.

Thou hast trusted in thy wickedness, and hast said: There is none that seeth me.

Do ye judge uprightly, O ye sons of men?

Why dost thou judge thy brother? or why dost thou set at nought thy brother?

He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone.

For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.

And thinkest thou this, O man, that judgest them who do such things, and dost the same, that thou shalt escape the judgment of God?

Physician, heal thyself.

And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but perceivest not the beam that is in thine own eye?

Though threatening, will in earnest so destroy
 Us, his prime creatures, dignified so high,
 Set over all his works; which, in our fall,
 For us created, needs with us must fail,
 Dependent made. So God shall uncreate,
 Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour lose—
 Not well conceived of God; who, though his power
 Creation could repeat, yet would be loth
 Us to abolish, lest the Adversary
 Triumph and say: 'Fickle their state whom God
 Most favours; who can please him long? Me first
 He ruined, now Mankind; whom will he next?'—
 Matter of scorn not to be given the Foe.
 However, I with thee have fixed my lot,
 Certain to undergo like doom. If death
 Consort with thee, death is to me as life;
 So forcible within my heart I feel
 The bond of Nature draw me to my own—
 My own in thee; for what thou art is mine.
 Our state cannot be severed; we are one,
 One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself."

So saying, she embraced him, and for joy
 Tenderly wept, much won that he his love
 Had so ennobled as of choice to incur
 Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.
 In recompense (for such compliance bad
 Such recompense best merits), from the bough
 She gave him of that fair enticing Fruit
 With liberal hand. He scrupled not to eat,
 Against his better knowledge, not deceived,
 But fondly overcome with female charm.
 Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
 In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan;
 Sky louded, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops
 Wept at completing of the mortal Sin
 Original; while Adam took no thought,
 Eating his fill.

THE EXPULSION FROM PARADISE

NOW was the Sun in western cadence low
 From noon, and gentle airs due at their hour
 To fan the Earth now waked, and usher in
 The evening cool, when he, from wrauth more cool,
 Came, the mild Judge and Intercessor both,
 To sentence Man. The voice of God they heard
 Now walking in the Garden, by soft winds
 Brought to their ears, while day declined; they heard,
 And from his presence hid themselves among
 The thickest trees, both man and wife, till God,
 Approaching, thus to Adam called aloud:—

Either how canst thou say to thy brother, Brother, let me pull out the mote that is in thine eye, when thou thyself beholdest not the beam that is in thine own eye?

Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to pull out the mote that is in thy brother's eye.

Who art thou that judgest another?

With what judgment you judge, you shall be judged: and with what measure you mete, it shall be measured to you again.

Thou therefore which teachest another, teachest thou not thyself? thou that preachest a man should not steal, dost thou steal?

Wherefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest. For wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself. For thou dost the same things which thou judgest.

He shall have judgment without mercy, that hath shewed no mercy.

My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways.

Do ye indeed speak righteousness, O congregation?

The whisperer and the double tongued is accursed: for he hath troubled many that were at peace.

Many have fallen by the edge of the sword, but not so many as have perished by their own tongue.

He that speaketh unjust things cannot be hid.

Refrain your tongue from detraction: the mouth that beliieth killeth the soul.

"Where art thou, Adam, wont with joy to meet
My coming, seen far off? I miss thee here,
Not pleased thus entertained, with solitude,
Where obvious duty erewhile appeared unsought.
Or come I less conspicuous, or what change
Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth!"

He came, and with him Eve, more loth, though first
To offend, discountenanced both, and discomposed.
Love was not in their looks, either to God
Or to each other, but apparent guilt,
And shame, and perturbation, and despair,
Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile.
Whence Adam, faltering long, thus answered brief:—
"I heard thee in the Garden, and, of thy voice
Afraid, being naked, hid myself." To whom
The gracious Judge, without revile, replied:—
"My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not feared.
But still rejoiced; how is it now become
So dreadful to thee? That thou art naked who
Hath told thee? Hast thou eaten of the Tree
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?"

To whom thus Adam, sore beset, replied:—
"O Heaven! in evil strait this day I stand
Before my Judge—either to undergo
Myself the total crime, or to accuse
My other self, the partner of my life,
Whose failing, while her faith to me remains.
I should conceal, and not expose to blame
By my complaint. But strict necessity
Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,
Lest on my head both sin and punishment,
However insupportable, be all
Devolved; though, should I hold my peace, yet thou
Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.
This Woman, whom thou mad'st to be my help,
And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,
So fit, so acceptable, so divine,
That from her hand I could suspect no ill,
And what she did, whatever in itself,
Her doing seemed to justify the deed—
She gave me of the Tree, and I did eat."

To whom the Sovran Presence thus replied:—
"Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey
Before his voice?"

So having said, he thus to Eve in few:—
"Say, Woman, what is this which thou hast done?"

To whom sad Eve, with shame nigh overwhelmed,
Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge

Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out: so where there is no talebearer, the strife ceaseth.

A perverse man scattereth strife; and a whisperer separateth confident friends.

O full of all subtilty and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?

As char-coals are added to burning coals, and wood to fire: so is a contentious man fitted to enkindle a dispute.

He that repeateth a matter separateth very friends.

Be not a hypocrite in the sight of men, and let not thy lips be a stumblingblock to thee.

Woe to them that are of a double heart, and to the sinner that goeth on the earth two ways.

The talebearer shall defile his own soul, and shall be hated by all.

Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein: and he that rolleth a stone, it will return upon him.

Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!

If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain.

The corruptible body is a load upon the soul.

And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity: and it is set on fire of hell.

It is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison.

Let no man deceive himself.

Whatsoever things you have spoken in darkness, shall be published in the light.

Bold or loquacious, thus abashed replied:—
"The Serpent me beguiled, and I did eat."

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
To judgment he proceeded on the accused
Serpent, though brute, unable to transfer
The guilt on him who made him instrument
Of mischief, and polluted from the end
Of his creation—justly then accursed,
As vitiated in nature. More to know
Concerned not Man (since he no further knew),
Nor altered his offence; yet God at last
To Satan, first in sin, his doom applied,
Though in mysterious terms, judged as then best;
And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall:—
"Because thou hast done this, thou art accursed
Above all cattle, each beast of the field;
Upon thy belly grovelling thou shalt go,
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.
Between thee and the Woman I will put
Enmity, and between thine and her seed;
Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel."

And to the Woman thus his sentence turned:—
"Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply
By thy conception; children thou shalt bring
In sorrow forth, and to thy husband's will
Thine shall submit; he over thee shall rule."

On Adam last thus judgment he pronounced:—
"Because thou hast hearkened to the voice of thy wife,
And eaten of the Tree concerning which
I charged thee, saying, *Thou shalt not eat thereof*,
Curs'd is the ground for thy sake; thou in sorrow
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life;
Thorns also and thistles it shall bring thee forth
Unbid; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field;
In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread,
Till thou return unto the ground; for thou
Out of the ground wast taken: know thy birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return."

So judged he Man, both Judge and Saviour sent,
And the instant stroke of death, denounced that day,
Removed far off; then, pitying how they stood
Before him naked to the air, that now
Must suffer change, disdained not to begin
Thenceforth the form of servant to assume.
As when he washed his servants' feet, so now,
As Father of his family, he clad
Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,

Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God?

Come not to him with a double heart.

He will hear the prayer of him that is wronged.

There is no darkness, nor shadow of death, where the workers of iniquity may hide themselves.

My people are only bent on backsliding from me.

Their God hateth iniquity.

And who are you that tempt the Lord?

There be divisions among you.

Can two walk together, except they be agreed?

If you love them that love you, what reward shall you have?

If ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others?

Brother goeth to law with brother.

Why do you not rather take wrong? Why do you not rather suffer yourselves to be defrauded?

But you do wrong and defraud, and that to your brethren.

If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.

Proud and haughty scorner is his name, who dealeth in proud wrath.

He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down, and without walls.

Wrath is cruel, and anger is outrageous.

A man of anger stirreth up strife; and a man of fury aboundeth in transgression.

Or, as the snake, with youthful coat repaid;
And thought not much to clothe his enemies.
Nor he their outward only with the skins
Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more
Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness
Arraying, covered from his Father's sight.
To him with swift ascent he up returned,
Into his blissful bosom reassumed
In glory as of old; to him, appeased,
All, though all-knowing, what had passed with Man
Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

Discord first,
Daughter of Sin, among the irrational
Death introduced through fierce antipathy.
Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,
And fish with fish. To graze the herb all leaving
Devoured each other; nor stood much in awe
Of Man, but fled him, or with countenance grim
Glared on him passing. These were from without
The growing miseries; which Adam saw
Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,
To sorrow abandoned, but worse felt within,
And, in a troubled sea of passion tost,
Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint:—
“O miserable of happy! Is this the end
Of this new glorious World, and me so late
The glory of that glory? who now, become
Accursed of blessed, hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my highth
Of happiness! Yet well, if here would end
The misery! I deserved it, and would bear
My own deservings. But this will not serve:
All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated curse. O voice, once heard
Delightfully, *‘Encrease and multiply;’*
Now death to hear! for what can I encrease
Or multiply but curses on my head?
Who, of all ages to succeed, but, feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curse
My head? ‘Ill fare our Ancestor impure!
For this we may thank Adam!’ but his thanks
Shall be the execration. So, besides
Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound—
On me, as on their natural centre, light:
Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys
Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!
What better can we do than, to the place
Repairing where he judged us, prostrate fall
Before him reverent, and there confess
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air

Death and life are in the power of the tongue: they that love it, shall eat the fruits thereof.

For acting wickedly against the laws of God doth not pass unpunished.

Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.

They that love him, shall be filled with his law.

Ye have not hearkened unto me, in proclaiming liberty, every one to his brother, and every man to his neighbour.

Thou sittest and speakest against thy brother.

A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city.

He that hateth his brother is in darkness, and walketh in darkness, and knoweth not whither he goeth, because the darkness hath blinded his eyes.

Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?

If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?

There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love.

He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love.

Whosoever is not just, is not of God, nor he that loveth not his brother.

He that loveth not his brother abideth in death.

Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer. And you know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in himself.

Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeigned and humiliation meek?
Undoubtedly he will relent, and turn
From his displeasure, in whose look serene,
When angry most he seemed and most severe,
What else but favour, grace, and mercy shon?"

So spake our father penitent; nor Eve
Felt less remorse.

To Heaven their prayers
Flew up, nor missed the way, by envious winds
Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they passed
Dimensionless through heavenly doors; then, clad
With incense, where the Golden Altar fumed,
By their great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father's Throne. Then the glad Son
Presenting thus to intercede began:—
"See, Father, what first-fruits on Earth are sprung
From thy implanted grace in Man—these sighs
And prayers, which in this golden censer, mixed
With incense, I, thy priest, before thee bring;
Fruits of more pleasing savour, from thy seed
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
Which, his own hand manuring, all the trees
Of Paradise could have produced, ere fallen
From innocence. Now, therefore, bend thine ear
To supplication; hear his sighs, though mute;
Unskilful with what words to pray, let me
Interpret for him, me his Advocate
And propitiation; all his works on me,
Good or not good, ingraft; my merit those
Shall perfer, and for these my death shall pay.
Accept me, and in me from these receive
The smell of peace toward Mankind; let him live,
Before thee reconciled, at least his days
Numbered, though sad, till death, his doom (which I
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse),
To better life shall yield him, where with me
All my redeemed may dwell in joy and bliss,
Made one with me, as I with thee am one."

To whom the Father, without cloud, serene:—
"All thy request for Man, accepted Son,
Obtain; all thy request was my decree.
But longer in that Paradise to dwell
The law I gave to Nature him forbids;
Those pure immortal elements, that know
No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,
Eject him, tainted now, and purge him off,
As a distemper, gross, to air as gross,
And mortal food, as may dispose him best

Thou hast gone and made thee other gods, and hast cast me behind thy back.

A man cannot receive any thing, unless it be given him from heaven.

There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing: there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches.

Better is the little that the righteous hath, than the great riches of many wicked.

Unhappy are they, and their hope is among the dead, who have called gods the works of the hands of men, gold and silver.

Oh, this people hath sinned a great sin, and they have made themselves gods of gold.

For from the least of them even unto the greatest of them every one is given to covetousness.

Ye have sown much, and bring in little; ye eat, but it doth not satisfy hunger; ye drink, but it doth not appease thirst; ye clothe yourselves, but no one is warm; and he that earneth something earneth it for a bag with holes.

No man can serve two masters. You cannot serve God and mammon.

Seek not death in the error of your life, neither procure ye destruction by the works of your hands.

What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?

Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?

He shall not be enriched, neither shall his substance continue.

Though he heap up silver as the dust, and prepare raiment as the clay;

For dissolution wrought by sin, that first
Distempered all things, and of incorrupt
Corrupted. I, at first, with two fair gifts
Created him endowed—with Happiness
And Immortality; that fondly lost,
This other served but to eternize woe,
Till I provided Death: so Death becomes
His final remedy, and, after life
Tried in sharp tribulation, and refined
By faith and faithful works, to second life,
Waked in the renovation of the just,
Resigns him up with Heaven and Earth renewed.

Like one of us Man is become
To know both Good and Evil, since his taste
Of that defended Fruit; but let him boast
His knowledge of good lost and evil got,
Happier had it sufficed him to have known
Good by itself and evil not at all.
He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite—
My motions in him; longer than they move,
His heart I know how variable and vain,
Self-left. Lest, therefore, his now bolder hand
Reach also of the Tree of Life, and eat,
And live for ever, dream at least to live
For ever, to remove him I decree.
And send him from the Garden forth, to till
The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil.
Michael, this my behest have thou in charge:
Take to thee from among the Cherubim
Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the Fiend,
Or in behalf of Man, or to invade
Vacant possession, some new trouble raise;
Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God
Without remorse drive out the sinful pair.
If patiently thy bidding they obey,
Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveal
To Adam what shall come in future days,
As I shall thee enlighten; intermix
My covenant in the Woman's seed renewed.
So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace;
And on the east side of the Garden place,
Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,
Cherubic watch, and of a Sword the flame
Wide-waving, all approach far off to fright,
And guard all passage to the Tree of Life;
Lest Paradise a receptacle prove
To Spirits foul, and all my trees their prey,
With whose stolen fruit Man once more to delude."

He ended: and the Archangel soon drew nigh.
Adam bowed low; he, kingly, from his state
Inclined not, but his coming thus declared:—
"Adam, Heaven's high behest no preface needs.

He may prepare it, but the just shall put it on, and the innocent shall divide the silver.

The eye of the covetous man is insatiable in his portion of iniquity: he will not be satisfied till he consume his own soul, drying it up.

Lo, this is the man that made not God his fortress; but trusted in the abundance of his riches.

Will he esteem thy riches? no, not gold ore, nor all the highest forces of strength.

He that maketh haste to be rich will not go unpunished.

Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money.

He that is eager for wealth is a man of an evil eye, and he knoweth not that want will come upon him.

Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is not?

For riches are not for ever.

He that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house.

He that trusteth in his riches will surely fall.

For they that will become rich, fall into temptation, and into the snare of the devil, and into many unprofitable and hurtful desires, which drown men into destruction and perdition.

For the love of money is the root of all evil: which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows.

Prayer is good with fasting and alms more than to lay up treasures of gold.

For alms delivereth from death, and the same is that which purgeth away sins, and maketh to find mercy and life everlasting.

Sufficient that thy prayers are heard, and Death,
Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,
Defeated of his seizure many days,
Given thee of grace, wherein thou may'st repent,
And one bad act with many deeds well done
May'st cover. Well may then thy Lord, appeased,
Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim;
But longer in this Paradise to dwell
Permits not. To remove thee I am come,
And send thee from the Garden forth, to till
The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil."

He added not; for Adam, at the news
Heart-strook, with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
That all his senses bound; Eve, who unseen
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discovered soon the place of her retire:—
"O unexpected stroke, worse than of Death!
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil? these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of Gods, where I had hope to spend,
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both? O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,
Who now shall rear thee to the Sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?
Thee, lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorned
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild? How shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits?"

Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild:—
"Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost: nor set thy heart,
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine.
Thy going is not lonely: with thee goes
Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy native soil."

Adam, by this from the cold sudden damp
Recovering, and his scattered spirits returned,
To Michael thus his humble words addressed:—
"Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or named
Of them the highest—for such of shape may seem
Prince above princes—gently hast thou told
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
And in performing end us. What besides

He that oppresseth the poor to increase his riches, shall surely come to want.

So are the paths of every one that is greedy after unlawful gain; it taketh away the life of those that own it.

The God in whose hand thy soul is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified.

He that oppresseth the poor reproacheth his Maker.

Thou hast taken a pledge from thy brothers for nought, and stripped the naked of their clothing.

Thou hast not given water to the weary to drink, and from the hungry thou hast withholden bread.

Thou hast sent widows away empty, and the arms of the fatherless thou hast broken in pieces.

Therefore art thou surrounded with snares, and sudden fear troubleth thee;

Or darkness, that thou canst not see.

He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand.

He who soweth sparingly, shall also reap sparingly.

Have all the workers of iniquity no knowledge? who eat up my people as they eat bread?

Whoso stoppeth his ears against the cry of the poor, he also will cry himself, but shall not be answered.

What mean ye that ye beat my people to pieces, and grind the faces of the poor?

For their redeemer is strong; he will indeed plead their cause with thee.

He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?

Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,
 Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring—
 Departure from this happy place, our sweet
 Recess, and only consolation left
 Familiar to our eyes; all places else
 Inhospitable appear, and desolate,
 Nor knowing us, nor known. And, if by prayer
 Incessant I could hope to change the will
 Of Him who all things can, I would not cease
 To weary him with my assiduous cries;
 But prayer against his absolute decree
 No more avails than breath against the wind,
 Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth:
 Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
 This most afflicts me—that, departing hence,
 As from his face I shall be hid, deprived
 His blessèd countenance. Here I could frequent,
 With worship, place by place where he voutsafed
 Presence Divine, and to my sons relate,
 ‘On this mount He appeared; under this tree
 Stood visible; among these pines His voice
 I heard; here with Him at this fountain talked.’
 In yonder nether world where shall I seek
 His bright appearances, or footstep trace?”

To whom thus Michael, with regard benign:—
 “Adam, thou know’st Heaven his, and all the Earth,
 Not this rock only; his omnipresence fills
 Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,
 Fomented by his virtual power and warmed.
 All the Earth he gave thee to possess and rule,
 No despicable gift; surmise not, then,
 His presence to these narrow bounds confined
 Of Paradise or Eden. This had been
 Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread
 All generations, and had hither come,
 From all the ends of the Earth, to celebrate
 And reverence thee their great progenitor.
 But this pre-eminence thou hast lost, brought down
 To dwell on even ground now with thy sons:
 Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain
 God is, as here, and will be found alike
 Present, and of his presence many a sign
 Still following thee, still compassing thee round
 With goodness and paternal love, his face
 Express, and of his steps the track divine.
 Which that thou may’st believe, and be confirmed
 Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent
 To shew thee what shall come in future days
 To thee and to thy offspring. Good with bad
 Expect to hear, supernal grace contending
 With sinfulness of men—thereby to learn
 True patience, and to temper joy with fear

But ye have despised the poor.

He is thy brother.

He therefore that despiseth, despiseth not man, but God.

Wherefore hast thou despised the word of the Lord to do what is evil in his eyes?

My house shall be called the house of prayer; but you have made it a den of thieves.

Thy eyes and thy heart are directed on nothing but upon thy own gain, and upon innocent blood to shed it, and upon oppression, and upon extortion, to practise them.

This is a people robbed and spoiled; they are all of them snared in holes, and they are hid in prison houses: they are for a prey, and none delivereth; for a spoil, and none saith, Restore.

Some remove the landmarks; they violently take away flocks, and feed thereof.

They chase the needy out of the highway.

They cause the naked to lodge without clothing, that they have no covering in the cold.

Through the sweeping rain of the mountains are they made wet, and for want of a shelter do they embrace the rock.

They cause him to go naked without clothing, and they take away the sheaf from the hungry.

Better is the poor that walketh in his integrity, than he that is perverse in his ways, though he be rich.

Wo unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by injustice.

And pious sorrow, equally inured
By moderation either state to bear,
Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead
Safest thy life, and best prepared endure
Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend
This hill; let Eve (for I have drenched her eyes)
Here sleep below while thou to foresight wak'st,
As once thou slep'st while she to life was formed."

To whom thus Adam gratefully replied:—
"Ascend; I follow thee, safe Guide, the path
Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of Heaven submit,
However chastening—to the evil turn
My obvious breast, arming to overcome
By suffering, and earn rest from labour won,
If so I may attain." So both ascend
In the Visions of God. It was a hill,
Of Paradise the highest, from whose top
The hemisphere of Earth in clearest ken
Stretched out to the amplest reach of prospect lay.
But him the gentle Angel by the hand
Soon raised, and his attention thus recalled:—
"Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first behold
The effects which thy original crime hath wrought
In some to spring from thee, who never touched
The excepted Tree, nor with the Snake conspired,
Nor sinned thy sin, yet from that sin derive
Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds."

He looked, and saw wide territory spread
Before him—towns, and rural works between.
Cities of men with lofty gates and towers.
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threatening war,
Giants of mighty bone and bold emprise.
Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,
Single or in array of battle ranged
Both horse and foot, nor idly mustering stood.
One way a band select from forage drives
A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine,
From a fat meadow-ground, or fleecy flock.
Ewes and their bleating lambs, over the plain,
Their booty; scarce with life the shepherds fly,
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray:
With cruel tournament the squadrons join;
Where cattle pastured late, now scattered lies
With carcasses and arms the ensanguined field
Deserted. Others to a city strong
Lay siege, encamped, by battery, scale, and mine,
Assaulting; others from the wall defend
With dart and javelin, stones and sulphurous fire;
On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.

Unless the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.

Through wisdom is a house built; and through understanding is it firmly established.

And through knowledge are chambers filled with all manner of precious and pleasant wealth.

Better is a little with righteousness, than great incomes through injustice.

Whoso is partner with a thief hateth his own soul.

The robbery of the wicked shall destroy them.

Thou hast trusted in thy ways.

There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.

Ye exact usury, every one of his brother.

Thou hast taken usury and increase, and thou hast greedily gained of thy neighbours by extortion, and hast forgotten me.

He that by usury and unjust gain increaseth his substance, he shall gather it for him that will pity the poor.

He knew not his maker and him that inspired into him the soul that worketh, and that breathed into him a living spirit.

God is not the author of confusion, but of peace.

What hast thou to do with peace?

O ye sons of men, how long will ye turn my glory into shame?

For your hands are defiled with blood, and your fingers with iniquity.

Adam was all in tears, and to his guide
Lamenting turned full sad:—"Oh, what are these?
Death's ministers, not men! who thus deal death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thousandfold the sin of him who slew
His brother; for of whom such massacre
Make they but of their brethren, men of men?"

To whom Michael thus, he also moved, replied:—
"To overcome in battle, and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
Manslaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human glory, and, for glory done,
Of triumph to be styled great conquerors,
Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods—
Destroyers rightlier called, and Plagues of men.
Thus fame shall be achieved, renown on earth,
And what most merits fame in silence hid."

How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,
Depopulation!

To whom thus Michael:—"Those whom last thou saw'st
In triumph and luxurious wealth are they
First seen in acts of prowess eminent
And great exploits, but of true virtue void;
Who, having spilt much blood, and done much waste,
Subduing nations, and achieved thereby
Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,
Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,
Surfeit, and lust, till wantonness and pride
Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.
The conquered, also, and enslaved by war,
Shall, with their freedom lost, all virtue lose,
And fear of God—from whom their piety feigned
In sharp contest of battle found no aid
Against invaders; therefore, cooled in zeal,
Thenceforth shall practise how to live secure,
Worldly or dissolute, on what their lords
Shall leave them to enjoy; for the Earth shall bear
More than enough, that temperance may be tried.

So shall the World go on,
To good malignant, to bad men benign,
Under her own weight groaning, till the day
Appear of respiration to the just
And vengeance to the wicked, at return
Of Him so lately promised to thy aid,
The Woman's Seed—obscurely then foretold,
Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord;
Last in the clouds from Heaven to be revealed
In glory of the Father, to dissolve

A sound of battle is heard in the land.

Destruction upon destruction is cried; for the whole land is spoiled.

Behold the slain with the sword!

Men groan from out of the city, and the soul of the wounded crieth out.

Where is thy brother Abel?

What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground.

Hast thou killed, and also taken possession?

With the earliest light riseth the murderer, he slayeth the poor and needy, and in the night he becometh like the thief.

In the dark they dig through houses, which they had marked for themselves in the daytime.

Now therefore why tempt ye God?

It is he who giveth to all life, and breath, and all things;

And hath made of one blood all nations of men.

Ye are brethren; why do ye wrong one to another?

For all that take the sword shall perish with the sword.

For the success of war is not in the multitude of the army, but strength cometh from heaven.

Continually are they gathered together for war.

And the act of violence is in their hands.

Wasting and destruction are in their paths.

The way of peace they know not; and there is no judgment in their goings: they have made them crooked paths: whosoever goeth therein shall not know peace.

Satan with his perverted World; then raise
From the conflagrant mass, purged and refined,
New Heavens, new Earth, Ages of endless date
Founded in righteousness and peace and love,
To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss.

At his birth a Star,
Unseen before in Heaven, proclaims him come,
And guides the eastern sages, who inquire
His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold:
His place of birth a solemn Angel tells
To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night;
They gladly thither haste, and by a quire
Of squadroned Angels hear his carol sung.
A Virgin is his mother, but his Sire
The Power of the Most High. He shall ascend
The throne hereditary, and bound his reign
With Earth's wide bounds, his glory with the Heavens."

Here Adam interposed:—"Now, first I find
Mine eyes true opening, and my heart much eased,
Erewhile perplexed with thoughts what would become
Of me and all mankind; but now I see
His day, in whom all nations shall be blest—
Favour unmerited by me, who sought
Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.
Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain;
Beyond which was my folly to aspire.
Henceforth I learn that to obey is best,
And love with fear the only God, to walk
As in his presence, ever to observe
His providence, and on him sole depend,
Merciful over all his works, with good
Still overcoming evil, and by small
Accomplishing great things—by things deemed weak
Subverting worldly-strong, and worldly-wise
By simply meek; that suffering for Truth's sake
Is fortitude to highest victory,
And to the faithful death the gate of life—
Taught this by his example whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest."

To whom thus also the Angel last replied:—
"This having learned, thou hast attained the sum
Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the stars
Thou knew'st by name, and all the æthereal powers,
All secrets of the Deep, all Nature's works,
Or works of God in heaven, air, earth, or sea,
And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst,
And all the rule, one empire. Only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable; add faith;

Who knowing the judgment of God, that they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them.

Better is wisdom, than weapons of war.

For by strength shall no man prevail.

If you bite and devour one another; take heed you be not consumed one of another.

Surely such are the dwellings of the wicked, and this is the place of him that knoweth not God.

The wicked with works and words have called it to them.

Of the Rock that begat thee thou art unmindful, and hast forgotten God that formed thee.

He looked for judgment, but behold oppression; for righteousness, but behold a cry.

And if one look unto the land, behold darkness and sorrow.

A land of darkness, as darkness itself; and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness.

Judgment is turned away backward, and justice standeth afar off: for truth is fallen in the street, and equity cannot enter.

All joy is darkened, the mirth of the land is gone.

Behold them that are consumed with famine!

They that be slain with the sword are better than they that be slain with hunger: for these pine away, stricken through for want of the fruits of the field.

Add virtue, patience, temperance; add love,
By name to come called Charity, the soul
Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loth
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee, happier far.
Let us descend now, therefore, from this top
Of speculation; for the hour precise
Exacts our parting hence; and, see! the guards,
By me encamped on yonder hill, expect
Their motion, at whose front a flaming sword,
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round.
We may no longer stay. Go, waken Eve;
Her also I with gentle dreams have calmed,
Portending good, and all her spirits composed
To meek submission: thou, at season fit,
Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard—
Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,
The great deliverance by her seed to come
(For by the Woman's Seed) on all mankind—
That ye may live, which will be many days,
Both in one faith unanimous; though sad
With cause for evils past, yet much more cheered
With meditation on the happy end."

He ended, and they both descend the hill.
Descended, Adam to the bower where Eve
Lay sleeping ran before, but found her waked;
And thus with words not sad she him received:—
"Whence thou return'st and whither went'st I know;
For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since, with sorrow and heart's distress
Wearied, I fell asleep. But now lead on;
In me is no delay; with thee to go
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
Art all things under Heaven, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banished hence.
This further consolation yet secure
I carry hence: though all by me is lost,
Such favour I unworthy am voutsafed,
By me the Promised Seed shall all restore."

In either hand the hastening Angel caught
Our lingering Parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain—then disappeared.
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,

The earth is utterly broken down.

Fear is on every side.

OH that thou hadst but listened to my commandments!
then would have been as a river thy peace, and thy
prosperity as the waves of the sea.

All day long I have stretched forth my hands unto a
disobedient and gainsaying people.

And yet for all this you did not believe the Lord your
God,

Who went before you in the way.

But his hand is stretched out still.

THE SHIELD OF THY HELP

Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.
Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

WHAT shall we do, that we may work the works of
God?

Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn,
my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon
the mountains of Bether.

Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feed-
est, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon: for why
should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy
companions?

Oh that I knew where I might find him!

When shall I arise, and the night be gone?

What manner of joy shall be to me, who sit in dark-
ness, and see not the light of heaven?

Lord, that our eyes may be opened.

We have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing.

Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?

Shew me thy ways, O Lord; teach me thy paths.

Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right
spirit within me.

IN ‘THE WORLD’S WILDERNESS’

THEY SHALL BE ALL TAUGHT OF GOD.—*The Christ*

Oh fall!

From what high state of bliss into what woe!

Oh how unlike the place from whence they fell!—MILTON

God created man to be immortal, and made him to be an image of his own eternity. Nevertheless, through envy of the devil came death into the world: and they that do hold of his side do find it.

—WISDOM OF SOLOMON

Reprove a wise man, and he will love thee.

But fools despise wisdom and instruction.

A fool despiseth his father's instruction: but he that regardeth reproof is prudent.

A wise son heareth his father's instruction: but a scorner heareth not rebuke.

My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord; neither be weary of his correction.—SOLOMON

Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.

Plough up your fallow ground, that ye may not sow among thorns.

The Master is come, and calleth for thee.

Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.

He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

If a man love me, he will keep my words.

He that loveth me not keepeth not my sayings.

Take heed therefore how ye hear: for whosoever hath, to him shall be given; and whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he seemeth to have.—THE WORD OF GOD

“TAKE HEED THEREFORE HOW YE HEAR”

A SOWER went out to sow his seed: and as he sowed, some fell by the way side; and it was trodden down, and the fowls of the air devoured it.

And some fell on stony ground, where it had not much earth; and immediately it sprang up, because it had no depth of earth:

What must I do, that I may be saved?

Lead me in thy truth, and teach me.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit.

Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path.

What shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?

Teach me to do thy will; for thou art my God: thy spirit is good; lead me into the land of uprightness.

Set me as a seal upon thy heart, as a seal upon thy arm.

O send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me.

God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us;

That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.

O let the nations be glad and sing for joy:

May he grant us joyfulness of heart:

That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace:

That our garners may be full, affording all manner of store:

That there be no breaking in, nor going out; that there be no complaining in our streets.

All men seek for thee.

Teach them the good way wherein they should walk.

Have mercy upon us, O God of all, and behold us, and shew us the light of thy mercies:

But when the sun was up, it was scorched; and because it had no root, it withered away.

And some fell among thorns, and the thorns grew up, and choked it, and it yielded no fruit.

And other fell on good ground, and did yield fruit that sprang up and increased; and brought forth, some thirty, and some sixty, and some an hundred.

Know ye not this parable?

The seed is the word of God.

And these are they by the way side, where the word is sown; but when they have heard, Satan cometh immediately, and taketh away the word that was sown in their hearts.

And these are they likewise which are sown on stony ground; who, when they have heard the word, immediately receive it with gladness;

And these have no root, which for a while believe, and in time of temptation fall away.

And that which fell among thorns are they, which, when they have heard, go forth, and are choked with cares and riches and pleasures of this life, and bring no fruit to perfection.

But that on the good ground are they, which in an honest and good heart, having heard the word, keep it, and bring forth fruit with patience.

—THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

"WITH ALL THY GETTING GET UNDERSTANDING"

The prudent man looketh well to his going.

If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself: but if thou scornest, thou alone shalt bear it.

He that getteth wisdom loveth his own soul: he that keepeth understanding shall find good.

But the wisdom that is above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be intreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.—THE BIBLE

I WISDOM dwell with prudence.

Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of man.

I am the mother of fair love, and of fear, and of knowledge, and of holy hope.

Come over to me, all ye that desire me, and be filled with my fruits.

Hear; for I will speak of excellent things; and the opening of my lips shall be right things.

For my mouth shall speak truth.

All the words of my mouth are in righteousness.

They are all plain to him that understandeth, and right to them that find knowledge.

My fruit is better than gold, yea, than fine gold; and my revenue than choice silver.

And send thy fear upon the nations, that have not sought after thee.

Direct us into the way of justice, and let all know that dwell upon the earth, that thou art God the beholder of all ages.

Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.

We wait for light, but behold obscurity; for brightness, but we walk in darkness.

Until the spirit be poured upon us from on high:

We grope as if we had no eyes: we stumble at noon day as in the night.

Where is the way that light dwelleth?

I lead in the way of righteousness, in the midst of the paths of judgment:

That I may cause those that love me to inherit substance; and I will fill their treasures.

Happy is the man that hearkeneth unto me, watching day by day at my gates, waiting at the posts of my doors.

Now therefore hearken unto me, O ye children: for blessed are they that keep my ways.

For whoso findeth me findeth life, and shall obtain favour of the Lord.

For through me shall thy days be multiplied, and the years of thy life shall be increased unto thee.

But he that sinneth against me doth violence to his own soul: all those that hate me love death.

But whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it.

She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her: and happy is every one that retaineth her.

Forsake her not, and she will watch over thee: love her, and she will keep thee.

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding.

Hold her in high esteem, and she will exalt thee: she will bring thee to honor, when thou embracest her.

She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace: a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee.

When thou walkest, thy step shall not be narrowed; and when thou runnest, thou shalt not stumble.

Take fast hold of instruction: let her not go: keep her; for she is thy life.

A wise man will hear, and will increase learning; and a man of understanding shall attain unto wise counsels.

Understanding is a wellspring of life unto him that hath it.

Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honour.

The wellspring of wisdom is as a flowing brook.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

Get wisdom, get understanding: forget it not;

It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.

It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire.

The gold and the crystal cannot equal it: and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold.

No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls:

She is more precious than rubies: and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

I WILL shew thee, hear me.
Hearken, ye people from afar.

I am the Light of the world;
The true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh
into the world.

I myself have made the earth, and created man upon it:
I have raised him up in righteousness, and I will direct
all his ways.

What man is he that feareth the Lord? him shall he
teach in the way that he shall choose.

It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life.

The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.

They that are according to the flesh, mind the things that are of the flesh; but they that are according to the spirit, mind the things that are of the spirit.

The Spirit is life because of righteousness.

To be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace.

The carnal mind is enmity against God:

But wisdom—where shall she be found? and where is the place of understanding?

God alone understandeth her way, and he knoweth her place.

Counsel is mine, and sound wisdom: I am understanding; I have strength.

Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding.

My son, if thou wouldst but accept my words, and treasure up my commandments with thee;

So that thou incline thine ear unto wisdom, and apply thine heart to understanding;

Yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding;

If thou wilt seek her as silver, and search for her as for hidden treasures:

Then wilt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and the knowledge of God wilt thou find.

Then wilt thou understand righteousness, and justice, and equity; yea, every track of goodness.

For the Lord giveth wisdom: out of his mouth come knowledge and understanding.

He layeth up sound wisdom for the righteous: he is a buckler to them that walk uprightly.

When wisdom entereth into thine heart, and knowledge is pleasant unto thy soul;

Discretion shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep thee.

My son, let not them depart from thine eyes: keep sound wisdom and discretion:

So shall they be life unto thy soul, and grace to thy neck.

Then shalt thou walk in thy way safely, and thy foot shall not stumble.

When thou layest thyself down, thou shalt feel no dread; and as thou liest down, thy sleep shall be pleasant.

For the Lord will be thy confidence, and he will guard thy foot from being caught.

The law of the wise is a fountain of life.

The fear of the Lord is to hate evil.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: and the knowledge of the holy is understanding.

A good understanding have all they that do his commandments.

So shall the knowledge of wisdom be unto thy soul: when thou hast found it, then there shall be a reward.

My son, if thy heart be wise, my heart shall rejoice, even mine.

The man that loveth wisdom causeth his father to rejoice.

My son, be wise, and make my heart glad.

—THE WORD OF GOD

So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God.

But you are not in the flesh, but in the spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you.

Thus saith the Lord, thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel: I am the Lord thy God which teacheth thee to profit, which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go.

Come, children, hearken to me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

Hear it, and know thou it for thy good.

He that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.

And ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart.

I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.

I will teach you the good and the right way.

And I will shew thee what thou shalt do.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved.

And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am

"AND YE SHALL BE MY SONS AND DAUGHTERS"

Tell ye of it to your children, and let your children tell it to their children, and their children to another generation.

Keep, O my son, the commandments of thy father:

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength.

Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.—THE BIBLE

THESE words which I command thee this day, shall be in thy heart:

And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thy hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thy eyes.

My son, observe my sayings, and my commandments must thou treasure up with thee.

Bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck.

And thou shalt write them upon the door-posts of thy house, and upon thy gates.

Observe my commandments, and live: and my teaching as the apple of thy eyes.

Bind them around thy fingers, write them upon the table of thy heart.

Attend to my words; incline thine ear unto my sayings.

Let them not slip away from thy eyes: guard them in the midst of thy heart.

For they are life unto every one of those that find them, and to all his body a healing.

And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.

That your days may be multiplied, and the days of your children, in the land which the Lord swore unto your fathers to give them, as the days of heaven upon the earth.

Therefore shall ye lay up these my words in your heart and in your soul.

For the commandment is a lamp; and the law is light.

When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee.

—THE WORD OF GOD

"PERSEVERING TO THE LAST"

There is no discharge in that war.—SOLOMON

Press on, press on! still look in faith

To Him who conqu'reth sin and death:

Then shall ye hear His word, "Well done."

True to the last, press on, press on!—GASKELL

And this be our motto, "In God is our trust!"—KEY

meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

For my yoke is sweet and my burden light.

Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them.

If you know these things, you shall be blessed if you do them.

Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord.

Every one that cometh to me, and heareth my words, and doth them, I will shew you to whom he is like:

He is like to a man building a house, who digged deep, and laid the foundation upon a rock. And when a flood came, the stream beat vehemently upon that house, and it could not shake it; for it was founded on a rock.

But he that heareth, and doeth not, is like to a man building his house upon the earth without a foundation: against which the stream beat vehemently, and immediately it fell, and the ruin of that house was great.

Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of man.

Gather me the people together, and I will make them hear my words, that they may learn to fear me.

Hear, O ye kings; give ear, O ye princes.

Hear now this, O foolish people, and without understanding; which have eyes, and see not; which have ears, and hear not:

Ye are standing this day, all of you, before the Lord your God.

*Workman of God! O, lose not heart, but learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field thou shalt know where to strike.*

*Thrice blest is he to whom is given the instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He is most invisible.*

*Blest, too, is he who can divine where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems wrong to man's blindfold eye.*

*For right is right, since God is God; and right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty, to falter would be sin!—FABER*

*Be firm and be faithful; desert not the right;
The brave become bolder the darker the night!
Then up and be doing, though cowards may fail;
Thy duty pursuing, dare all and prevail!*

*If scorn be thy portion, if hatred and loss,
If stripes or a prison, remember the cross!
God watches above thee, and He will requite;
Desert those that love thee, but never the right.—ANONYMOUS*

*And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.—How*

WHO is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?

—It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care:

—Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives:
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
Is placable—because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.

—'T is he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;

He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them,
he it is that loveth me.

You are my friends, if you do the things that I command you.

My son, hast thou sinned? do so no more.

Flee from sins as from the face of a serpent.

The teeth thereof are the teeth of a lion, killing the
souls of men.

O earth, earth, earth, hear the words of the Lord.

I stand at the gate, and knock.

This is the way, walk ye in it:

THOU shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart,
and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and
with all thy strength.

This is the first and great commandment.

And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy
neighbour as thyself.

There is no other commandment greater than these.

On these two commandments hang all the law and the
prophets.

Blessed is he that is conversant in these good things:
and he that layeth them up in his heart, shall be wise
always.

For if he do them, he shall be strong to do all things:
because the light of God guideth his steps.

Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse will,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labours good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows:

—Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all:
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a Lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need:

—He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes;
Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve:
More brave for this, that he hath much to love:—

'T is, finally, the Man, who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won:
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpass:
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
Forever, and to noble deeds give birth,

Thou shalt know the Lord.

That a blessing may come upon thee from him.

The father's blessing establisheth the houses of the children.

Walk before me, and be thou perfect.

What doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to fear the Lord thy God, to walk in all his ways, and to love him, and to serve the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul,

To keep the commandments of the Lord, and his statutes, which I command thee this day, for thy own good?

This commandment which I command thee this day, is not hidden from thee, nor is it far off.

But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayst do it.

Keep this commandment without spot, unrebukable.

Prepare to meet thy God.

Ye shall keep my statutes, and my ordinances, which if a man do, he shall live in them.

Thus shall ye do in the fear of the Lord, faithfully, and with a perfect heart.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found: call ye upon him while he is near.

But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.

Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?

Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name—
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:

This is the happy Warrior; this is He
That every Man in arms should wish to be.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, "*Character of the Happy Warrior*"

"BEN ADHEM'S NAME LED ALL THE REST"

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

—THE LILY OF THE VALLEYS

He tried the luxury of doing good.—CRABBE

Shew me thy faith without thy works, and I will shew thee my faith by my works.

What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he hath faith, and have not works? can faith save him?

If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food,

And one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit?

Even so faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone.—JAMES

The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his.—PAUL

But to the just is peace: no strife

Disturbs the gentle stream of life.

Fearless he looks on Death, nor broods

Anxious o'er life's vicissitudes.

Though buffeted by storm and stress

Of Fortune's wanton changefulness,

Fate can not touch the soul sublime

Taught to despise the things of Time.

Whom should he fear? he can not yield,

With God Himself for sword and shield!—LEO XIII

O, may I join the choir invisible

Of those immortal dead who live again

In minds made better by their presence; live

In pulses stirred to generosity,

In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn

Of miserable aims that end with self,

In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,

And with their mild persistence urge men's minds

To vaster issues.

The spiritual man judgeth all things.

Walk worthy of God, who hath called you.

Fight the good fight of faith: lay hold on eternal life.

Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

Turn ye not unto idols: I am the Lord your God.

Ye shall be holy men unto me.

There is not a more wicked thing than to love money:
for such a one setteth even his soul to sale.

Put away the strange gods that are among you.

Ye shall serve the Lord your God.

Deck thyself now with majesty and excellency; and
array thyself with glory and beauty.

Thou shalt worship no other god; for the Lord whose
name is Watchful, is a watchful God.

The scribes and the Pharisees sit in Moses' seat.

But do not ye after their works: for they say, and do
not.

For they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne,
and lay them on men's shoulders; but they themselves
will not move them with one of their fingers.

But all their works they do for to be seen of men: they

Love the uppermost rooms at feasts, and the chief seats
in the synagogues,

And greetings in the markets, and to be called of men,
Rabbi, Rabbi.

Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteous-
ness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter
into the kingdom of heaven.

*So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing a beauteous order, that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.*—GEORGE ELIOT

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,—
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

—LEIGH HUNT, "*Abou Ben Adhem*"

"THE TEN CHIEF SINS"

Resist the devil, and he will fly from you.—THE BIBLE

*But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And even in penance planning sins anew.*—GOLDSMITH

THE ten chief Sins came—Mara's mighty ones,
Angels of evil—Attavâda first.
The Sin of Self, who in the Universe
As in a mirror sees her fond face shown,
And crying "I" would have the world say "I,"
And all things perish so if she endure.

Then came wan Doubt,
He that denies—the mocking Sin—and this
Hissed in the Master's ear, "All things are shows,
And vain the knowledge of their vanity;

Keep the charge of the Lord thy God, to walk in his ways, to keep his statutes, and his commandments, in order that thou mayest prosper in all that thou doest, and whithersoever thou turnest thyself.

Establish within thyself a heart of good counsel: for there is no other thing of more worth to thee than it.

There is none greater than he that feareth God.

Love and the ways of good things are with him.

Repent, and turn yourselves from all your transgressions; so iniquity shall not be your ruin.

And let the peace of God rule in your hearts.

Remember not any injury done thee by thy neighbour.

Strive for justice for thy soul, and even unto death fight for justice, and God will overthrow thy enemies for thee.

Say not thou, I will recompense evil; but wait on the Lord, and he shall save thee.

Let brotherly love continue.

Be no brawlers, but gentle, shewing all meekness unto all men.

To do good and to communicate forget not: for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.

And with a good eye do according to the ability of thy hands:

For the Lord maketh recompense, and will give thee seven times as much.

Comfort the feebleminded, support the weak, be patient toward all men.

Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.

Thou dost but chase the shadow of thyself;
Rise and go hence, there is no better way
Than patient scorn, nor any help for man,
Nor any staying of his whirling wheel."

And third came she who gives dark creeds their power,
Silabbat-paramâsa, sorceress,
Draped fair in many lands as lowly Faith,
But ever juggling souls with rites and prayers.

Next there drew
Gallantly nigh a braver Tempter, he,
Kama, the King of passions, who bath sway
Over the gods themselves, Lord of all loves,
Ruler of Pleasure's realms. Laughing he came
Unto the Tree, bearing his bow of gold
Wreathed with red blooms, and arrows of desire
Pointed with five-tongued delicate flame which stings
The heart it smites sharper than poisoned barb.

Next under darkening skies
And noise of rising storm came fiercer Sins,
The rearmost of the Ten; Patigha—Hate—
With serpents coiled about her waist, which suck
Poisonous milk from both her hanging dugs,
And with her curses mix their angry hiss.

Then followed Rupa-raga—Lust of days—
That sensual Sin which out of greed for life
Forgets to live; and next him Lust of Fame,
Nobler Arupa-raga, she whose spell
Beguiles the wise, mother of daring deeds,
Battles and toils. And haughty Mano came,
The Fiend of Pride; and smooth Self-Righteousness,
Uddhachcha; and—with many a hideous band
Of vile and formless things, which crept and flapped
Toad-like and bat-like—Ignorance, the Dam
Of Fear and Wrong, Avidya, hideous hag,
Whose footsteps left the midnight darker, while
The rooted mountains shook, the wild winds howled,
The broken clouds shed from their caverns streams
Of levin-lighted rain; stars shot from heaven,
The solid earth shuddered as if one laid
Flame to her gaping wounds; the torn black air
Was full of whistling wings, of screams and yells,
Of evil faces peering, of vast fronts
Terrible and majestic, Lords of Hell
Who from a thousand Limbos led their troops
To tempt the Master.

But Buddh heeded not,
Sitting serene, with perfect virtue walled.

EDWIN ARNOLD, "*The Light of Asia*"

Give ear, my son, and take wise counsel, and cast not away my advice.

Delight thyself in the Lord.

Keep all my commandments to walk in them: then will I perform my word with thee.

Speak not evil one of another.

Grudge not one against another, lest ye be condemned: behold, the judge standeth before the door.

Repent, and turn yourselves from your idols; and turn away your faces from all your abominations.

Labour not to be rich.

Say not: God will have respect to the multitude of my gifts, and when I offer to the most High, he will accept my offerings.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit.

With all thy strength love him that made thee.

Gold and silver hath destroyed many, and hath reached even to the heart of kings, and perverted them.

An unwise king shall be the ruin of his people: cities shall be inhabited through the prudence of the rulers.

Rob not the poor, because he is poor, neither crush the afflicted in the gate.

Remove not the old landmark; and enter not into the fields of the fatherless.

Be not wanting in comforting them that weep, and walk with them that mourn.

Lose thy money for thy brother: and hide it not under a stone to be lost.

Place thy treasure in the commandments of the most High, and it shall bring thee more profit than gold.

"COME; FOR ALL THINGS ARE NOW READY"

And the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things entering in, choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful.—THE DAY-SPRING FROM ON HIGH

*Enter at once the "narrow path";
No OPEN, SESAME! it hath:
Long heats and burdens must you bear—
Wet are the brows that laurels wear!—LEO XIII*

A CERTAIN man made a great supper, and bade many:
And sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, Come; for all things are now ready.

And they all with one consent began to make excuse. The first said unto him, I have bought a piece of ground, and I must needs go and see it: I pray thee have me excused.

And another said, I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them: I pray thee have me excused.

And another said, I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come.

So that servant came, and shewed his lord these things. Then the master of the house being angry said to his servant, Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind.

And the servant said, Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room.

And the lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled.

For I say unto you, That none of those men which were bidden shall taste of my supper.

—THE MIGHTY GOD

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

—THE FIRST MURDERER

Lo, this is the man that made not God his fortress; but trusted in the abundance of his riches.—DAVID

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!—WOLSEY

*So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.—BRYANT*

Gold is a stumblingblock to them that sacrifice to it:
woe to them that eagerly follow after it.

For this is the will of God,

That no man go beyond and defraud his brother in any
matter.

Flee these things; and follow after righteousness, god-
liness, faith, love, patience, meekness.

Let your heart therefore be entire with the Lord.

Put on therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved,
bowels of mercy, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness,
longsuffering;

Bearing with one another, and forgiving one another,
if any have a complaint against another.

But above all these things have charity, which is the
bond of perfection.

Turn away thy foot from evil.

Make no friendship with an angry man; and with a
furious man thou shalt not go.

If thou hast thought evil, lay thine hand upon thy
mouth.

Forgive thy neighbour if he hath hurt thee.

Refrain from strife, and thou shalt diminish thy sins.

Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be
perfect and entire, wanting nothing.

Return again to me.

And let the thought of God be in thy mind, and all thy
discourse on the commandments of the Highest.

Covet ye therefore my words, and love them, and you
shall have instruction.

THERE was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day:

And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores,

And desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table: moreover the dogs came and licked his sores.

And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died, and was buried;

And in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom.

And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame.

But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented.

And beside all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed: so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence.

Then he said, I pray thee therefore, father, that thou wouldest send him to my father's house:

For I have five brethren; that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment.

Abraham saith unto him, They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them.

And he said, Nay, father Abraham: but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent.

And he said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.

—THE FATHER OF THE WORLD TO COME

"THEIRS NOT TO REASON WHY"

*Love your enemies,
That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven.*

—THE MEEK AND LOWLY IN HEART

If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.—PAUL

Brother, brother! we are both in the wrong.—GAY

*Contrive to live in strict simplicity,
And fight the lust that bids thee strive for gold.
This is the parent of the evil deed. This is the snare
Set for the souls of men. What causes war?
Greed is its fruitful source, and war is hell!
What inspires murder? What makes children hate
The sires that bore them and parts brothers dear
And sisters who should live in amity?
The greed for gold! Never has mounting wealth*

Sanctify the Lord of hosts himself; and let him be your fear, and let him be your dread.

If any man of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.

But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed.

Remember all the commandments of the Lord, and do them; that ye seek not after the inclination of your own heart and the delight of your eyes, in pursuit of which ye have been led astray.

But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.

Obeys my voice, and I will be your God, and ye shall be my people: and walk ye in all the ways that I have commanded you, that it may be well unto you.

Thou shalt know no god but me; for there is no saviour beside me.

Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein.

Thou shalt not see thy brother's ox or his lamb go astray, and withdraw thyself from them: thou shalt surely bring them back again unto thy brother.

And if thy brother be not nigh unto thee, or if thou know him not, then thou shalt bring it unto thine own house, and it shall be with thee until thy brother seek after it, and thou shalt restore it to him again.

In like manner shalt thou do with all lost thing of thy brother's, which he hath lost, and thou hast found.

*Brought to its owner half the bliss he hoped.
Often its acquisition is a bane, poisoning life
And lowering character.*—THE SIBYL: tr. GREGORY

“Oh, what are these?
Death's ministers, not men! who thus deal death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thousandfold the sin of him who slew
His brother; for of whom such massacre
Make they but of their brethren, men of men?”—MILTON

*Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when
I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? no: or an arm? no:
or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no skill in sur-
gery, then? no. What is honour? a word. What is that word, honour?
air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday.
Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. Is it insensible, then? yea,
to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detrac-
tion will not suffer it:—therefore, I'll none of it: honour is a mere
scutcheon:—and so ends my catechism.*—FALSTAFF

*And did my son kill thine? Alas! Alas!
But I have my boy safe at home again,
His wound is healed. God! if there could but pass
From my soul's vision sight of thy son, slain!*

*Nothing can heal thy wound, thy bitter smart;
No prayer of mine can bring thee back thy boy.
Yet, my son thrust the sword-blade in thy heart,
And trampled out the flame of all thy joy.*

*Dear God of Pity, how can such things be?
My gentle, chivalrous, and high-souled son!
Oh, that we could together, I and he,
Make reparation for this deep wrong done!*

*Oh, broken-hearted mother! could I press
Thy bowed head close against my aching breast
And bring thee some faint comfort, none the less
Would my despair and anguish find no rest.*

*For when my dear boy puts his hand in mine
I feel it wet with this warm crimson stain,
The life-blood welling from the heart of thine,
And all my soul goes out to meet thy pain.*

—CAROL RING, “*To an Enemy's Mother*”

HALF a league, half a league.
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
“Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!” he said:

Thou shalt not lend upon usury to thy brother; usury of money, usury of victuals, usury of any thing.

Do not the widow's tears run down the cheek, and her cry against him that causeth them to fall?

From the cheek they go up even to heaven, and the Lord that heareth will not be delighted with them.

He will not despise the prayers of the fatherless; nor the widow, when she poureth out her complaint.

Let not thy hand be stretched out to receive, and shut when thou shouldst give.

That the Lord thy God may bless thee in all that thou settest thine hand to.

Wait on the Lord, and keep his way.

For he is thy Lord; and worship thou him.

Cease from thine own wisdom.

Have faith in God.

Thy God hath commanded thy strength.

Be thou valiant for me, and fight the Lord's battles.

Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

War a good warfare.

No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life; that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier.

There is no discharge in that war.

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.

If any man thirst, let him come to me, and drink.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord.

Trust in him at all times, O ye people; pour out before him your heart.

Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd.
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right thro' the line they broke:
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke,
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,—
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

—ALFRED TENNYSON, "*Charge of the Light Brigade*"

Be not afraid, only believe.

Pray without ceasing.

What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.

Amend your ways and your doings, and hearken to the voice of the Lord your God.

Submit yourselves therefore to God. Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.

Return to thy God: keep goodness and justice, and wait on thy God continually.

Add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge;

And to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness;

And to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity.

For if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful.

Give ear, O my people, to my instruction: incline thy ear to the words of my mouth.

Ascribe ye strength unto God.

Serve the Lord with gladness.

Make straight the way of the Lord.

Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy.

The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath.

Which of you shall have an ass or an ox fall into a pit, and will not immediately draw him out, on the sabbath day?

Make not my Father's house an house of merchandise.

He that honoureth him hath mercy on the poor.

"COUNTLESS THOUSANDS MOURN"

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.—JESUS

O, woe is me!

To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!—HAMLET

Pity the shipwrecked; for the voyage is uncertain.—THE SIBYL

*Suspicious Discord rends the peaceful State in twain,
And busy Murder follows in her train.*

*Gone are the loyal faith, the rights revered of old—
Reigns but a blind and cruel lust of Gold!*

*O come, Thou holy Child! Pity the fallen world,
Lest it should perish, into darkness hurled.*

*Out of the laboring Night grant it a newer birth,
And a New Age to bloom o'er all the earth.*

*Circle with splendors old the brow of Faith divine;
Let her full glory on the nations shine.*

*Be Error's mist dissolved, and ancient feuds repressed,
Till Earth at last find quietude and rest.*

O gentle Peace, return, nor evermore depart;

And link us hand in hand and heart to heart!—LEO XIII

MANY and sharp the numerous ills,
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

"See yonder poor, o'erlabored wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, 'though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

"If I'm designed yon lordling's slave,
By Nature's law designed,—
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn?"

—ROBERT BURNS, "*Man Was Made to Mourn*"

Therefore I command thee, saying, Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother.

Thou shalt furnish him liberally out of thy flocks, and out of thy threshing-floor, and out of thy wine-press: wherewith the Lord thy God hath blessed thee, that shalt thou give unto him.

Sell all that thou hast, and distribute unto the poor.

Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.

For it is easy in the eyes of God on a sudden to make the poor man rich.

Know ye that the Lord he is God.

O taste and see that the Lord is good.

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him.

Trust in the Lord, and do good.

Let the weak say, I am strong.

Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth, and let not thine heart be glad when he stumbleth.

Say not, As he hath done to me so will I do to him.

Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that which endureth unto life everlasting.

Man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God doth man live.

Open thy mouth wide, and eat that I give thee.

Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself.

If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.

"GIVE TO THE WRETCHED"

The perpetual struggle for room and food!—MALTHUS

He who gives alms knows how to lend to God.—THE SIBYL

He that honoureth him hath mercy on the poor.—SOLOMON

What I give, I have; what I keep, I lose.—Spanish Proverb

*Ah, when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Thro' all the circle of the golden year?*—TENNYSON

*You hear that boy laughing?—you think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all.*—HOLMES

O H, stay not thine hand, when the winter's wind rude
Blows cold through the dwellings of want and despair,
To ask if misfortune has come to the good,
Or if folly has wrought the sad wreck that is there.

When the Saviour of men raised His finger to heal,
Did He ask if the sufferer were Gentile or Jew?
When thousands were fed with a bountiful meal,
Was it given alone to the faithful and true?

If the heart-stricken wanderer asks thee for bread,
In suffering he bows to necessity's laws;
When the wife moans in sickness, the children unfed,
The cup must be bitter: oh, ask not the cause!

Then scan not too closely the frailties of those
Whose bosoms may bleed on a cold winter's day,
And give to the wretched who tells thee his woes,
And from him that would borrow, oh turn not away!

—REYNELL COATES, "*Christian Charity*"

"GREATER FAR IS HEAVENLY SYMPATHY"

*Whoso stoppeth his ears against the cry of the poor, he also will
cry himself, but shall not be answered.*—SOLOMON

Keep God in your debt.—Indian proverb

Seek the Lord, and his strength : seek his face evermore.

Forget not my teaching, and let thy heart keep my commandments.

Whilst you have the light, believe in the light, that you may be the children of light.

Learn to do well; seek for justice, relieve the oppressed, do justice to the fatherless, plead for the widow.

Defer not to give to him that is in distress.

And leave not to them that ask of thee to curse thee behind thy back.

For the prayer of him that curseth thee in the bitterness of his soul, shall be heard, for he that made him will hear him.

Put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil.

If thy enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink.

Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

Fear the Lord, and serve him in truth with all your heart: for consider how great things he hath done for you.

Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat.

Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

*Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,
Help to make earth happy like the heaven above.*

—JULIA A. FLETCHER

*Give to the poor at once
And say not, "Come to-morrow." Of thy grain
Give to the needy with perspiring hand.
Mercy redeems from death when judgment comes.*—THE SIBYL

*Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight.*

—TENNYSON

There is a gift that is not profitable; and there is a gift, the recompense of which is double.—THE BIBLE

I LAY in sorrow, deep distress'd:
My grief a proud man heard;
His looks were cold, he gave me gold,
But not a kindly word.
My sorrow pass'd,—I paid him back
The gold he gave to me;
Then stood erect and spoke my thanks,
And bless'd his Charity.

I lay in want, in grief, and pain:
A poor man pass'd my way;
He bound my head, he gave me bread,
He watch'd me night and day.
How shall I pay him back again
For all he did to me?
Oh, gold is great, but greater far
Is heavenly Sympathy!

CHARLES MACKAY, "*I Lay in Sorrow, Deep Distress'd*"

"THE NAKED, ALAS! THAT I MIGHT HAVE CLAD"

Ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good.—THE NAZARENE

*See how we grovel here below, fond of these earthly toys:
Our souls, how heavily they go to reach eternal joys.*—WATTS

*Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed.*—BISHOP KEN

*And at evening let me say,
"I have walked with God to-day."*—MONTGOMERY

Take heed and beware of all covetousness; for a man's life doth not consist in the abundance of things which he possesseth.

Judge righteously, and plead the cause of the poor and needy.

Walk in all the ways which the Lord your God hath commanded you, that ye may live, and that it may be well with you, and that ye may prolong your days in the land which ye shall possess.

And that ye may increase mightily, as the Lord God of thy fathers hath promised thee, in the land that floweth with milk and honey.

Think of the Lord in goodness, and seek him in simplicity of heart.

Continue ye in my love.

Support the weak.

Return unto the Lord thy God.

That he may establish thee to-day for a people unto himself, and that he may be unto thee a God.

If ye love me, keep my commandments.

Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, unless it abide in the vine, so neither can you, unless you abide in me.

Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not away.

It is more blessed to give than to receive.

Beware that thou do not forget the Lord.

Be not faithless, but believing.

*If to the city sped— What waits him there?
 To see profusion that he must not share;
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
 To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
 To see those joys the sons of pleasure know,
 Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
 Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
 Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
 The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
 Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
 Sure these denote one universal joy!
 Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah! turn thine eyes
 Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.—GOLDSMITH*

THE lady lay in her bed,
 Her couch so warm and soft,
 But her sleep was restless and broken still;
 For turning often and oft
 From side to side, she mutter'd and moan'd,
 And toss'd her arms aloft.

At last she startled up,
 And gazed on the vacant air,
 With a look of awe, as if she saw
 Some dreadful phantom there—
 And then in the pillow she buried her face
 From visions ill to bear.

The very curtain shook,
 Her terror was so extreme;
 And the light that fell on the broider'd quilt
 Kept a tremulous gleam;
 And her voice was hollow, and shook as she cried:—
 “O! me! that awful dream!

“That weary, weary walk,
 In the churchyard's dismal ground!
 And those horrible things, with shady wings,
 That came and flitted round,—
 Death, death, and nothing but death,
 In every sight and sound!

“And oh! those maidens young,
 Who wrought in that dreary room,
 With fingers drooping and spectres thin,
 And cheeks without a bloom;—
 And the Voice that cried, ‘For the pomp of pride,
 We haste to an early tomb!

And thou shalt be as the obedient sòn of the most High, and he will have mercy on thee more than a mother.

Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, in order that thou mayest live.

Him shall ye hear in all things whatsoever he shall say unto you.

Lest perhaps you be found even to fight against God.

Resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloke also.

And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.

Turn again unto the Lord God.

Do all my commandments, and be holy unto your God.

Cast away from yourselves all your transgressions, whereby ye have transgressed; and make yourselves a new heart and a new spirit.

Wherefore turn yourselves, and live ye.

Put off, according to former conversation, the old man, who is corrupted according to the desire of error.

And be renewed in the spirit of your mind;

Put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness.

Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you;

That you may be the children of your Father who is in heaven.

“For the pomp and pleasure of Pride,
We toil like Afric slaves,
And only to earn a home, at last,
Where yonder cypress waves;”—
And then they pointed—I never saw
A ground so full of graves!

“And still the coffins came,
With their sorrowful trains and slow;
Coffin after coffin still,
A sad and sickening show;
From grief exempt, I never had dreamt
Of such a World of Woe!

“Of the hearts that daily break,
Of the tears that hourly fall,
Of the many, many troubles of life,
That grieve this earthly ball—
Disease, and Hunger, and Pain, and Want,
But now I dreamt of them all!

“For the blind and the cripple were there,
And the babe that pined for bread,
And the houseless man, and the widow poor
Who begged—to bury the dead;
The naked, alas! that I might have clad,
The famished I might have fed!

“The sorrow I might have soothed,
And the unregarded tears;
For many a thronging shape was there,
From long-forgotten years,—
Ay, even the poor rejected Moor,
Who rais'd my childish fears!

“Each pleading look, that long ago
I scann'd with heedless eye,
Each face was gazing as plainly there
As when I pass'd it by:
Woe, woe for me if the past should be
Thus present when I die!

“No need of sulphureous lake,
No need of fiery coal,
But only that crowd of human kind
Who wanted pity and dole—
In everlasting retrospect—
Will wring my sinful soul!

“Alas! I have walked through life
Too heedless where I trod;
Nay, helping to trample my fellow-worm,
And fill the burial sod—

For this is thankworthy, if a man for conscience toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully.

If, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God.

Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.

Take heed unto yourselves, that ye do not forget the covenant of the Lord your God, which he hath made with you.

Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways.

Resist the devil, and he will fly from you.

Seek righteousness, seek meekness.

Even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.

A wise heart, and which hath understanding, will abstain from sins, and in the works of justice shall have success.

And if thou see a man of understanding, go to him early in the morning, and let thy foot wear the steps of his doors.

Pride is hateful before God and men.

Trust not thyself to a rugged way, lest thou set a stumblingblock to thy soul.

Let all your things be done in charity.

Let love be without dissimulation.

Bear ye one another's burdens.

Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth.

Forgetting that even the sparrow falls
Not unmark'd of God!

"I drank the richest draughts;
And ate whatever is good—
Fish, and flesh, and fowl, and fruit,
Supplied my hungry mood;
But I never remember'd the wretched ones
That starve for want of food!

"I dress'd as the noble dress,
In cloth of silver and gold.
With silk, and satin, and costly furs,
In many an ample fold;
But I never remember'd the naked limbs
That froze with winter's cold!

"The wounds I might have heal'd!
The human sorrow and smart!
And yet it never was in my soul
To play so ill a part:
But evil is wrought by want of Thought,
As well as want of Heart!"

She clasp'd her fervent hands,
And the tears began to stream;
Large, and bitter, and fast they fell,
Remorse was so extreme;
*And yet, oh yet, that many a Dame
Would dream the Lady's Dream!*

—THOMAS HOOD, "*The Lady's Dream*"

"SO IS HE THAT IS NOT RICH TOWARD GOD"

*He that hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye, and considereth not
that poverty shall come upon him.*—SOLOMON

*What rage for fame attends both great and small!
Better be damned than mentioned not at all.*—WOLCOT

*And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.*—GOLDSMITH

We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage.—LOWELL

*This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;*

Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called,
With all lowliness and meekness, with longsuffering,
forbearing one another in love.

Follow peace with all men, and holiness: without which
no man shall see God.

Let thy thoughts be upon the precepts of God, and
meditate continually on his commandments.

Do no evils, and no evils shall lay hold of thee.

Do therefore as the Lord your God hath commanded
you: ye shall not turn aside to the right hand or to the
left.

Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove
what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God.

And be at peace among yourselves.

Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.

Neither give place to the devil.

A patient man shall bear for a time, and afterwards
joy shall be restored to him.

Hate the evil, and love the good.

Putting away lying, speak ye the truth every man
with his neighbour.

A thief is better than a man that is always lying: but
both of them shall inherit destruction.

Let justice roll along like water, and righteousness
like a mighty stream.

Do not fight against the Lord the God of your fathers;
for ye will not prosper.

*And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do.*—CARDINAL WOLSEY

*In vain we call old notions fudge,
And bend our conscience to our dealing;
The Ten Commandments will not budge,
And stealing will continue stealing.*—LOWELL

TAKE heed, and beware of covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.

The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully:

And he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits?

And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods.

And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.

But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?

So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God.

—THE MASTER

“T IS IN DEEDS WE SERVE THE MASTER”

Blessed are ye that weep now: for ye shall laugh.—CHRIST

Is there no knowledge in all the workers of wickedness? who eat up my people as they eat bread?—THE WORD OF GOD

*Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!*—GOLDSMITH

*My pray'r, some daily good to do
To Thine, for Thee;
An offering pure of Love, whereto
God leadeth me.*—MARY BAKER EDDY

*No radiant pearl which crested Fortune wears,
No gem that twinkling hangs from Beauty's ears,
Not the bright stars which Night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre as the tear that flows
Down Virtue's manly cheek for others' woes.*—DARWIN

*O Luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee!*

Harden not your hearts.
Return, ye children of men.
Keep ye judgment, and do justice.
Prepare ye the way of the Lord.

Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple.

Sell what you possess and give alms. Make to yourselves bags which grow not old, a treasure in heaven which faileth not: where no thief approacheth, nor moth corrupteth.

For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

Believe in the Lord your God, and ye will have permanence.

Yield yourselves unto the Lord.

Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees.

Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not: behold, your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompence; he will come and save you.

Bring forth the blind people that have eyes, and the deaf that have ears.

Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace.

A sweet word multiplieth friends, and appeaseth enemies.

Greet ye one another with a kiss of charity.

Clear out the way, lift up every stumbling block out of the way of my people.

*How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
 Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
 Boast of a florid vigour not their own:
 At every draught more large and large they grow,
 A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
 Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
 Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.*—GOLDSMITH

*'T is in deeds we serve the Master,—
 Words are idle, empty prayer;
 All our Christian life a pretence,
 If the deeds are wanting there.*—MRS. F. S. LOVEJOY

WITH fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread,—
 Stitch! stitch! stitch!
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
 She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work
 While the cock is crowing aloof!
 And work—work—work
 Till the stars shine through the roof!
 It's, O, to be a slave
 Along with the barbarous Turk,
 Where woman has never a soul to save,
 If this is Christian work!"

"Work—work—work
 Till the brain begins to swim!
 Work—work—work
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
 Seam, and gusset, and band,
 Band, and gusset, and seam,—
 Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
 And sew them on in a dream!"

"O men with sisters dear!
 O men with mothers and wives!
 It is not linen you're wearing out,
 But human creatures' lives!
 Stitch—stitch—stitch,
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,—
 Sewing at once, with a double thread,
 A shroud as well as a shirt!"

"But why do I talk of death,—
 That phantom of grisly bone?"

Refrain yourselves from carnal desires which war against the soul.

For so is the will of God, that with well doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men.

Wait on the Lord; be strong, and let thy heart be of good courage.

Lay up his sayings in thy heart.

Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace: thereby good shall come unto thee.

Wash thy heart from wickedness, that thou mayst be saved.

The Lord hateth all abomination of error, and they that fear him shall not love it.

Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.

Prove your own selves.

Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able.

Be not weary in well doing.

See that none render evil for evil to any man; but ever follow that which is good towards each other, and towards all men.

Thou shalt pour out thy soul to the hungry, and shalt satisfy the afflicted soul.

Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.

Therefore, whether you eat or drink, or whatsoever else you do, do all to the glory of God.

I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own,—
It seems so like my own
Because of the fasts I keep;
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

“Work—work—work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags,
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

“Work—work—work
From weary chime to chime!
Work—work—work
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,—
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

“Work—work—work
In the dull December light!
And work—work—work
When the weather is warm and bright!
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the Spring.

“O, but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet!
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

“O, but for one short hour,—
A respite, however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart;
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!”

Observe and hear all these words which I command thee; in order that it may go well with thee, and with thy children after thee for ever.

For the Lord your God proveth you, to know whether ye indeed love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul.

He that will love life, and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile:

Let him decline from evil, and do good: let him seek peace and pursue it.

He that stole, let him now steal no more; but rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have something to give to him that suffereth need.

Thou shalt not harden thy heart, nor shut thy hand from thy needy brother:

But thou shalt open wide thy hand unto him.

Every man shall give as he is able, according to the blessing of the Lord thy God which he hath given thee.

Do what is pleasing in the sight of the Lord thy God.

For all that do unrighteously are an abomination unto the Lord thy God.

Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus:

Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God:

But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men.

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread,—
 Stitch! stitch! stitch!
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
 She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

—THOMAS HOOD, "*The Song of the Shirt*"

"SHE HATH CAST IN ALL THAT SHE HAD"

*What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and
 lose his own soul?*

Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for their's is the kingdom of heaven.

—THE CARPENTER'S SON

*Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.*—GOLDSMITH

*For what are they all in their high conceit,
 When man in the bush with God may meet?*—EMERSON

*That man may last, but never lives,
 Who much receives, but nothing gives;
 Whom none can love, whom none can thank,—
 Creation's blot, creation's blank.*—GIBBONS

*Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought
 that the gift of God may be purchased with money.*—PETER

AND Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people
 cast money into the treasury: and many that were rich cast
 in much.

And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites,
 which make a farthing.

And he called unto him his disciples, and saith unto them, Verily
 I say unto you, That this poor widow hath cast more in, than all
 they which have cast into the treasury:

For all these have of their abundance cast in unto the offerings
 of God: but she of her penury hath cast in all the living that she had.

—THE VOICE OF GOD

Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time:

Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you.

Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour;

Whom resist stedfast in the faith.

Use hospitality one to another without grudging.

Beware lest perhaps a wicked thought steal in upon thee, and thou turn away thy eyes from thy poor brother, denying to lend him that which he asketh: lest he cry against thee to the Lord, and it become a sin unto thee.

Thou shalt surely give him, and thine heart shall not be grieved when thou givest unto him: because that for this thing the Lord thy God shall bless thee in all thy works, and in all that thou puttest thine hand unto.

Thou shalt be perfect, and without spot before the Lord thy God.

Be diligent that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot, and blameless.

Thou shalt not go aside from any of the words which I command thee this day, to the right hand, or to the left.

Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh.

For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh: and these are contrary the one to the other: so that ye cannot do the things that ye would.

But if ye be led of the Spirit, ye are not under the law.

Tarry not in the error of the ungodly.

Oh, do not this abominable thing that I hate.

"ALL THESE THINGS SHALL BE ADDED UNTO YOU"

Who provideth for the raven his food?—OMNIPRESENCE

It is in vain for you to be early in rising, to be late in sitting up, eating the bread of painful toils.—THE SWEET PSALMIST OF ISRAEL

Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not?—ISAIAH

For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.—PAUL

LAY not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal:

But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal:

For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?

Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?

Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?

If ye then be not able to do that thing which is least, why take ye thought for the rest?

And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin:

And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to day is, and to morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?

For your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.

But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.

—THE ORIENT FROM ON HIGH

"WORDS, IDLE WORDS, FOR EARNEST DEEDS"

Shall not he render to every man according to his works?

—SOLOMON

What is more wicked than that which flesh and blood hath invented?

Walk not

Having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God.

Justice, only justice shalt thou pursue; in order that thou mayest live.

Thou shalt not take nor remove thy neighbour's landmark.

Thou shalt not move a sickle unto thy neighbour's standing corn.

The land shall not be sold for a permanence to the purchaser; for the land is mine.

Son, if thou desire wisdom, keep justice, and God will give her to thee.

Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice:

And be ye kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another.

Nothing can be compared to a faithful friend, and no weight of gold and silver is able to countervail the goodness of his fidelity.

Trust ye in the Lord unto eternity.

Turn ye unto him.

Honour him, not doing thine own ways.

Let the wicked man forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him.

He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

*Let no brother's bitter chidings
Rise against us, when we stand
In the Judgment,
From some far, forgotten land.*—MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER

*So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.*—POPE

*All who joy would win
Must share it,—Happiness was born a twin.*—BYRON

*For we must share, if we would keep
That blessing from above:
Ceasing to give, we cease to have,
Such is the law of love.*—TRENCH

*Whoso pursues an evil course,
Hath made a comrade of Remorse:
For Sin is Sorrow!*

*O then, if thou wouldst yet be wise,
And gain thy heavenly Paradise,
From the foul banquet rise!*—LEO XIII

NOTHING but leaves; the spirit grieves
Over a wasted life;
Sin committed while conscience slept,
Promises made, but never kept,
Hatred, battle, and strife;
Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves; no garnered sheaves
Of life's fair, ripened grain;
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds;
We sow our seeds,—lo! tares and weeds:
We reap, with toil and pain,
Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves; memory weaves
No veil to screen the past:
As we retrace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day,
We find, sadly, at last,
Nothing but leaves!

And shall we meet the Master so,
Bearing our withered leaves?
The Saviour looks for perfect fruit,
We stand before Him, humbled, mute;
Waiting the words He breathes,—
"Nothing but leaves?"

—LUCY E. AKERMAN, *"Nothing but Leaves"*

He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbour, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour.

He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

Cry mightily unto God.

Wait ye upon me.

Seek him that turneth the shadow of death into the morning.

Turn you to the strong hold, ye prisoners of hope.

And be strong, all ye people of the land, and work: for I am with you.

What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good?

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it.

The man of kindness doth good to his own soul.

It is an honor for a man to cease from a contest.

He that watcheth his mouth guardeth his soul.

He that winneth souls is wise.

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from troubles.

Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight.

"HOW WILL YOU WEATHER AN ETERNAL NIGHT?"

Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.—THE SON OF JESSE

*Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live,
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!*—WESLEY

*There are a number of us creep
Into this world, to eat and sleep;
And know no reason why we're born,
But only to consume the corn,
Devour the cattle, fowl, and fish,
And leave behind an empty dish.
The crows and ravens do the same,
Unlucky birds of hateful name;
Ravens or crows might fill their places,
And swallow corn and carcasses,
Then if their tombstone, when they die,
Be n't taught to flatter and to lie,
There's nothing better will be said
Than that "they've eat up all their bread,
Drunk up their drink, and gone to bed."*—WATTS

YE well arrayed! ye lilies of our land!
Ye lilies male! who neither toil nor spin
(As sister-lilies might) if not so wise
As Solomon, more sumptuous to the sight!
Ye delicate! who nothing can support,
Yourselves most insupportable! for whom
The winter rose must blow, the sun put on
A brighter beam in Leo; silky-soft
Favonius, breathe still softer, or be chid;
And other worlds send odors, sauce, and song,
And robes, and notions, framed in foreign looms!
O ye Lorenzos of our age! who deem
One moment unamused a misery
Not made for feeble man! who call aloud
For every bawble drivelled o'er by sense;
For rattles, and conceits of every cast,
For change of follies and relays of joy,
To drag you patient through the tedious length
Of a short winter's day,—say, sages! say,
Wit's oracles! say, dreamers of gay dreams!
How will you weather an eternal night,
Where such expedients fail?

DR. EDWARD YOUNG, "Time"

And that which is agreeable to him is faith, and meekness.

Be filled with the knowledge of his will, in all wisdom, and spiritual understanding.

Walk worthy of God, in all things pleasing; being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God;

Strengthened with all might, according to his glorious power, unto all patience and longsuffering with joyfulness.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold.

Depart from evil, and do good; and dwell for ever more.

Cease from anger, and forsake wrath.

Better is a near neighbour than a distant brother.

Take good heed therefore for your soul's sake, to love the Lord your God.

Consider your ways.

And let none of you think evil in your hearts against his neighbor; and love not a false oath; for all these are what I hate.

Speak ye every man the truth to his neighbour; execute the judgment of truth and peace in your gates.

Be not called a whisperer.

For an evil mark of disgrace is upon the double tongued; to the whisperer hatred, and enmity, and reproach.

Of one spark cometh a great fire, and of one deceitful man much blood.

Repeat not the word which thou hast heard, and disclose not the thing that is secret.

"LOVE WILL GUIDE US ALL THE WAY"

*This commandment we have from him, That he
who loveth God love his brother also.*—JOHN

*Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.*—POPE

*Like the star of Beth'hem shining,
Love will guide us all the way,
From the depths of error's darkness,
Into Truth's eternal day.*—HEYWOOD

I WAS born as free as the silvery light
That laughs in a Southern fountain;
Free as the sea-fed bird that nests
On a Scandinavian mountain;
Free as the wind that mocks at the sway
And pinioning clasp of another—
Yet in the slave they scourged to-day
I saw, and knew—my brother!

Vested in purple I sat apart,
But the cord that smote him bruised me;
I closed my ears, but the sob that broke
From his savage breast accused me;
No phrase of reasoning judgment just
The plaint of my soul could smother,
A creature vile, abased to the dust,
I knew him still—my brother!

And the autumn day that had smiled so fair
Seemed suddenly overclouded:
A gloom, more dreadful than nature owns,
My human mind enshrouded;
I thought of the Power benign that made
And bound men one to the other,
And I felt in my brother's fear afraid,
And ashamed in the shame of my brother.

—FLORENCE EARLE COATES, "*Man*"

SOMEBODY'S DARLING

To the counsellors of peace is joy.—THE BIBLE

*Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleadeth to the skies.*—tr. CASWALL

A man full of tongue is terrible in the city, and he that is rash in his word shall be hateful.

Let nothing be done through strife or vainglory; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves.

And above all things have fervent charity among yourselves: for charity shall cover the multitude of sins.

Do violence to no man.

He that is slow to anger is of great understanding.

Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you.

Wherefore let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to him in well doing, as unto a faithful Creator.

Fear the Lord, and serve him in sincerity and truth.

Turn ye back from your evil ways, and keep my commandments.

Neither be ye idolaters.

Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth.

Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.

Be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous:

Not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing: but contrariwise blessing; knowing that ye are thereunto called, that ye should inherit a blessing.

Love the truth and peace.

Bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

*Teach us to love each other, Lord,
As we are loved by Thee;
None who are truly born of God
Can live in enmity.*—ANONYMOUS

*O shame to men! Devil with devil damned
Firm concord holds; men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly grace, and, God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait!*—MILTON

INTO a ward of the whitewashed walls
Where the dead and the dying lay—
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls—
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling! so young and so brave,
Wearing still on his pale, sweet face—
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave—
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful blue-veined face
Brush every wandering, silken thread;
Cross his hands as a sign of grace—
Somebody's darling is still and dead!

Kiss him once for Somebody's sake;
Murmur a prayer, soft and low;
One bright curl from the cluster take—
They were Somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there;
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best. He was Somebody's love?
Somebody's heart enshrined him here;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay;
Somebody clung to his parting hand—

And oppress not the widow, nor the fatherless, the stranger, nor the poor; and let none of you imagine evil against his brother in your heart.

If thou afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry.

A heart that goeth two ways shall not have success.

Choose you this day whom ye will serve.

And incline your heart unto the Lord God.

Seek those things which are above.

Turn ye from your evil ways, and from your wicked thoughts.

Execute true judgment, and shew mercy and compassion every man to his brother.

And unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other; and him that taketh away thy cloke forbid not to take thy coat also.

Do all things without murmurings and disputings:

That ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke.

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

Hearken, my children, to your father: serve the Lord in truth, and seek to do the things that please him.

Let my counsel be acceptable unto thee, and break off thy sins by righteousness, and thine iniquities by shewing mercy to the poor.

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
 Yearning to hold him again to her heart:
 There he lies—with the blue eyes dim,
 And smiling, child-like lips apart.
 Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
 Pausing to drop on his grave a tear,
 Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
 "Somebody's darling lies buried here"!

—ANONYMOUS

"THE NATURAL BOND OF BROTHERHOOD IS SEVERED"

*He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how
 can he love God whom he hath not seen?*

—THE DOOR OF THE SHEEP

*The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that
 make peace.*—JAMES

*O God of Love, O King of Peace,
 Make wars throughout the world to cease;
 The wrath of sinful man restrain,
 Give peace, O God, give peace again!*—BAKER

*We look to Thee: Thy Truth is still the light
 Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
 Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
 Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.*—PARKER

*Till each man finds his own in all men's good,
 And all men work in noble brotherhood,
 Breaking their mailed fleets and armed towers,
 And ruling by obeying Nature's powers,
 And gathering all the fruits of Peace and crowned
 with all her flowers.*—TENNYSON

*Then, brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother!
 For where love dwells, the peace of God is there:
 To worship rightly is to love each other;
 Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a pray'r.*—WHITTIER

O FOR a lodge in some vast wilderness,
 Some boundless contiguity of shade,
 Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
 Of unsuccessful or successful war,
 Might never reach me more! My ear is pained,
 My soul is sick, with every day's report
 Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.
 There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart;

At all times let thy garments be white.

Thou shalt not defraud thy neighbour, neither rob him.

Ye shall not pollute the land wherein ye are: for blood it defileth the land.

Defile not therefore the land which ye shall inhabit, wherein I dwell.

So shalt thou put away the guilt of innocent blood from among you, when thou shalt do that which is right in the sight of the Lord.

All my words that I shall speak unto thee receive in thine heart, and hear with thine ears.

Return ye fully to me with all your heart.

Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world.

If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.

For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world.

Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?

But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.

Direct thy mind, and see with thy eyes, and hear with thy ears all that I am speaking with thee.

Receive not the grace of God in vain.

To day if you shall hear his voice, harden not your hearts.

It does not feel for man; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax,
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.

He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colored like his own, and, having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And, worse than all, and most to be deplored
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps, when she sees inflicted on a beast.

Then what is man? And what man, seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
No; dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.

—WILLIAM COWPER, "Slavery"

"HE'S ONE WHOM HIS MAKER YET OWNS!"

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?—THE BIBLE

He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—SHAKESPEARE

*What mean ye that ye crush my people, and grind down the faces
of the poor?*

*If thou afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto me, I
will surely hear their cry.*—HE WHO WILL REPAY

*Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small.*—GOLDSMITH

Oh, pity human woe!
'T is what the happy to the unhappy owe.—POPE

Ask, and it shall be given you: seek, and you shall find: knock, and it shall be opened to you.

Be not afraid of them who kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do.

But I will shew you whom you shall fear: fear ye him, who after he hath killed, hath power to cast into hell. Yea, I say to you, fear him.

Trust in the Lord with all thy heart: and upon thy own understanding do not rely.

In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.

Who is a wise man, and endued with knowledge among you? Let him shew, by a good conversation, his work in the meekness of wisdom.

Cease to hear the instruction that causeth to err from the words of knowledge.

Remember now thy Creator.

Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord.

Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh.

Have peace one with another.

Forgive, if you have aught against any man; that your Father also, who is in heaven, may forgive you your sins.

And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men;

Knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance.

*Can thus
The image of God in Man, created once
So goodly and erect, though faulty since,
To such unsightly sufferings be debased
Under inhuman pains? Why should not Man,
Retaining still divine similitude
In part, from such deformities be free,
And for his Maker's image' sake exempt?*—MILTON

*Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd;
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden, and a grave.*—GOLDSMITH

THERE'S a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot,—
To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot;
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs;
And hark to the dirge which the mad driver sings:
*Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!*

Oh, where are the mourners? Alas! there are none;
He has left not a gap in the world, now he's gone,—
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man;
To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can:
*Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!*

What a jolting, and creaking, and splashing, and din!
The whip, how it cracks! and the wheels, how they spin!
How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is hurl'd!—
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world!
*Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!*

Poor pauper defunct! he has made some approach
To gentility, now that he's stretched in a coach!
He's taking a drive in his carriage at last;
But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast:
*Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!*

You bumpkins! who stare at your brother convey'd,
Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid!
And be joyful to think, when by death you're laid low,
You've a chance to the grave like a gemman to go!
*Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!*

Be not wise in thy own eyes: fear the Lord, and depart from evil.

Attend to my words, unto my sayings incline thy ear.

Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.

The light of the body is the eye: therefore when thine eye is single, thy whole body also is full of light; but when thine eye is evil, thy body also is full of darkness.

Take heed therefore that the light which is in thee be not darkness.

If then you fulfil the royal law, according to the scriptures, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself; you do well.

Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.

Let no stain sully thy glory.

If thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother.

The end of the commandment is charity out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience, and of faith unfeigned;

That the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.

And command your children that they do justice and almsdeeds, and that they be mindful of God, and bless him at all times in truth, and with all their power.

Turn thou unto me.

Who is among you that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God.

Break up anew your fallow ground, and sow not among thorns.

But a truce to this strain; for my soul it is sad.
To think that a heart in humanity clad
Should make, like the brutes, such a desolate end,
And depart from the light without leaving a friend!
Bear soft his bones over the stones!
Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet owns!
—THOMAS NOEL, "*The Pauper's Drive*"

"SHALL BROTHERS BE FOR A' THAT"

Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.—THE VINE

He is thy brother.—THE BIBLE

He that loveth another hath fulfilled the law.—PAUL

Let's go hand in hand, not one before another.
—"COMEDY OF ERRORS"

Envy keeps no holidays.—BACON

*Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell
From Heaven; for ev'n in Heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downcard bent, admiring more
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific.*—"PARADISE LOST"

IS there for honest poverty
Wha hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by;
We dare be poor for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toil's obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,—
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,—
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that,—

Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.

Give to every one that asketh thee, and of him that taketh away thy goods, ask them not again.

For even the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.

When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbours; lest they also bid thee again, and a recompence be made thee.

But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, and the blind:

For the poor you have always with you: and whensoever you will, you may do them good.

And thou shalt be blessed, because they have not wherewith to make thee recompense: for recompense shall be made thee at the resurrection of the just.

Join thyself to God, and endure.

Hope in him: and mercy shall come to you for your delight.

Love him, and your hearts shall be enlightened.

Know ye that no one hath hoped in the Lord, and hath been confounded.

Vow ye, and pay to the Lord your God.

When thou makest a vow unto the Lord thy God, thou shalt not delay to pay it; for the Lord thy God will surely require it of thee; and it would be sin in thee.

Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,—
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,—
As come it will for a' that,—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,—
When man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!

—ROBERT BURNS, "*For a' That, and a' That*"

"THE BEST IS LOVE"

The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.

—THE MESSIAH

I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.—DAVID

*Faith and hope and love we see,
Joining hand in hand, agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.*—BISHOP WORDSWORTH

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Let not mercy and truth forsake thee: bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart.

Devise not evil against thy neighbour, seeing he dwelleth securely by thee.

Thou shalt not go up and down as a talebearer among thy people.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

But only the word that I shall speak unto thee, that thou shalt speak.

Return and obey the voice of the Lord, and do all his commandments.

You that love the Lord, hate evil.

Set thine house in order.

Watch ye therefore: for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning:

Lest coming suddenly, he find you sleeping.

Seek ye me, and you shall live.

Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh.

Deliver every man his soul.

Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and he shall lift you up.

Such as are upright in their way are his delight.

Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thy heart.

See thou never do to another what thou wouldst hate to have done to thee by another.

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For now we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

—SAUL OF TARSUS

“TOUCH HER NOT SCORNFULLY”

He therefore that despiseth, despiseth not man, but God.

—THE WORD OF GOD

He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.

—HE WHICH SEARCHETH THE HEARTS

To the fallen give a hand;

And save the man that stands without defense.—THE SIBYL

He shall have judgment without mercy, that hath shewed no mercy.

—THE BIBLE

Then gently scan your brother man,

Still gentler sister woman;

Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,

To step aside is human.—BURNS

They are slaves, who fear to speak

For the fallen and the weak;

They are slaves, who dare not be

In the right with two or three—LOWELL

Speak gently to the erring: know

They must have toiled in vain;

Perchance unkindness made them so;

O win them back again.

For all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this;
Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

See, I have set before thee this day life and good.

In that I command thee this day to love the Lord thy God, to walk in his ways, and to keep his commandments, that thou mayest live and multiply.

Therefore choose thou life, in order that thou mayest live:

That thou mayest love the Lord thy God, and that thou mayest obey his voice, and that thou mayest cleave unto him.

The stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself.

And be clothed with humility: for God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble.

Thou shalt fear the Lord thy God, and shalt serve him only, and thou shalt swear by his name.

Ye shall not go after other gods.

Bless God at all times: and desire of him to direct thy ways, and that all thy counsels may abide in him.

Blessing the Lord, exalt him as much as you can: for he is above all praise.

When you exalt him put forth all your strength, and be not weary: for you can never go far enough.

Thou shalt call me, My Father; and shalt not turn away from me.

Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings.

*Speak gently: 't is a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.*—LANGFORD

ONE more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care!
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing!

Touch her not scornfully!
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly,—
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,—
One of Eve's family,—
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammily.
Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,—
Her fair auburn tresses,—
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Thou shalt not curse the people.
A wholesome tongue is a tree of life.

As you would that men should do to you, do you also to them in like manner.

Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful.

I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you.

Eat thy bread with the hungry and the needy, and with thy garments cover the naked.

Follow not that which is evil, but that which is good.

He that doeth good is of God: but he that doeth evil hath not seen God.

He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him.

Do that which is pleasing and good in the sight of the Lord, that it may be well with thee.

If riches increase, set not your heart upon them.

But covet earnestly the best gifts.

Take heed thou never consent to sin.

The lovers of evil things deserve to have no better things to trust in, both they that make them, and they that love them, and they that worship them.

Be not highminded, but fear.

Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners.

Awake to righteousness, and sin not.

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed,—
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurl'd—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,—
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran—
Over the brink of it!
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care!
Fashion'd so slenderly.
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs, frigidly,
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Thou shalt neither vex a stranger, nor oppress him.
Salute one another with an holy kiss.

In your patience possess ye your souls.

A soft answer turneth away wrath.

Love ye your enemies: do good, and lend, hoping for nothing thereby.

Take heed, and beware lest at any time thou forget the Lord thy God, and neglect his commandments.

Love ye therefore the stranger.

Keep ye therefore the words of this covenant, and do them, that ye may prosper in all that ye do.

Judge not, and you shall not be judged. Condemn not, and you shall not be condemned. Forgive, and you shall be forgiven.

Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again.

He that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that sheweth mercy, with cheerfulness.

Lovest thou me? Feed my sheep.

Go, and see if all things be well with thy brethren.

Shew ye to them, and before the churches, the proof of your love.

Neglect not the gift that is in thee.

The servant of the Lord must not strive; but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient.

Thou shalt not kill.

Put up thy sword into the sheath.

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurr'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest!
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

—THOMAS HOOD, "*The Bridge of Sighs*"

"THE FALL THOU DAREST TO DESPISE"

*Who art thou that judgest another?
He shall have judgment without mercy, that hath shewed
no mercy.*—THE BIBLE

*Who will not mercie unto others show,
How can he mercie ever hope to have?*—SPENSER

*Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are?*—SHAKESPEARE

*How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight, when those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight, and so fulfill His word!
When, free from envy, scorn, and pride, our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide, and show a brother's love!
Let love, in one delightful stream, through ev'ry bosom flow;
And union sweet, and dear esteem, in ev'ry action glow.
Love is the golden chain that binds the happy hearts above;
And he's an heir of heav'n who finds his bosom glow with love.*—SWAIN

JUDGE not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be

Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal body.

But yield yourselves unto God, as those that are alive from the dead.

Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you : for he that walketh in darkness, knoweth not whither he goeth.

This is my commandment, that you love one another, as I have loved you.

Be ye therefore followers of God, as most dear children.

And walk in love.

Walk then as children of light.

And have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them.

If a man vow a vow unto the Lord, he shall not break his word, he shall do according to all that proceedeth out of his mouth.

Speak evil of no man.

Hast thou heard a word against thy neighbour? let it die within thee.

A wise man will hold his peace till he see opportunity : but a babbler, and a fool will regard no time.

Love one another ; as I have loved you.

Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.

Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.

Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them ; and them which suffer adversity.

A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight
May be a token that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face!

The fall thou darest to despise,—
May be the angel's slackened hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost; but wait and see,
With hopeful pity, not disdain;
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain
And love and glory that may raise
This soul to God in after days!

—ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER, "*Judge Not*"

"O FRUITFUL GRIEF, THE WORLD'S DISEASE"

The love of money is the root of all evil: which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows.—TIMOTHY

*And though mine arm should conquer twenty worlds,
There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors.*—DEKKER

*Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled;
Heavy to get, and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, bought, and sold,
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled:
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould;
Price of many a crime untold:
Gold! gold! gold! gold!—HOOD*

HEAVEN, what an age is this! what race
Of giants are sprung up, that dare
Thus fly in the Almighty's face,
And with his providence make war!

Let your conversation be without covetousness.

He that sheddeth blood, and he that defraudeth the labourer of his hire, are brothers.

Be not highminded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God.

Be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate.

Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;

And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;

Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

And take unto you the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit (which is the word of God).

Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.

Do thy works in meekness, and thou shalt be beloved above the glory of men.

To depart from iniquity is that which pleaseth the Lord, and to depart from injustice, is an entreaty for sins.

Bring forth therefore fruits worthy of repentance.

Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.

Be ye reconciled to God.

I can go nowhere but I meet
 With malcontents and mutineers,
As if in life was nothing sweet,
 And we must blessings reap in tears.

O senseless man! that murmurs still
 For happiness, and does not know,
Even though he might enjoy his will,
 What he would have to make him so.

Is it true happiness to be
 By undiscerning Fortune placed
In the most eminent degree,
 Where few arrive, and none stand fast?

Titles and wealth are Fortune's toils,
 Wherewith the vain themselves insnare:
The great are proud of borrowed spoils,
 The miser's plenty breeds his care.

The one supinely yawns at rest,
 The other eternally doth toil;
Each of them equally a beast,
 A pampered horse, a laboring moil:

The titulado's oft disgraced
 By public hate or private frown,
And he whose hand the creature raised
 Has yet a foot to kick him down.

The drudge who would all get, all save,
 Like a brute beast, both feeds and lies;
Prone to the earth, he digs his grave,
 And in the very labor dies.

Excess of ill-got, ill-kept pelf
 Does only death and danger breed;
Whilst one rich worldling starves himself
 With what would thousand others feed.

By which we see that wealth and power,
 Although they make men rich and great,
The sweets of life do often sour,
 And gull ambition with a cheat.

Nor is he happier than these,
 Who, in a moderate estate,
Where he might safely live in ease,
 Has lusts that are immoderate.

For he, by those desires misled,
 Quits his own vine's securing shade,
To expose his naked, empty head
 To all the storms man's peace invade.

As he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation.

Ye shall not overreach one the other.

He that hath two coats, let him give to him that hath none; and he that hath meat, let him do in like manner.

See that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently.

Laying aside all malice, and all guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and all evil speakings.

If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me.

Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple.

Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.

Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you.

Be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.

Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and shew my people their transgression.

He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.

O fruitful grief, the world's disease!
And vainer man, to make it so,
Who gives his miseries increase
By cultivating his own woe!

There are no ills but what we make
By giving shapes and names to things,—
Which is the dangerous mistake
That causes all our sufferings.

We call that sickness which is health,
That persecution which is grace,
That poverty which is true wealth,
And that dishonor which is praise.

Alas! our time is here so short
That in what state soe'er 't is spent,
Of joy or woe, does not import,
Provided it be innocent.

But we may make it pleasant too,
If we will take our measures right,
And not what Heaven has done undo
By an unruly appetite.

The world is full of beaten roads,
But yet so slippery withal,
That where one walks secure 't is odds
A hundred and a hundred fall.

Untrodden paths are then the best,
Where the frequented are unsure;
And he comes soonest to his rest
Whose journey has been most secure.

—CHARLES COTTON, "*Contentation*"

"WHEN TIME UNVEILS ETERNITY!"

*He that seeth into the heart, he understandeth, and
nothing deceiveth the keeper of thy soul, and he shall
render to a man according to his works.*—SOLOMON

*We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.*

The kingdom of God is at hand: repent ye.

Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares.

Watch ye and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. The spirit truly is ready, but the flesh is weak.

Watch ye therefore, because you know not what hour your Lord will come.

Be ye therefore ready also: for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not.

And what I say to you I say to all: Watch.

Remember the Lord thy God.

Why do you spend money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which doth not satisfy you? Harken diligently to me, and eat that which is good, and your soul shall be delighted in fatness.

Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.

Thou shalt fear the Lord thy God; him shalt thou serve, and to him shalt thou cleave.

Whosoever abideth in him sinneth not.

Thou shalt not avenge, nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people, but thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

He that is patient appeaseth those that are stirred up.

A man hath joy by the answer of his mouth; and a word spoken at the proper time, how good is it!

Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.

Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another.

*The deeds we do, the words we say,—
Into still air they seem to fleet,
We count them ever past;
But they shall last,—
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet.*

*I charge thee by the years gone by,
For the love's sake of brethren dear,
Keep thou the one true way,
In work and play,
Lest in that world their cry
Of woe thou hear.*—KEBLE

BEHOLD this ruin! 'T was a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was Life's retreat;
This space was Thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions fill'd this spot!
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear
Has left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shown the bright and busy eye:
But start not at the dismal void,—
If social love that eye employ'd,
If with no lawless fire it gleam'd,
But through the dews of kindness beam'd,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue:
If Falsehood's honey it disdain'd,
And when it could not praise was chain'd;
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,—
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When Time unveils Eternity!

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with the envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock, or wear a gem,
Can little now avail to them;
But if the page of Truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on Wealth and Fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the paths of Duty trod?

Love the Lord thy God, and keep his charge, and his commandments, alway.

Seek ye for me, and ye shall live.

Take heed to yourselves, that your heart be not deceived, and ye turn aside, and serve other gods, and worship them.

No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.

He that hateth covetousness shall prolong his days.

Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.

Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.

Keep all the commandments which I command you this day, that ye may be strong.

And that ye may prolong your days in the land, which the Lord sware unto your fathers to give unto them and to their seed, a land that floweth with milk and honey.

Know that the most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will.

Thou shalt not covet any thing that is thy neighbour's. Nothing is more wicked than the covetous man.

Jealousy is cruel as the grave.

Thou shalt not steal.

Owe no man any thing, but to love one another. For he that loveth his neighbour, hath fulfilled the law.

Seek the Lord and his strength, seek his face continually.

If from the bowers of Ease they fled,
To seek Affliction's humble shed;
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurn'd,
And home to Virtue's cot return'd,—
These feet with angel wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky!

—ANONYMOUS, "*To a Skeleton*"

"WAR BOWED TO HER HIS SABLE PLUME"

Thou shalt not kill.—THE VOICE OF GOD

Hark! to the hurried question of despair:

"Where is my child?"—an echo answers, "Where?"—BYRON

*One murder made a villain,
Millions a hero. Princes were privileged
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.*—PORTEUS

*Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.*—TENNYSON

AMID all this, the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron with monotonous tread
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien
Sat, like a fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known Sorrow,—he had walked with her,
Oft supped, and broke the bitter ashen crust;
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned and she gave her all;
And twice War bowed to her his sable plume,—
Re-gave the swords to rust upon the wall.

Re-gave the swords, but not the hand that drew
And struck for Liberty the dying blow;
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

He loveth mercy and judgment.

And if thy brother become poor, and fall in decay with thee: then shalt thou assist him.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: fear before him, all the earth.

Never suffer pride to reign in thy mind, or in thy words: for from it all perdition took its beginning.

Be not wise in your own conceits.

Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.

He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.

Bless them that persecute you: bless, and curse not. Seek that ye may excel.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

Before honor there must come humility.

The beginning of the pride of man, is to fall off from God.

Be not proud.

For pride is the beginning of all sin: he that holdeth it, it shall ruin him in the end.

But let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise lovingkindness, judgment, and righteousness, in the earth: for in these things I delight.

Return unto me.

Set your heart and your soul to seek the Lord your God.

And serve him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind.

At last the thread was snapped ; her head was bowed ;
Life dropt the distaff through his hands serene ;
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

—THOMAS BUCHANAN READ, *"The Closing Scene"*

WE ARE BRETHREN A'

*God hath made of one blood all nations of men.
Behold, how good and how pleasant it is when brethren
dwell closely together in union!*—THE BIBLE

*Oh, call my brother back to me!
I cannot play alone:
The summer comes with flower and bee,—
Where is my brother gone?*—FELICIA D. HEMANS

*Another's sword has laid him low,
Another's and another's ;
And every hand that dealt the blow—
Ah me! it was a brother's!*—CAMPBELL

*Lovely, lasting Peace below,
Comforter of ev'ry woe,
Heav'nly born, and bred on high,
To crown the favourites of the sky ;
Lovely, lasting Peace, appear!
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.*—GOLDSMITH

A HAPPY bit hame this auld world would be
If men, when they're here, could make shift to agree,
An' ilk said to his neighbor, in cottage an' ha',
"Come, gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'."

I ken na why ane wi' anither should fight,
When to 'gree would make ae body cosie an' right.
When man meets wi' man, 't is the best way ava,
To say, "Gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'."

My coat is a coarse ane, an' yours may be fine,
And I maun drink water, while you may drink wine ;
But we baith ha'e a leal heart, unspotted to shaw :
Sae gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'.

The knave ye would scorn, the unfaithfu' deride ;
Ye would stand like a rock, wi' the truth on your side ;
Sae would I, an' naught else would I value a straw :
Then gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'.

Be ye holy; for I am holy.

And rend your hearts, and not your garments, and turn to the Lord your God.

Ye shall not rule one over another with rigour.

He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of the Lord.

Know you not that they that run in the race, all run indeed, but one receiveth the prize? So run that you may obtain.

Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.

Follow after charity, and desire spiritual gifts.

Recompense no man evil for evil.

For if you will forgive men their offences, your heavenly Father will forgive you also your offences.

I admonish you, observe and seek for all the commandments of the Lord your God.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

And in keeping them there is a great reward.

Flee from idolatry.

Be not children in understanding: but in understanding be men.

And be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage.

He that loveth danger shall perish in it.

Ye have been called unto liberty; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another.

Ye would scorn to do fausely by woman or man;
I haud by the right aye, as weel as I can;
We are ane in our joys, our affections, an' a':
Come, gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'.

Your mother has lo'ed you as mithers can lo'e;
An' mine has done for me what mithers can do;
We are ane high an' laigh, an' we shouldna be twa:
Sae gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'.

We love the same simmer day, sunny and fair;
Hame! oh, how we love it, an' a' that are there!
Frae the pure air of heaven the same life we draw:
Come, gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'.

Frail shakin' auld age will soon come o'er us baith,
An' creeping alang at his back will be death;
Syne into the same mither-yird we will fa':
Come, gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'.

—ROBERT NICOLL

“IT RAISED A BROTHER FROM THE DUST”

Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward.—THE BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR

*Tell me not, in mournful numbers, Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers, and things are not what they seem.
Life is real! Life is earnest! and the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest, was not spoken of the soul.
Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow find us farther than to-day.
Lives of great men all remind us, we can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us footprints on the sands of time;—
Footprints, that perhaps another, sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother, seeing, shall take heart again.
Let us, then, be up and doing, with a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing, learn to labor and to wait.*—LONGFELLOW

A TRAVELLER through a dusty road strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up, and grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade, at evening time, to breathe its early vows;
And age was pleased, in heats of noon, to bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place, a blessing evermore.

Let every man be swift to hear, but slow to speak, and slow to anger.

For the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.

So speak ye, and so do, as they that shall be judged by the law of liberty.

Avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath.

Set your hearts unto all the words of this law.

For it is not a vain word for you; on the contrary, it is your life; and through this word shall ye live many days.

Turn not from it to the right hand or to the left; in order that thou mayest prosper whithersoever thou goest.

Amend your ways and your doings.

He that giveth unto the poor will not have any want. According to thy ability be merciful.

If thou have much give abundantly: if thou have little, take care even so to bestow willingly a little.

Alms shall be a great confidence before the most high God, to all them that give it.

The liberal deviseth liberal things; and by liberal things shall he stand.

Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven.

Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

A little spring had lost its way amid the grass and fern,
A passing stranger scooped a well, where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care a ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged that toll might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well, by summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues, and saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought; 't was old, and yet 't was new;
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind, and lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory flame.
The thought was small; its issue great; a watch-fire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far adown, and cheers the valley still!

A nameless man, amid a crowd that thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and Love, unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,—a transitory breath,—
It raised a brother from the dust; it saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the last.

—CHARLES MACKAY, "*Small Beginnings*"

"THE PLACE OF HIM THAT KNOWETH NOT GOD"

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.

—THE ROOT OF DAVID

*For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is Charity.*—POPE

*"Servant of God, well done! Well hast thou fought
The better fight."*—MILTON

WHEN the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory:

And before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats:

And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:

For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in:

Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

But when thou doest thine alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.

The things that God hath commanded thee, think on them always.

Quench not the Spirit.

Rebel not against the Lord.

The commandment, which he hath written for you, shall ye observe to do for all time.

Keep yourselves from idols.

Return ye now every one from his evil way, and make your ways and your doings good.

Execute ye judgment and righteousness, and deliver the spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor: and do no wrong, do no violence to the stranger, the fatherless, nor the widow, neither shed innocent blood.

Give alms of such things as ye have.

Heal the sick, raise the dead, cleanse the lepers, cast out devils: freely have you received, freely give.

Ye shall not go up, nor fight against your brethren.

I will have mercy, and not sacrifice.

The learning of a man is known by his patience.

The discretion of a man deferreth his anger; and it is his glory to pass over a transgression.

Unto the Lord your God shall ye cleave.

Him shall ye fear, and him shall ye worship.

And if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying, namely, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink?

When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee?

Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels:

For I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink:

I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.

Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?

Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.

And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal.

—YOUR LORD AND MASTER

“WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?”

The Lord knoweth them that are his.—TIMOTHY

And they shall be mine, in that day when I make up my jewels.—THY KING

*One cup of healing oil and wine,
One offering laid on mercy's shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee,
Than lifted eye or bended knee.*—DRUMMOND

AND, behold, a certain lawyer stood up, and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?

He said unto him, What is written in the law? how readest thou?

And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself.

And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live.

But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbour?

And Jesus answering said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

O do turn away every one from his evil way, and from the wrongfulness of your doings; and ye shall remain in the land that the Lord hath given unto you and to your fathers, for from eternity to eternity.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.

The Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive; he shall be made happy on the earth.

Bear the infirmities of the weak.

Judge not, that ye be not judged.

But judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.

Unless a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; and he cannot sin, because he is born of God.

Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

That which is born of the flesh, is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit, is spirit.

Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again.

Grieve not the holy Spirit of God.

Of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it.

For God is not the author of confusion, but of peace.

God is a spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.

For the Father seeketh such to worship him.

And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him,

And went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.

Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among the thieves?

And he said, He that shewed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go. and do thou likewise.

—THE WORD OF GOD

“MINE WAS AN ANGEL'S PORTION THEN”

Consider this,—

*That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.*—PORTIA

*Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some
have entertained angels unawares.*—THE BIBLE

*The quality of mercy is not strain'd,—
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: It is twice blest:—
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.*—SHAKESPEARE

A POOR wayfaring man of grief
Hath often cross'd me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,

That I could never answer, Nay.
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came.
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He enter'd; not a word he spake;
Just perishing for want of bread;
I gave him all; he bless'd it, brake,
And ate; but gave me part again;
Mine was an angel's portion then;
For, while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste.

WHAT meanest thou, O sleeper? arise, call upon thy God.

Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead.

And now why tarriest thou? Rise up, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins.

Why sleep ye? rise and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.

Arise, therefore, and be doing, and the Lord be with thee.

Stand upright on thy feet.

Stand not still: remember the Lord.

Lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees:

And make straight paths for your feet.

Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy; break up your fallow ground: for it is time to seek the Lord, till he come and rain righteousness upon you.

See that ye refuse not him that speaketh.

Take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day star arise in your hearts.

Continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them.

Give diligence to make your calling and election sure: for if ye do these things, ye shall never fail.

But he that lacketh these things is blind.

Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.

And his commandments are not grievous:

I spied him, where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;
The heedless water mock'd his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on:
I ran to raise the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup,
Dipt, and return'd it running o'er;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'T was night; the floods were out; it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof;
I warm'd, I clothed, I cheer'd my guest,
Laid him on my couch to rest;
Then made the hearth my bed, and seem'd
In Eden's garden while I dream'd.

Stript, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,
I found him by the high-way side:
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Reviv'd his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was heal'd:
I had myself a wound conceal'd;
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next condemn'd
To meet a traitor's death at morn:
The tide of lying tongues I stemm'd,
And honor'd him 'midst shame and scorn;
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He ask'd if I for him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill;
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view
The Stranger darted from disguise;
The tokens in His hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before mine eyes!
He spake; and my poor name He named:
"Of Me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not; thou didst them unto Me."

—JAMES MONTGOMERY, "*The Stranger and His Friend*"

"WHERE STARVING CHILDREN HUDDLE AND CROUCH"

Whoso stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, but shall not be heard.—SOLOMON

All things therefore whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do you also to them. For this is the law and the prophets.

Be ye strong therefore, and let not your hands be weak: for your work shall be rewarded.

For the Lord your God is gracious and merciful, and will not turn away his face from you, if ye return unto him.

Therefore will the Lord wait, that he may be gracious unto you.

And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure.

WHAT could have been done more to my vineyard, that I have not done in it? wherefore, when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes?

I had planted thee as a branch of a noble vine, wholly of the proper seed; but how art thou changed unto me into a degenerate plant of an ignoble vine?

Thou that dwellest in the gardens, the companions listen for thy voice: oh let me hear it.

The Master is come, and calleth for thee.

Let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice.

Every knee shall bow to me, and every tongue shall confess to God.

Now therefore make confession unto the Lord God of your fathers, and do his pleasure.

*Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
 The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
 'T is your's to judge, how wide the limits stand
 Between a splendid and a happy land.
 Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
 And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
 Hoards even beyond the miser's wish abound,
 And rich men flock from all the world around.
 Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name,
 That leaves our useful products still the same.
 Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
 Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:
 The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
 Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
 His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
 Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies.
 While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
 In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.—GOLDSMITH*

A SPADE! a rake! a hoe!
 A pickaxe, or a bill!
 A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
 A flail, or what ye will—
 And here's a ready hand
 To ply the needful toil,
 And skill'd enough, by lessons rough,
 In Labour's rugged school.

To hedge, or dig the ditch,
 To lop or fell the tree,
 To lay the swarth on the sultry field,
 Or plough the stubborn lea;
 The harvest stack to bind,
 The wheaten rick to thatch,
 And never fear in my pouch to find
 The tinder or the match.

To a flaming barn or farm
 My fancies never roam;
 The fire I yearn to kindle and burn
 Is on the hearth of Home;
 Where children huddle and crouch
 Through dark long winter days,
 Where starving children huddle and crouch,
 To see the cheerful rays.
 A-glowing on the haggard's cheek,
 And not in the haggard's blaze!

Consecrate yourselves to day to the Lord; that he may bestow upon you a blessing this day.

Dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and crown, so stand fast in the Lord, my dearly beloved.

Thus hath said thy Lord, the Eternal, and thy God, who will ever plead for his people.

THY SAVIOUR

To Him who sends a drought
 To parch the fields forlorn,
The rain to flood the meadows with mud,
 The blight to blast the corn,
To Him I leave to guide
 The bolt in its crooked path,
To strike the miser's rick, and show
 The skies blood-red with wrath.

A spade! a rake! a hoe!
 A pickaxe, or a bill!
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
 A flail, or what ye will—
The corn to thrash, or the hedge to plash,
 The market-team to drive,
Or mend the fence by the cover side,
 And leave the game alive.

Ay, only give me work,
 And then you need not fear
That I shall snare his worship's hare.
 Or kill his grace's deer;
Break into his lordship's house,
 To steal the plate so rich;
Or leave the yeoman that had a purse
 To welter in a ditch.

Wherever Nature needs,
 Wherever Labour calls,
No job I'll shirk of the hardest work,
 To shun the workhouse walls;
Where savage laws begrudge
 The pauper babe its breath,
And doom a wife to a widow's life,
 Before her partner's death.

No parish money, or loaf,
 No pauper badge for me,
A son of the soil, by right of toil
 Entitled to my fee.
No alms I ask, give me my task:
 Here are the arm, the leg,
The strength, the sinews of a Man.
 To work, and not to beg.

Still one of Adam's heirs,
 Though doom'd by chance of birth
To dress so mean, and to eat the lean,
 Instead of the fat of the earth;
To make such humble meals
 As honest labour can,
A bone and a crust, with a grace to God.
 And little thanks to man!

WE have forsaken all, and followed thee; what shall we have therefore?

Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?

Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision: for the day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision.

Surely the Lord is present in this place; and I knew it not.

And when he visiteth, what shall I answer him?

May the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable before thee, O Lord, my Rock, and my Redeemer.

Master, I will follow thee whithersoever thou shalt go,

Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.

Keep me as the apple of the eye, hide me under the shadow of thy wings.

I will do all things, father, which thou hast commanded me.

Give me wisdom.

A spade! a rake! a hoe!
 A pickaxe, or a bill!
 A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
 A flail, or what ye will—
 Whatever the tool to ply,
 Here is a willing drudge,
 With muscle and limb, and woe to him
 Who does their pay begrudge!

Who every weekly score
 Dock's labour's little mite,
 Bestows on the poor at the temple door,
 But robb'd them over night.
 The very shilling he hoped to save,
 As health and morals fail,
 Shall visit me in the New Bastile,
 The Spital, or the Gao'!

—THOMAS HOOD, "*The Lay of the Laborer*"

"GIVE TO THE POOR"

He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.—SOLOMON

*But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
 Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain:
 Along the laen where scatter'd hamlets rose,
 Unwieldy wealth and eumbrous pomp repose;
 And every want to opulence allied,
 And every pang that folly pays to pride.
 Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
 Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
 Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
 Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.*—GOLDSMITH

AND when he was gone forth into the way, there came one running, and kneeled to him, and asked him, Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?

And he said unto him, Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is, God: but if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments.

He saith unto him, Which? Jesus said, Thou shalt do no murder, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness,

Honour thy father and thy mother: and, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

The young man saith unto him, All these things have I kept from my youth up: what lack I yet?

Send her out of thy holy heaven, and from the throne of thy majesty, that she may be with me, and may labour with me, that I may know what is acceptable with thee.

And put thou words in my mouth, and strengthen the resolution in my heart.

For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

Mine own vineyard have I not kept.

Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits.

All that shall be good and best before his eyes, I will do. And whatsoever shall please him, that shall be best to me all the days of my life.

The desire of our soul is to thy name, and to the remembrance of thee.

All things that the Lord hath spoken we will do, we will be obedient.

The Lord our God will we serve, and his voice will we obey.

Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

Behold, we have forsaken all, and followed thee; what shall we have therefore?

Jesus said unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come and follow me.

But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions.

And Jesus looked round about, and saith unto his disciples, How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!

And the disciples were astonished at his words. But Jesus answereth again, and saith unto them, Children, how hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God!

And again I say unto you, It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.

—THE WORD OF GOD

"STARVE THY SIN, NOT BIN"

They profess that they know God; but in works they deny him.—THE MOUTH OF GOD

*Go put your creed into your deed,
Nor speak with double tongue.*—EMERSON

*Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
Should I distribute all my store
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name:—
If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfill.*—WATTS

IS this a fast,—to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragg'd to go,
Or show
A downcast look, and sour?

EYE hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

Be of good comfort, rise; he calleth thee.

Why are ye so fearful? how is it that ye have no faith?

Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?

Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you.

Be of good courage, thy cure from God is at hand.

If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent?

Or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion?

If you then being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children: how much more will your Father who is in heaven, give good things to them that ask him?

Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it.

For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and

No! 't is a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate,—
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin,—
And that's to keep thy Lent.

—ROBERT HERRICK, "*A True Lent*"

"CEASE THE WORLD'S ENSANGUINED STRIFE"

Put up again thy sword into his place: for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.—THE OFFSPRING OF DAVID

But if ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another.—PAUL

*One to destroy is murder by the law;
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.*—YOUNG

*But war's a game which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at.*—COWPER

*Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones,
Whose table earth, whose dice were human bones.*—BYRON

*Ez fer war, I call it murder,—
There you hev it plain an' flat;
I don't want to go no furdur
Than my Testyment fer that.*—LOWELL

*A baby was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping.*—LOVER

*O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!*—"JULIUS CAESAR"

holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.

I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more.

God be with you in your way, and his angel accompany you.

In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and confidence shall be your strength.

If from thence thou shalt seek the Lord thy God, thou shalt find him, if thou seek him with all thy heart and with all thy soul.

Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching: verily I say unto you, that he shall gird himself, and make them to sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them.

Though your sins should be as scarlet, they shall become white as the snow; though they should be red like crimson, they shall become like wool.

Though there were of you cast out unto the uttermost part of the heaven, yet will I gather them from thence, and will bring them unto the place that I have chosen to set my name there.

For the eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to shew himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward him.

Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?

Be of good comfort, O people of God.

God will clothe thee with the double garment of

DAUGHTER of God! that sitt'st on high
 Amid the dances of the sky,
 And guidest with thy gentle sway
 The planets on their tuneful way;
 Sweet Peace! shall ne'er again
 The smile of thy most holy face,
 From thine ethereal dwelling-place,
 Rejoice the wretched, weary race
 Of discord-breathing men?

Too long, O gladness-giving Queen!
 Thy tarrying in heaven has been;
 Too long o'er this fair blooming world
 The flag of blood has been unfurled,
 Polluting God's pure day;
 Whilst, as each maddening people reels,
 War onward drives his scythèd wheels,
 And at his horses' bloody heels
 Shriek Murder and Dismay.

Oft have I wept to hear the cry
 Of widow wailing bitterly;
 To see the parent's silent tear
 For children fallen beneath the spear;
 And I have felt so sore
 The sense of human guilt and woe,
 That I, in Virtue's passionèd glow,
 Have cursed (my soul was wounded so)
 The shape of man I bore!

Then come from thy serene abode,
 Thou gladness-giving child of God!
 And cease the world's ensanguined strife,
 And reconcile my soul to life;
 For much I long to see,
 Ere I shall to the grave descend,
 Thy hand its blessèd branch extend,
 And to the world's remotest end
 Wave Love and Harmony!

—WILLIAM TENNANT, "*Ode to Peace*"

"EVEN AS I HAD PITY ON THEE"

*If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your
 Father forgive your trespasses.*—THY SAVIOUR

*Jesus, what precept is like Thine,
 "Forgive, as ye would be forgiv'n!"
 If heeded, O what pow'r divine
 Would then transform our earth to heav'n!*

justice, and will set a crown on thy head of everlasting honour.

For God will shew his brightness in thee.

For the Lord's portion is his people.

He is thy life, and the length of thy days.

The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.

Strong is thy dwellingplace, and thou puttest thy nest in a rock.

The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust.

Thou shalt shine with a glorious light.

The humble shall see this, and be glad: and your heart shall live that seek God.

For the Lord taketh pleasure in his people: he will beautify the meek with salvation.

He sheweth himself to them that have faith in him.

Even to day do I declare that I will render double unto thee.

The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; he will save, he will rejoice over thee with joy; he will rest in his love, he will joy over thee with singing.

And thou shalt know that the Lord thy God, he is a strong and faithful God, keeping his covenant and mercy to them that love him, and to them that keep his commandments.

Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it.

*Not by the harsh or scornful word,
Should we our brother seek to gain;
Not by the prison or the sword,
The shackle, or the clanking chain.
But from our hearts must ever flow
A love that will his wrong outweigh;
Our lips must only blessings know;
And wrath and sin shall die away.*—MARY A. LIVERMORE

THEN came Peter to him, and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times?

Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but, Until seventy times seven.

Therefore is the kingdom of heaven likened unto a certain king, which would take account of his servants.

And when he had begun to reckon, one was brought unto him, which owed him ten thousand talents.

But forasmuch as he had not to pay, his Lord commanded him to be sold, and his wife, and children, and all that he had, and payment to be made.

The servant therefore fell down, and worshipped him, saying, Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.

Then the Lord of that servant was moved with compassion, and loosed him, and forgave him the debt.

But the same servant went out, and found one of his fellow-servants, which owed him an hundred pence: and he laid hands on him, and took him by the throat, saying, Pay me that thou owest.

And his fellowservant fell down at his feet, and besought him, saying, Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.

And he would not: but went and cast him into prison, till he should pay the debt.

So when his fellowservants saw what was done, they were very sorry, and came and told unto their lord all that was done.

Then his lord, after that he had called him, said unto him, O thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt, because thou desiredst me:

Shouldest not thou also have had compassion on thy fellowservant, even as I had pity on thee?

And his lord was wroth, and delivered him to the tormentors, till he should pay all that was due unto him.

So likewise shall my heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses.

—THE MOUTH OF GOD

“RISE, MAYA’S CHILD! WAKE! SLUMBER NOT AGAIN!”

*And how can love lose doing of its kind
Even to the uttermost?*

To fear God is the fulness of wisdom, and fulness is from the fruits thereof.

The root of wisdom is to fear the Lord: and the branches thereof are longlived.

He that loveth her, loveth life: and they that watch for her, shall embrace her sweetness.

They that hold her fast, shall inherit life: and whithersoever she entereth, God will give a blessing.

They that serve her, shall be servants to the holy one: and God loveth them that love her.

He that looketh upon her, shall remain secure.

For she walketh with him in temptation.

Then she will strengthen him, and make a straight way to him, and give him joy,

And will disclose her secrets to him, and will heap upon him treasures of knowledge and understanding of justice.

With the bread of life and understanding, she shall feed him.

Wisdom is glorious, and never fadeth away, and is easily seen by them that love her, and is found by them that seek her.

He that awaketh early to seek her, shall not labour: for he shall find her sitting at his door.

To think therefore upon her, is perfect understanding: and he that watcheth for her, shall quickly be secure.

For she goeth about seeking such as are worthy of her, and she sheweth herself to them cheerfully in the ways, and meeteth them with all providence.

For the beginning of her is the most true desire of discipline.

*But thou that art to save, thine hour is nigh!
The sad world waiteth in its misery,
The blind world stumbleth on its round of pain;
Rise, Maya's child! wake! slumber not again!*

.

I cannot tell
A small part of the splendid lore which broke
From Buddha's lips.

ALL things spoke peace and plenty, and the Prince
Saw and rejoiced. But, looking deep, he saw
The thorns which grow upon this rose of life:
How the swart peasant sweated for his wage,
Toiling for leave to live; and how he urged
The great-eyed oxen through the flaming hours,
Goaded their velvet flanks: then marked he, too,
How lizard fed on ant, and snake on him,
And kite on both; and how the fish-hawk robbed
The fish-tiger of that which it had seized;
The shrike chasing the bulbul, which did chase
The jewelled butterflies; till everywhere
Each slew a slayer and in turn was slain,
Life living upon death. So the fair show
Veiled one vast, savage, grim conspiracy
Of mutual murder, from the worm to man,
Who himself kills his fellow; seeing which—
The hungry ploughman and his labouring kine,
Their dewlaps blistered with the bitter yoke,
The rage to live which makes all living strife—
The Prince Siddârtha sighed. "Is this," he said,
"That happy earth they brought me forth to see?
How salt with sweat the peasant's bread! how hard
The oxen's service! in the brake how fierce
The war of weak and strong! i' th' air what plots!
No refuge e'en in water. Go aside
A space, and let me muse on what ye show."

So saying, the good Lord Buddha seated him
Under a jambu-tree, with ankles crossed—
As holy statues sit—and first began
To meditate this deep disease of life,
What its far source and whence its remedy.
So vast a pity filled him, such wide love
For living things, such passion to heal pain.
That by their stress his princely spirit passed
To ecstasy, and, purged from mortal taint
Of sense and self, the boy attained thereat
Dhyâna, first step of "the path."

"So are we kin
To all that is; and thus, if one might save
Man from his curse, the whole wide world should share

And the care of discipline is love: and love is the keeping of her laws: and the keeping of her laws is the firm foundation of incorruption:

And incorruption bringeth near to God.

Therefore the desire of wisdom bringeth to the everlasting kingdom.

All gold in comparison of her, is as a little sand, and silver in respect to her shall be counted as clay.

Her light cannot be put out.

For she is an infinite treasure to men! which they that use, become the friends of God.

For in her is the spirit of understanding: holy, one, manifold, subtile, eloquent, active, undefiled, sure, sweet, loving that which is good, quick, which nothing hindereth, beneficent,

Gentle, kind, stedfast, assured, secure, having all power, overseeing all things, and containing all spirits, intelligible, pure.

For she is a vapour of the power of God, and a certain pure emanation of the glory of the almighty God.

For she is the brightness of eternal light, and the unspotted mirror of God's majesty, and the image of his goodness.

And being but one, she can do all things.

For she is more beautiful than the sun, and above all the order of the stars.

She reacheth therefore from end to end mightily, and ordereth all things sweetly.

And if riches be desired in life, what is richer than wisdom, which maketh all things?

And if a man love justice: her labours have great vir-

The lightened horror of this ignorance
 Whose shadow is chill fear, and cruelty
 Its bitter pastime. Yea, if one might save!
 And means must be! There must be refuge! Men
 Perished in winter-winds till one smote fire
 From flint-stones coldly hiding what they held,
 The red spark treasured from the kindling sun.
 They gorged on flesh like wolves, till one sowed corn,
 Which grew a weed, yet makes the life of man;
 They mowed and babbled till some tongue struck speech,
 And patient fingers framed the lettered sound.
 What good gift have my brothers, but it came
 From search and strife and loving sacrifice?
 If one, then, being great and fortunate,
 Rich, dowered with health and ease, from birth designed
 To rule—if he would rule—a King of kings;
 If one, not tired with life's long day but glad
 I' the freshness of its morning, one not cloyed
 With love's delicious feasts, but hungry still;
 If one not worn and wrinkled, sadly sage,
 But joyous in the glory and the grace
 That mix with evils here, and free to choose
 Earth's loveliest at his will: one even as I,
 Who ache not, lack not, grieve not, save with griefs
 Which are not mine, except as I am man;—
 If such a one, having so much to give,
 Gave all, laying it down for love of men,
 And thenceforth spent himself to search for truth,
 Wringing the secret of deliverance forth,
 Whether it lurk in hells or hide in heavens,
 Or hover, unrevealed, nigh unto all:
 Surely at last, far off, sometime, somewhere,
 The veil would lift for his deep-searching eyes,
 The road would open for his painful feet,
 That should be won for which he lost the world,
 And Death might find him conqueror of death.
 This will I do, who have a realm to lose,
 Because I love my realm, because my heart
 Beats with each throb of all the hearts that ache,
 Known and unknown, these that are mine and those
 Which shall be mine, a thousand million more
 Saved by this sacrifice I offer now.
 Oh, summoning stars! I come! Oh, mournful earth!
 For thee and thine I lay aside my youth,
 My throne, my joys, my golden days, my nights.
 Wife! child! father! and people! ye must share
 A little while the anguish of this hour
 That light may break and all flesh learn the Law.

"Alas! for all my sheep which have
 No shepherd; wandering in the night with none
 To guide them; bleating blindly towards the knife
 Of Death, as these dumb beasts which are their kin.

tues; for she teacheth temperance, and prudence, and justice, and fortitude, which are such things as men can have nothing more profitable in life.

And if a man desire much knowledge: she knoweth things past, and judgeth of things to come.

There is great delight in her friendship, and inexhaustible riches in the works of her hands.

Put thy feet into her fetters, and thy neck into her chains.

Then shall her fetters be a strong defence for thee, and a firm foundation, and her chain a robe of glory.

For in her is the beauty of life, and her bands are a healthful binding.

Thou shalt put her on as a robe of glory, and thou shalt set her upon thee as a crown of joy.

The word of God on high is the fountain of wisdom:

And all these blessings shall come on thee, and overtake thee, if thou shalt hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God.

THE fear of the Lord is honour, and glory, and gladness, and a crown of joy.

Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings.

If you continue in my word, you shall be my disciples indeed.

Ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me.

"Pity and need

Make all flesh kin. There is no caste in blood,
Which runneth of one hue, nor caste in tears,
Which trickle salt with all; neither comes man
To birth with tilka-mark on the brow,
Nor sacred thread on neck. Who doth right deeds
Is twice-born, and who doeth ill deeds vile.
Now am I fixed, and now I will depart,
Never to come again till what I seek
Be found—if fervent search and strife avail.
For now the hour is come when I should quit
This golden prison where my heart lives caged
To find the truth; which henceforth I will seek,
For all men's sake, until the truth be found.
And none hath sought for this as I will seek,
Who cast away my world to save my world."

.

While still our Lord went on, teaching how fair
This earth were if all living things be linked
In friendliness and common use of foods,
Bloodless and pure; the golden grain, bright fruits,
Sweet herbs which grow for all, the waters wan,
Sufficient drinks and meats.

From those days forth

Sweet peace hath spread between all living kind,
Man and the beasts which serve him, and the birds,
On all those banks of Gunga where our Lord
Taught with his saintly pity and soft speech.
Yea! and so holy was the influence
Of that high Dawn which came with victory
That, far and near, in homes of men there spread
An unknown peace. The slayer hid his knife;
The robber laid his plunder back; the shroff
Counted full tale of coins; all evil hearts
Grew gentle, kind hearts gentler, as the balm
Of that divinest Daybreak lightened Earth.
Also in Ran and Jungle grew that day
Friendship amongst the creatures; spotted deer
Browsed fearless where the tigress fed her cubs,
And cheetahs lapped the pool beside the bucks;
Under the eagle's rock the brown hares scoured
While his fierce beak but preened an idle wing;
The snake sunned all his jewels in the beam
With deadly fangs in sheath; the shriek let pass
The nestling-finch; the emerald halcyons
Sate dreaming while the fishes played beneath.
Nor hawked the merops, though the butterflies—
Crimson and blue and amber—flitted thick
Around his perch; the Spirit of our Lord
Lay potent upon man and bird and beast.

And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.

I am the true vine; and my Father is the husbandman.

Every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.

I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing.

And the glory of the Lord shall appear unto you.

I will rain bread from heaven for you.

The meek shall eat and be satisfied: they shall praise the Lord that seek him: your heart shall live for ever.

I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Blessed are ye, when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of man's sake.

Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?

Fear not therefore: you are of more value than many sparrows.

Rejoice ye in that day, and leap for joy: for, behold, your reward is great in heaven.

Rejoice in this, that your names are written in heaven.

And the God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly.

Even while he mused under that Bôdhi-tree,
Glorified with the Conquest gained for all
And lightened by a Light greater than Day's.

Nay, outside those
Who crowded by the river, great and small,
The birds and beasts and creeping things—'t is writ—
Had sense of Buddha's vast embracing love
And took the promise of his piteous speech;
So that their lives—prisoned in shape of ape,
Tiger, or deer, shagged bear, jackal, or wolf,
Foul-feeding kite, pearled dove, or peacock gemmed,
Squat toad, or speckled serpent, lizard, bat;
Yea, or of fish fanning the river-waves—
Touched meekly at the skirts of brotherhood
With man who hath less innocence than these;
And in mute gladness knew their bondage broke
Whilst Buddha spake these things before the King:—

"If ye lay bound upon the wheel of change,
And no way were of breaking from the chain,
The Heart of boundless Being is a curse,
The Soul of Things fell Pain.

"Ye are not bound! the Soul of Things is sweet,
The Heart of Being is celestial rest;
Stronger than woe is will: that which was Good
Doth pass to Better—Best.

"I, Buddh, who wept with all my brothers' tears,
Whose heart was broken by a whole world's woe,
Laugh and am glad, for there is Liberty!
Ho! ye who suffer! know

"Ye suffer from yourselves. None else compels,
None other holds you that ye live and die,
And whirl upon the wheel, and hug and kiss
Its spokes of agony,

"Its tire of tears, its nave of nothingness,
Behold, I show you Truth! Lower than hell,
Higher than heaven, outside the utmost stars,
Farther than Brahm doth dwell,

"Before beginning, and without an end,
As space eternal and as surety sure,
Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good,
Only its laws endure.

"It maketh and unmaketh, mending all;
What it hath wrought is better than hath been;
Slow grows the splendid pattern that it plans
Its wistful hands between.

The fear of the Lord shall delight the heart, and shall give joy, and gladness, and length of days.

And who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?

God is faithful, who will strengthen and keep you from evil.

For God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love, which ye have shewed toward his name.

I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy: and nothing shall by any means hurt you.

Because the Lord your God is in the midst of you, and will fight for you against your enemies, to deliver you from danger.

For he that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of my eye.

The blessing of the Lord be upon you.

By this you shall know that the Lord the living God is in the midst of you.

Because the Lord your God himself will fight for you, as he hath promised.

Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord.

So will I save you, and ye shall be a blessing: fear not, but let your hands be strong.

For the joy of the Lord is your strength.

The Lord God of your fathers make you a thousand times so many more as ye are, and bless you, as he hath promised you!

"This is its work upon the things ye see,
The unseen things are more; men's hearts and minds,
The thoughts of peoples and their ways and wills,
Those, too, the great Law binds.

"Unseen it helpeth ye with faithful hands,
Unheard it speaketh stronger than the storm.
Pity and Love are man's because long stress
Moulded blind mass to form.

"It will not be contemned of any one;
Who thwarts it loses, and who serves it gains;
The hidden good it pays with peace and bliss,
The hidden ill with pains.

"It seeth everywhere and marketh all:
Do right—it recompenseth! do one wrong—
The equal retribution must be made,
Though DHARMA tarry long.

"It knows not wrath nor pardon; utter-true
Its measures mete, its faultless balance weighs;
Times are as nought, to-morrow it will judge,
Or after many days.

"Such is the Law which moves to righteousness,
Which none at last can turn aside or stay;
The heart of it is Love, the end of it
Is Peace and Consummation sweet. Obey!

"The Books say well, my Brothers! each man's life
The outcome of his former living is;
The bygone wrongs bring forth sorrows and woes,
The bygone right breeds bliss.

"That which ye sow ye reap. See yonder fields!
The sesamum was sesamum, the corn
Was corn. The Silence and the Darkness knew!
So is a man's fate born.

"He cometh, reaper of the things he sowed.
Sesamum, corn, so much cast in past birth;
And so much weed and poison-stuff, which mar
Him and the aching earth.

"If he shall labour rightly, rooting these,
And planting wholesome seedlings where they grew,
Fruitful and fair and clean the ground shall be,
And rich the harvest due.

"If he who liveth, learning whence woe springs,
Endureth patiently, striving to pay
His utmost debt for ancient evils done
In Love and Truth alway:

And all nations shall call you blessed: for you shall be a delightful land.

If you abide in me, and my words abide in you, you shall ask whatever you will, and it shall be done unto you.

If you keep my commandments, you shall abide in my love.

Obey my voice, and I will be your God, and ye shall be my people.

You are my friends, if you do the things that I command you.

And your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest.

Ask, and it shall be given you: seek, and you shall find: knock, and it shall be opened to you.

For every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened.

And I will shew mercies unto you.

And a new spirit will I put within you.

Whosoever among you feareth God, to you is the word of this salvation sent.

And in justice thou shalt be built up, and in the day of affliction thou shalt be remembered: and thy sins shall melt away as the ice in the fair warm weather.

God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.

"If making none to lack, he throughly purge
The lie and lust of self forth from his blood;
Suffering all meekly, rendering for offence
Nothing but grace and good;

"If he shall day by day dwell merciful,
Holy and just and kind and true; and rend
Desire from where it clings with bleeding roots,
Till love of life have end:

"He—dying—leaveth as the sum of him
A life-count closed, whose ills are dead and quit,
Whose good is quick and mighty, far and near,
So that fruits follow it.

"No need hath such to live as ye name life;
That which began in him when he began
Is finished: he hath wrought the purpose through
Of what did make him Man.

"Never shall yearnings torture him, nor sins
Stain him, nor ache of earthly joys or woes
Invade his safe eternal peace; nor deaths
And lives recur. He goes

"Unto NĪRVĀNA. He is one with Life
Yet lives not. He is blest, ceasing to be.
OM, MANI PADME, OM! the Dewdrop slips
Into the shining sea!

"This is the doctrine of the KARMA. Learn!
Only when all the dross of sin is quit,
Only when life dies like a white flame spent
Death dies along with it.

"But when the mild and just die, sweet airs breathe;
The world grows richer, as if desert-stream
Should sink away to sparkle up again
Purer, with broader gleam.

"So merit won winneth the happier age
Which by demerit halteth short of end;
Yet must this Law of Love reign King of all
Before the Kalpas end.

"What lets?— Brothers! the Darkness lets! which breeds
Ignorance, mazed whereby ye take these shows
For true, and thirst to have, and, having, cling
To lusts which work you woes.

"So flameth Trishna, lust and thirst of things.
Eager ye cleave to shadows, dote on dreams;
A false Self in the midst ye plant, and make
A world around which seems;

God shall supply all your need.

If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you.

And I will receive you;

And I will be a Father to you; and you shall be my sons and daughters.

If ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live.

For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.

And the God of peace and of love shall be with you.

If ye know that he is righteous, ye know that every one that doeth righteousness is born of him.

Moreover it is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful.

Who then is that faithful and wise steward, whom his lord shall make ruler over his household, to give them their portion of meat in due season?

The Lord is with you, while ye remain with him; and if ye seek him, he will let himself be found by you.

Blessed is that servant, whom when his lord shall come, he shall find so doing.

Of a truth I say unto you, that he will make him ruler over all that he hath.

Ye are all the children of light, and the children of the day.

Now the God of peace

"Blind to the height beyond, deaf to the sound
Of sweet airs breathed from far past Indra's sky;
Dumb to the summons of the true life kept
For him who false puts by.

"So grow the strifes and lusts which make earth's war;
So grieve poor cheated hearts and flow salt tears;
So wax the passions, envies, angers, hates;
So years chase blood-stained years

"With wild red feet. So, where the grain should grow,
Spreads the birân-weed with its evil root
And poisonous blossoms; hardly good seeds find
Soil where to fall and shoot;

"And drugged with poisonous drink the soul departs,
And fierce with thirst to drink Karma returns;
Sense-struck again the sodden self begins,
And new deceits it earns.

"Enter the Path! There is no grief like Hate!
No pains like passions, no deceit like sense!
Enter the Path! far hath he gone whose foot
Treads down one fond offence.

"Enter the Path! There spring the healing streams
Quenching all thirst! there bloom th' immortal flowers
Carpeting all the way with joy! there throng
Swiftest and sweetest hours!"

—EDWIN ARNOLD, "*The Light of Asia*"

"THEIR HEART IS FAR FROM ME"

*This people honoureth me with their lips, but their heart is far
from me.*—THY KING

*Thou hast not given water to the weary to drink, and thou hast
withholden bread from the hungry.*—JOB

They profess that they know God; but in works they deny him.
—TITUS

*He that denieth me before men shall be denied before the angels
of God.*—THE RIGHTEOUS JUDGE

*Think not in sleep to fold thy hands,
Forgetful of thy Lord's commands:
From duty's claims no life is free,—
Behold, to-day hath need of thee.*—BURLEIGH

Make you perfect in every good work to do his will,
working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight.

Then shall ye have a song, as in the night when a festival is ushered in, and joy of heart.

And when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.

I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward.

Shewing mercy unto many thousands, to them that love me, and keep my commandments.

God is with thee in all that thou dost.

The Lord will send his angel with thee, and prosper thy way.

He will not forsake thee.

Fear not, for I am with thee, and I will bless thee.

I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest.

I will surely do thee good.

My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.

I will make all my goodness pass before thee, and I will proclaim the name of the Lord before thee.

There is a place by me, and thou shalt stand upon the rock.

I will be sanctified in them that come nigh me.

Grace is like a paradise in blessings.

*Beneath the thick but breaking cloud, we talk of Christian life;
The words of Jesus on our lips, our hearts with man at strife.
Traditions, forms, and selfish aims, have dimmed the inner light;
Have closely veiled the spirit-world and angels from our sight.
Strong hearts and willing hands we need, our temple to repair;
Remove the gath'ring dust of years, and show the model fair.—ANON.*

STRIVE to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able.

When once the master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without, and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us; and he shall answer and say unto you, I know you not whence ye are:

Then shall ye begin to say, We have eaten and drunk in thy presence, and thou hast taught in our streets.

But he shall say, I tell you, I know you not whence ye are; depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity.

There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth, when ye shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets, in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves thrust out.

And they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God.

And, behold, there are last which shall be first, and there are first which shall be last.

—THE LAMB OF GOD

“LIVE! LIVE TO-DAY!”

*Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day
of salvation.—PAUL*

*The bread that bringeth strength I want to give,
The water pure that bids the thirsty live;
I want to help the fainting day by day;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.*

*I want to give the oil of joy for tears,
The faith to conquer crowding doubts and fears;
Beauty for ashes may I give away;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.*

*I want to give good measure running o'er;
And into angry hearts I want to pour
The answer soft that turneth wrath away;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.*

*I want to give to others hope and faith;
I want to do all that the Master saith;
I want to live aright from day to day;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.—ANONYMOUS*

There is no want in the fear of the Lord, and it needeth not to seek for help.

There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

The Lord will shew who are his, and who is holy; and will cause him to come near unto him: even him whom he hath chosen will be cause to come near unto him.

And the Lord will take away from thee all sickness. For all healing is from God.

He will love thee, and bless thee, and multiply thee.

For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and mountains;

A land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, wherein thou shalt not lack any thing.

The land, whither ye go to possess it, is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven:

A land which the Lord thy God careth for: the eyes of the Lord thy God are always upon it.

And there ye shall eat before the Lord your God, and ye shall rejoice in all that ye put your hand unto, ye and your households, wherein the Lord thy God hath blessed thee.

So shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

God will not leave off his mercy, and he will not destroy, nor abolish his own works.

I am thy part and thine inheritance.

I ASKED an aged man, with hoary hairs,
 Wrinkled and curved with worldly cares:
 "Time is the warp of life," said he; "O, tell
 The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well!"
 I asked the ancient, venerable dead,
 Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled:
 From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed,
 "Time sowed the seed we reap in this abode!"

I asked a dying sinner, ere the tide
 Of life had left his veins: "Time!" he replied;
 "I've lost it! ah, the treasure!" and he died.
 I asked the golden sun and silver spheres
 Those bright chronometers of days and years:
 They answered, "Time is but a meteor glare,"
 And bade me for eternity prepare.
 I asked the Seasons, in their annual round,
 Which beautify or desolate the ground;
 And they replied (no oracle more wise),
 "'T is Folly's blank, and Wisdom's highest prize!"

I asked a spirit lost,—but O the shriek
 That pierced my soul! I shudder while I speak.
 It cried, "A particle! a speck! a mite
 Of endless years, duration infinite!"
 Of things inanimate my dial I
 Consulted, and it made me this reply,—
 "Time is the season fair of living well,
 The path of glory or the path of hell."

I asked my Bible, and methinks it said,
 "Time is the present hour, the past has fled;
 Live! live to-day! to-morrow never yet
 On any human being rose or set."
 I asked old Father Time himself at last;
 But in a moment he flew swiftly past;
 His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
 His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.
 I asked the mighty angel who shall stand
 One foot on sea and one on solid land:
 "Mortal!" he cried, "the mystery now is o'er;
 Time was, Time is, but Time shall be no more!"

—WILLIAM MARSDEN, "*What is Time?*"

"FREE FROM EARTH'S CHEATS"

*Abide thou with me, fear not: with me thou shalt
 be saved.*—THE BIBLE

The Lord thy God shall bless thee in all thine increase, and in all the works of thine hands, therefore thou shalt surely rejoice.

Blessed shalt thou be in the city, and blessed shalt thou be in the field.

Blessed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and blessed shalt thou be when thou goest out.

The Lord shall command the blessing upon thee in thy storehouses, and in all that thou settest thine hand unto.

The Lord will raise thee up to be a holy people to himself.

The Lord will open unto thee his good treasure.

And the Lord will make thee pre-eminent for good.

He that doeth truth, cometh to the light.

He that walketh sincerely, walketh confidently.

He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.

In the sight of the unwise they seem to die:

But the souls of the just are in the hand of God, and the torment of death shall not touch them.

The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by him; and the Lord shall cover him all the day long, and he shall dwell between his shoulders.

And thou shalt be above only, and thou shalt not be beneath.

And as thy days, so shall thy strength be.

*Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
 To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
 Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
 And every stranger finds a ready chair;
 Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
 Where all the ruddy family around
 Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
 And learn the luxury of doing good.*—GOLDSMITH

AND so Vedanā grows—
 Sense-life—false in its gladness, fell in sadness,
 But sad or glad, the Mother of Desire,
 Trishna, that thirst which makes the living drink
 Deeper and deeper of the false salt waves
 Whereon they float, pleasures, ambitions, wealth,
 Praise, fame, or domination, conquest, love;
 Rich meats and robes, and fair abodes, and pride
 Of ancient lines, and lust of days, and strife
 To live, and sins that flow from strife, some sweet,
 Some bitter. Thus Life's thirst quenches itself
 With draughts which double thirst; but who is wise
 Tears from his soul this Trishna, feeds his sense
 No longer on false shows, files his firm mind
 To seek not, strive not, wrong not; bearing meek
 All ills which flow from foregone wrongfulness,
 And so constraining passions that they die
 Fulfilled; till all the sum of ended life—
 The *Karma*—all that total of a soul
 Which is the things it did, the thoughts it had,
 The Self it wove—with woof of viewless time,
 Crossed on the warp invisible of acts—
 The outcome of him on the Universe,
 Grows pure and sinless; either never more
 Needing to find a body and a place,
 Or so informing what fresh frame it takes
 In new existence that the new toils prove
 Lighter and lighter not to be at all,
 Thus “finishing the Path;” free from Earth's cheats;
 Released from all the skandhas of the flesh;
 Broken from ties—from Upādānas—saved
 From whirling on the wheel; aroused and sane
 As is a man awakened from hateful dreams.
 Until—greater than Kings, than Gods more glad!—
 The aching craze to live ends, and life glides—
 Lifeless—to nameless quiet, nameless joy,
 Blessed NĪRVĀNA—sinless, stirless rest—
 That change which never changes!

—EDWIN ARNOLD, “*The Light of Asia*”

For then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success.

Peace be with thee: fear not.

Blessed are ye that weep now: for you shall laugh.

Hath not God chosen the poor in this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which God hath promised to them that love him?

He raiseth up the poor out of the dust.

And sorrow is turned into joy before him.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

Abide thou with me, fear not: with me thou shalt be in safeguard.

Peace be both to thee, and peace be to thine house, and peace be unto all that thou hast.

Mercy and truth be with thee.

The Lord thy God will be with thee.

He is a buckler to all them that trust in him.

He that feareth the Lord shall tremble at nothing, and shall not be afraid: for he is his hope.

The eyes of the Lord are upon them that fear him, he is their powerful protector, and strong stay, a defence from the heat,

A preservation from stumbling, and a help from fall-

"GOD ALONE OBEY"

Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.

—THE SAVIOUR

*Happy the man, who knows his Master to obey;
Whose life of care and labor flows, where God points out the way.
He riseth to his task, soon as the word is giv'n;
Nor waits, nor doth a question ask, when orders come from Heav'n.
Nothing he calls his own; nothing he hath to say;
His feet are shod for God alone, and God alone obey.*—UPHAM

*The Master, Whom you serve, will needful strength bestow;
Depending on His promised aid, with sacred courage go.
Mountains shall sink to plains, and hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's—and will prevail, in spite of all His foes.*
—MRS. VOKES

*The flowery meads through which you pass
In fancy, are but Hell's morass—
A Serpent hideth in the grass!
This deadly field hath Satan sown:
Do thou his crafty arts disown,
And hate the pleasures thou hast known.
Courage and earnest work be thine;
The Lord looks on with eye benign,
And nerves thy will with strength divine.
Already, see, by Grace o'erborne,
The baffled Serpent flies the morn,
And hides in Stygian caves forlorn!*—LEO XIII

WHAT man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it?

And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing.

And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbours, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost.

I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance.

Either what woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it?

And when she hath found it, she calleth her friends and her neighbours together, saying, Rejoice with me; for I have found the piece which I had lost.

Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

—THE GOOD SHEPHERD

ing; he raiseth up the soul, and enlighteneth the eyes, and giveth health, and life, and blessing.

The Lord thy God accept thee.

I will send my angel, who shall go before thee, and keep thee in thy journey, and bring thee into the place that I have prepared.

And I will not forsake my people.

The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail.

Peace, peace be unto thee, and peace be to every one that helpeth thee; for thy God helpeth thee.

Glory and honour are in his presence; strength and gladness are in his place.

The hand of God is upon all them for good that seek him.

Be strong and of good courage, and do it: fear not, nor be dismayed: for the Lord God will be with thee; he will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.

He will not take away his eyes from the just.

In famine he shall redeem thee from death: and in war from the power of the sword.

The mercy of God is beautiful in the time of affliction, as a cloud of rain in the time of drought.

Neither shalt thou be afraid of destruction when it cometh.

At destruction and famine thou shalt laugh: neither shalt thou be afraid of the beasts of the earth.

"LISTEN TO ITS GENTLE TEACHING"

Ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good.—THE LIVING BREAD

He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again.—SOLOMON

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.—"TITUS ANDRONICUS"

*Unmov'd in conscious rectitude,
Thy towering mind self-centred stood,
Nor wanted man's opinion to be great.
In vain, to charm thy ravish'd sight,
A thousand gifts would fortune send;
In vain, to drive thee from the right,
A thousand sorrows urg'd thy end:
Like some well-fashion'd arch thy patience stood,
And purchas'd strength from its increasing load:
Pain met thee like a friend that set thee free;
Affliction still is virtue's opportunity!*—GOLDSMITH

*Teach us to love each other, Lord,
As we are loved by Thee;
None who are truly born of God
Can live in enmity.
Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and aims the same,
With bonds of love our hearts unite,
With mutual love inflame.*—ANONYMOUS

WHY thus longing, thus forever sighing
For the far off, unattained, and dim,
While the beautiful, all round thee lying,
Offers up its low perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearnings it would still;
Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw,—
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world through weal and woe;

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten,—
No fond voices answer to thine own;
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

The beasts of the earth shall be at peace with thee.
And thou shalt know that thy tabernacle is in peace.

Then shalt thou lift up thy face without spot; yea,
thou shalt be stedfast, and shalt not fear.

And brightness like that of the noonday, shall arise
to thee at evening: and when thou shalt think thyself
consumed, thou shalt rise as the day star.

And thou shalt be secure, because there is hope; yea,
thou shalt dig about thee, and thou shalt take thy rest
in safety.

Thou shalt lie down, and none shall make thee afraid.

The just man shall hold on his way, and he that hath
clean hands shall be stronger and stronger.

Then shalt thou lay up gold as dust, and the gold of
Ophir as the stones of the brooks.

Yea, the Almighty shall be thy defence, and thou shalt
have plenty of silver.

It is he that giveth thee power to get wealth.

Then shalt thou have thy delight in the Almighty, and
shalt lift up thy face unto God.

He is thy praise, and he is thy God.

He maketh peace in his high places.

He that followeth justice is beloved by him.

And the light shall shine upon thy ways.

He withdraweth not his eyes from the righteous.

If they obey and serve him, they shall spend their
days in prosperity, and their years in pleasures.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses,
Not by works that gain thee world-renown,
Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

—HARRIET WINSLOW SEWALL, "*Why Thus Longing?*"

"WITH ALL WHO WEEP"

*Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek
and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.
For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.*

—THE ROSE OF SHARON

*Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;
A brother to relieve,—how exquisite the bliss!*—BURNS

*Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.*—GOLDSMITH

*'T is a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happier hours.*—TALFOURD

THEY told me I was heir: I turned in haste,
And ran to seek my treasure,
And wondered, as I ran, how it was placed,—
If I should find a measure
Of gold, or if the titles of fair lands
And houses would be laid within my hands.

I journeyed many roads; I knocked at gates;
I spoke to each wayfarer
I met, and said, "A heritage awaits
Me. Art not thou the bearer
Of news? some message sent to me whereby
I learn which way my new possessions lie?"

The Lord also will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble.

He giveth meat in abundance.

Happy are all they that put their trust in him.

They are in peace.

Who shall ascend into the mountain of the Lord? and who shall be able to stand in his holy place?

He that is of clean hands, and pure of heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto falsehood, and hath not sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

His soul shall dwell in good things.

The meek shall inherit the earth; and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

The fear of the Lord is like a paradise of blessing.

All the paths of the Lord are kindness and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.

The meek will he guide in judgment: and the meek will he teach his ways:

In whom is all my delight.

His soul shall abide in happiness.

The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

The secret counsel of the Lord is for those that fear him, and his covenant—to make it known to them.

The Lord is their strength.

Some asked me in; naught lay beyond their door;
Some smiled, and would not tarry,
But said that men were just behind who bore
More gold than I could carry;
And so the morn, the noon, the day, were spent,
While empty-handed up and down I went.

At last one cried, whose face I could not see,
As through the mists he hasted:
"Poor child, what evil ones have hindered thee
Till this whole day is wasted?
Hath no man told thee that thou art joint heir
With one named Christ, Who waits the goods to share?"

The one named Christ I sought for many days,
In many places vainly;
I heard men name His name in many ways;
I saw His temples plainly;
But they who named Him most gave me no sign
To find Him by, or prove the heirship mine.

And when at last I stood before His face,
I knew Him by no token
Save subtle air of joy which filled the place;
Our greeting was not spoken;
In solemn silence I received my share,
Kneeling before my brother and "joint heir."

My share! No deed of house or spreading lands,
As I had dreamed; no measure
Heaped up with gold; my elder brother's hands
Had never held such treasure.
Foxes have holes, and birds in nests are fed:
My brother had not where to lay His head.

My share! The right like Him to know all pain
Which hearts are made for knowing;
The right to find in loss the surest gain;
To reap my joy from sowing
In bitter tears; the right with Him to keep
A watch by day and night with all who weep.

My share! To-day men call it grief and death;
I see the joy and life to-morrow;
I thank my Father with my every breath,
For this sweet legacy of sorrow;
And through my tears I call to each "joint heir"
With Christ, "Make haste to ask Him for thy share."

—HELEN HUNT JACKSON, *"My Legacy"*

The Lord will give strength unto his people; the Lord will bless his people with peace.

The Lord preserveth the faithful.

The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.

And he shall be like a tree planted by rivulets of water, that yieldeth its fruit in its season, and the leaf of which doth not wither; and all that he may do shall prosper.

Happy is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

He that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.

Righteousness exalteth a nation.

Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord.

Happy is that people, that is in such a case: yea, happy is that people, whose God is the Lord.

The eyes of the Lord are on them that fear him: and on them that hope in his mercy:

To deliver their souls from death; and feed them in famine.

The angel of the Lord shall encamp round about them that fear him: and shall deliver them.

They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.
For the Lord is sweet.

There is no want to them that fear him.

None of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

"HASTEN, ERE IT BE TOO LATE"

Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.—JESUS

*Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.*—COWPER

Let us crown ourselves with roses, before they be withered.
—SOLOMON

As ever in thy great Taskmaster's eye.—MILTON

*Every moment, as it flows,
Some peculiar pleasure owes;
Then let us, providently wise,
Seize the debtor as it flies.*—GOLDSMITH

*And I awaked last of all, and as one that gathereth after
the grapegatherers.*—THE BIBLE

*Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.*—CARDINAL WOLSEY

*A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience.*—"KING HENRY VIII"

*That best portion of a good man's life,—
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.*—WORDSWORTH

*I slept, and dreamed that life was Beauty;
I woke, and found that life was Duty.*—ELLEN S. HOOPER

*Oh! not alone with outward sign of fear, or voice from heav'n,
The message of a truth divine, the call of God, is giv'n;
Awak'ning in the human heart, love for the true and right,
Zeal for the Christian's better part, strength for the Christian's fight.
Though heralded by naught of fear, or outward sign or show;
Though only to the inward ear it whispers soft and low;
Though dropping as the manna fell, unseen, yet from above,
Holy and gentle, heed it well, the call to Truth and Love.*

—WHITTIER

*He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.*—FABER

*Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while
he is near.*—ISAIAH

He shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light,
and thy judgment as the noonday.

Those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth.

The Lord regardeth the days of the upright: and their inheritance shall endure for ever.

They shall not be confounded in the evil time; and in the days of famine they shall be filled.

The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way.

When he shall fall he shall not be bruised, for the Lord putteth his hand under him.

The just shall inherit the land, and shall dwell therein for evermore.

The law of his God is in his heart: none of his steps shall slip.

Happy is the man that maketh the Lord his trust.

He shall receive a blessing from the Lord, and mercy from God his Saviour.

And to him that ordereth his course aright, will I show the salvation of God.

Every one that sweareth by him shall glory.

My mercy will I keep for him for evermore, and my covenant shall stand fast with him.

He bringeth out those which are bound with chains.

He is their protector in the time of trouble.

*O Jesu, Thou art standing outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting to pass the threshold o'er:
Shame on us, Christian brothers, His Name and sign who bear:
Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us, to keep Him standing there!
O love that passeth knowledge, so patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal, so fast to bar the gate!—BISHOP HOW*

WHEN the fields were white with harvest, and the laborers were few,
Heard I thus a voice within me, "Here is work for thee to do;
Come thou up and help the reapers, I will show thee now the way,
Come and help them bear the burden, and the toiling of the day."
"For a more convenient season," thus I answered, "will I wait,"
And the voice reproving murmur'd, "Hasten, ere it be too late."

Yet I heeded not the utterance, listening to lo! here—lo! there—
I lost sight of all the reapers in whose work I would not share;
Follow'd after strange devices—bow'd my heart to gods of stone,
Till like Ephraim join'd to idols, God well-nigh left me alone;
But the angel of His patience follow'd on my erring track,
Setting here and there a landmark, wherewithal to guide me back.

Onward yet I went, and onward, till there met me on the way
A poor prodigal *returning*, who, like me, had gone astray,
And his faith was strong and earnest that a father's house would be
Safest shelter from temptation for such sinful ones as he.
"Read the lesson," said the angel, "take the warning and repent;"
But the wily Tempter queried, "Ere thy substance be unspent?"

"Hast thou need to toil and labor? art thou fitted for the work?
Many a hidden stone to bruise thee in the harvest-field doth lurk;
There are others call'd beside thee, and perchance the voice may be
But thy own delusive fancy, which thou hearest calling thee—
There is time enough before thee, all thy footsteps to retrace."
Then I yielded to the Tempter, and the angel veil'd her face.

Pleasure beckon'd in the distance, and her siren song was sweet,
"Through a thornless path of flowers gently I will guide thy feet.
Youth is as a rapid river, gliding noiselessly away,
Earth is but a pleasant garden; cull its roses whilst thou may;
Press the juice from purple clusters, fill life's chalice with the wine,
Taste the fairest fruits which tempt thee, all its richest fruits are thine."

Ah! the path was smooth and easy, but a snare was set therein,
And the feet were oft entangled in the fearful mesh of sin,
And the canker-worm was hidden in the rose-leaf folded up,
And the sparkling wine of pleasure was a fatal Circean cup;
All its fruits were Dead Sea apples, tempting only to the sight,
Fair, yet fill'd with dust and ashes—beautiful, but touch'd with blight.

The God of Israel is he that giveth strength and power unto his people.

He shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper.

My faithfulness and my mercy shall be with him.

He shall spare the poor and needy: and he shall save the souls of the poor.

He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence: and precious shall their blood be in his sight.

I will be thy king.

There shall no strange god be in thee.

For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

He will speak peace unto his people.

Surely his salvation is near to them that fear him.

Yea, the Lord shall give that which is good.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon day.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

"O my Father," cried I inly, "Thou hast striven—I have will'd;
 Now the mission of the angel of Thy patience is fulfilled;
 I have tasted earthly pleasures, yet my soul is craving food;
 Let the summons Thou hast given to Thy harvest be renew'd;
 I am ready now to labor—wilt Thou call me once again?
 I will join Thy willing reapers as they garner up the grain."

But the still small voice within me, earnest in its truth and deep,
 Answer'd my awaken'd conscience, "As thou sowest thou shalt reap;
 God is just, and retribution follows each neglected call;
 Thou hadst thy appointed duty taught thee by the Lord of all;
 Thou wert chosen, but another fill'd the place assigned thee,
 Henceforth in My field of labor thou mayst but a gleaner be.

"But a work is still before thee—see thou linger not again;
 Separate the chaff thou gleanest, beat it from among the grain;
 Follow after these My reapers, let thine eyes be on the field,
 Gather up the precious handfuls, their abundant wheat-sheaves yield;
 Go not hence to glean, but tarry from the morning until night;
 Be thou faithful, thou mayst yet find favor in thy Master's sight."

—HANNAH LLOYD NEALE, "*The Neglected Call*"

THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES

To be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace.

The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life.

See, I have set before thee this day life and the good, death and the evil.

How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him.

Choose for yourselves this day whom ye will serve.

—THE WORD OF GOD

*In that secure, serene retreat,
 Where all the humble, all the great,
 Promiscuously recline;
 Where wildly huddled to the eye,
 The beggar's pouch and prince's purple lie,
 May every bliss be thine!*

*And, ah! blest spirit, wheresoe'er thy flight,
 Through rolling worlds, or fields of liquid light,
 May cherubs welcome their expected guest,
 May saints with songs receive thee to their rest,
 May peace, that calm'd while here thy warmest love,
 May blissful, endless peace, be thine above!—GOLDSMITH*

Because thou hast made the Lord, even the most High,
thy habitation;

There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any
plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep
thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash
thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young
lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will
I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath
known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will
be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour
him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my
salvation.

The righteous shall spring up like the palm-tree: like
a cedar in Lebanon shall he grow high.

They shall be vigorous and covered with foliage.

The Lord shall greatly bless thee.

For the Lord is good; to eternity endureth his kind-
ness; and unto the latest generation his truth.

Honour and majesty are before him: strength and
beauty are in his sanctuary.

Mine eyes shall be upon the faithful of the land, that
they may dwell with me: he that walketh in a perfect
way, he shall serve me:

A MONK, when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,
In the depth of his cell with its stone-cover'd floor,
Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,
Once form'd the contrivance we now shall explain;
But whether by magic's or alchemy's powers
We know not; indeed, 't is no business of ours.

Perhaps it was only by patience and care,
At last, that he brought his invention to bear.
In youth 't was projected, but years stole away,
And e'er 't was complete he was wrinkled and gray;
But success is secure, unless energy fails;
And at length he produced THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

"What were they?" you ask. You shall presently see;
These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea.
Oh no; for such properties wondrous had they.
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh,
Together with articles small or immense,
From mountains or planets to atoms of sense.

Naught was there so bulky but there it would lay,
And naught so ethereal but there it would stay,
And naught so reluctant but in it must go:
All which some examples more clearly will show.

The first thing he weigh'd was the head of Voltaire,
Which retain'd all the wit that had ever been there;
As a weight, he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief;
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell
That it bounced like a ball on the roof of the cell.

One time he put in Alexander the Great,
With the garment that Dorcas had made, for a weight;
And though clad in armor from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up, and the garment went down.

A long row of almshouses, amply endow'd
By a well-esteem'd Pharisee, busy and proud,
Next loaded one scale; while the other was press'd
By those mites the poor widow dropp'd into the chest:
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down the farthing-worth came with a bounce.

By further experiments (no matter how)
He found that ten chariots weigh'd less than one plough:
A sword with gilt trapping rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a ten-penny nail;
A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
Weigh'd less than a widow's uncrystallized tear.

Who forgiveth all thy iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies;

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

The mercy of the Lord is from eternity and unto eternity upon them that fear him.

Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.

He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.

And he will be favourable unto him: and he shall see his face with joy.

And his life will look joyously on the light.

Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord, that delighteth greatly in his commandments.

He shall stand at the right hand of the poor, to save him.

Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness.
Glory and wealth shall be in his house.

The voice of rejoicing and of salvation is in the tabernacles of the just.

A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
 When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale;
 Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,
 Ten counsellors' wigs, full of powder and curl,
 All heaped in one balance and swinging from thence,
 Weigh'd less than a few grains of candor and sense;
 A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
 Than one good potato just wash'd from the dirt;
 Yet not mountains of silver and gold could suffice
 One pearl to outweigh,—'t was THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

Last of all, the whole world was bowl'd in at the grate,
 With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight;
 When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff
 That it made a vast rent and escaped at the roof!
 When balanced in air, it ascended on high,
 And sailed up aloft, a balloon in the sky;
 While the scale with the soul in't so mightily fell
 That it jerk'd the philosopher out of his cell.

—JANE TAYLOR

"FALSE WORLD, THOU LY'ST"

*Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after
 righteousness: for they shall be filled.*—THY KING

*Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll!*—HOLMES

*Why should my passions mix with earth,
 And thus debase my heavenly birth?*—WATTS

*Behold, the Master passeth by!
 Oh, seest thou not His pleading eye?
 With low sad voice He calleth thee,
 "Leave this vain world, and follow Me."*

*God gently calls us every day:
 Why should we then our bliss delay?
 He calls to heaven and endless light:
 Why should we love the dreary night?*—BISHOP HOW

FALSE world, thou ly'st: thou canst not lend
 The least delight:
 Thy favors cannot gain a friend,
 They are so slight:
 Thy morning pleasures make an end
 To please at night:
 Poor are the wants that thou supply'st,
 And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou vy'st
 With heaven: fond earth, thou boast'st; false world, thou ly'st.

He shall not be afraid of evil tidings: his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.

The Lord is thy keeper, the Lord is thy protection upon thy right hand.

Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

He raiseth up the poor out of the dust.

He will bless those that fear the Lord.

He will not suffer thy foot to slip: thy keeper doth not slumber.

The Lord will guard thee against all evil: he will guard thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

My angel shall go before thee.

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

The just shall be in everlasting remembrance.

Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord; that walketh in his ways.

Happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee.

The Lord will maintain the cause of the afflicted, and the right of the poor.

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.

He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him: he also will hear their cry, and will save them.

Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales
 Of endless treasure;
Thy bounty offers easy sales
 Of lasting pleasure;
Thou ask'st the conscience what she ails,
 And swear'st to ease her;
There's none can want where thou supply'st:
There's none can give where thou deny'st.
Alas! fond world, thou boast'st; false world, thou ly'st.

What well-advisèd ear regards
 What earth can say?
Thy words are gold, but thy rewards
 Are painted clay:
Thy cunning can but pack the cards,
 Thou canst not play:
Thy game at weakest, still thou vy'st;
If seen, and then revy'd, deny'st:
Thou art not what thou seem'st; false world, thou ly'st.

Thy tinsel bosom seems a mint
 Of new-coin'd treasure;
A paradise, that has no stint,
 No change, no measure;
A painted cask, but nothing in 't,
 Nor wealth, nor pleasure:
Vain earth! that falsely thus comply'st
With man; vain man! that thou rely'st
On earth; vain man, thou doat'st; vain earth, thou ly'st.

What mean dull souls, in this high measure,
 To haberdash
In earth's base wares, whose greatest treasure
 Is dross and trash?
The height of whose enchanting pleasure
 Is but a flash?
Are these the goods that thou supply'st
Us mortals with? Are these the high'st?
Can these bring cordial peace? False world, thou ly'st.

—FRANCIS QUARLES, "*The Vanity of the World*"

"THE TEARS OF SUCH AS WERE OPPRESSED"

He that trusteth in his riches shall fall: but the righteous shall flourish as a branch.—SOLOMON

*Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train,*

The Lord preserveth all those who love him.

Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help,
whose hope is in the Lord his God.

He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their
wounds.

The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him: and
in them that hope in his mercy.

The habitations of the just shall be blessed.

The upright shall dwell in the land, and the perfect
shall remain in it.

The Lord lifteth up the meek.

He giveth grace unto the lowly.

I indeed love those that love me; and those that seek
me earnestly shall find me.

Riches and honor are with me, yea, enduring wealth
and righteousness.

The Lord will not suffer the soul of the righteous to
famish.

Afflicted in few things, in many they shall be well re-
warded: because God hath tried them, and found them
worthy of himself.

The path of the just is as the shining light, that
shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

He that walketh uprightly ever walketh securely.

Blessings are upon the head of the just.

The fear of the Lord prolongeth days.

They that trust in him, shall understand the truth:
and they that are faithful in love shall rest in him.

*To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art:
 Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
 Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd.
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain:
 And even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
 The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?—GOLDSMITH*

I THE Preacher was king over Israel in Jerusalem.

I have seen all the works that are done under the sun; and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

I made great works; I built myself houses; I planted myself vineyards;

I made myself gardens and orchards, and I planted therein trees of all kinds of fruit;

I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees:

I bought men-servants and maid-servants, and I had likewise those born in my house; I had also great possessions of cattle and flocks above all that had been before me in Jerusalem.

I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings and of the provinces: I gat me men singers and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts.

And whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them, I withheld not my heart from any joy; for my heart rejoiced in all my labour: and this was my portion of all my labour.

But when I turned myself to look on all my works that my hands had wrought, and on the toil that I had toiled to accomplish: then, behold, all was vanity and a torture of the spirit, and there was no profit under the sun.

Therefore I hated life; because I felt displeased with the work that is wrought under the sun: for all is vanity and a torture of the spirit.

Yea, I hated all my labour which I had taken under the sun.

For what doth a man obtain of all his toil, and of the torture of his heart, wherewith he toileth under the sun?

And I turned about, and beheld all the oppressed that are made so under the sun: and, behold, there are the tears of the oppressed, and they have no comforter; and from the hand of their oppressors they suffer violence; and they have no comforter.

Because the punishment against evil deeds is not executed speedily, therefore is the heart of the sons of men filled up in them to do evil.

Better is a poor and a wise child than an old and foolish king, who will no more be admonished.

He that loveth money will never be satisfied with money; nor he that loveth abundance, with any increase. Also this is vanity.

And what good is there to the owners thereof, saving the beholding of them with their eyes?

The blessing of the Lord maketh men rich.

The way of the Lord is a strong-hold to the upright.

And the Lord it is that goeth before thee; he will be with thee, he will not let thee fail, nor will he forsake thee: fear not, nor be thou discouraged.

The righteous shall never be removed.

The just shall escape out of distress.

He that diligently seeketh good procureth favour.

To him that soweth justice, there is a faithful reward.

The liberal soul shall be made fat: and he that watereth shall be watered also himself.

The fruit of the righteous is of the tree of life.

A good man obtaineth favour of the Lord.

They that deal truly are his delight.

The house of the just shall stand firm.

For the counsellors of peace there is joy.

In the way of righteousness is life; and in the pathway thereof there is no death.

The tabernacle of the upright shall flourish.

He that sheweth mercy to the poor, shall be blessed.

In the fear of the Lord is the strong confidence of man, and unto his children will it be a place of shelter.

Mercy and truth shall be to them that devise good.

There is a sore evil which I have seen under the sun, namely, riches reserved for their owner to his own hurt.

Lo, this only did I find, that God hath made man upright; but they have sought for many sinful devices.

Still do I truly know for certain that it will be well with those that fear God.

The righteous, and the wise, and their works, are in the hand of God.

He hath made every thing beautiful in his time.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.

—ECCLESIASTES

“STRIP ME OF THE ROBE OF PRIDE”

I am he which searcheth the reins and hearts: and I will give unto every one of you according to your works.

—THE SON OF MAN

How many a spot defiles the robe

That wraps an earthly saint!—MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER

Make us eternal truth receive,

And practice all that we believe.—DRYDEN

Two went to pray? O, rather say,

One went to brag, the other to pray;

One stands up close and treads on high,

Where the other dares not lend his eye;

One nearer to God's altar trod,

The other to the altar's God.—CRASHAW

Strip me of the robe of pride,

Clothe me with humility.—MONTGOMERY

TWO men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican.

The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican.

I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess.

And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner.

I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other: for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

—GOD, WHO KNOWETH YOUR HEARTS

The fear of the Lord is a fountain of life, to depart from the snares of death.

He loveth him that followeth after righteousness.

When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.

For the fruit of good labours is glorious, and the root of wisdom never faileth.

He that handleth a matter wisely shall find good: and whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he.

The name of the Lord is a strong tower, whereunto the righteous runneth, and is placed in safety.

He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again.

The fear of the Lord leadeth unto life: and he that hath it shall abide satisfied; he shall not be visited with evil.

Happy is the man that feareth alway.

The just shall live for evermore: and their reward is with the Lord, and the care of them with the most High.

He that followeth justice and mercy, shall find life, justice, and glory.

He that hath a bountiful eye shall be blessed; for he giveth of his bread to the poor.

The reward of humility and the fear of the Lord are riches, and honor, and life.

"HIS FATHER SAW HIM"

The end of the matter is this, let us hear the whole: Fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man.

—ECCLESIASTES

And ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

—THE ROOT OF DAVID

A CERTAIN man had two sons:

And the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living.

And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living.

And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want.

And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine.

And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him.

And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!

I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee,

And am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.

And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet:

And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry:

For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.

—THE MESSIAS

"THE WORLD IS GRAY WITH MORNING LIGHT"

When it is evening, ye say, It will be fair weather: for the sky is red.

And in the morning, It will be foul weather to day: for the sky is red and lowring.

Ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?—JESUS

There shall no evil happen to the just.

Men will kiss the lips of him that giveth a proper answer.

The upright shall have good things in possession.

He that putteth his trust in the Lord will be abundantly gratified.

A faithful man will abound with blessings.

He that keepeth the law, happy is he.

Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord will be upheld in safety.

He is a shield unto those that put their trust in him.

Wisdom is a defence: the excellency of knowledge is, that wisdom giveth life to them that have it.

In the house of the righteous there is much treasure.

For God giveth to a man that is good in his sight wisdom, and knowledge, and joy.

Whoso keepeth the commandment shall feel no evil thing.

For he that feareth God will come forth out of them all.

Blessed are all they that wait for him.

And he shall be for a sanctuary.

He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength.

The needy shall lie down in safety.

And the poor shall rest with confidence.

He that walketh uprightly, shall be saved.

*Hear ye not the hum
Of mighty workings?—KEATS*

*The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears.—SMITH*

*And step by step, since time began,
I see the steady gain of man.—WHITTIER*

*And o'er earth's troubled, angry sea
I see Christ walk,
And come to me, and tenderly,
Divinely talk.
Thus Truth engrounds me on the Rock,
Upon Life's shore,
'Gainst which the winds and waves can shock,
Oh, never more!—MARY BAKER EDDY*

*O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!—BERNARD OF CLUNY*

*They call us to deliver
Their land from Error's chain.—HEBER*

*And even now, though dull and gray,
The east is brightening fast,
And kindling to the perfect day,
That never shall be past.—NEALE*

*For still the new transcends the old
In signs and tokens manifold;
Slaves rise up men; the olive waves,
With roots deep set in battle graves!—WHITTIER*

*Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and oceans's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless Love.—FABER*

*E'en now the loving ear may catch
Faint fragments of thy song.—FABER*

*I cannot always trace the way
Where Thou, Almighty One, dost move;
But I can always, always say,
That God is love, that God is love.—BOWRING*

He shall dwell on high: his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks: bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure.

It shall be well with them that fear God.

The Lord thy God will bless thee in all that thou doest.

The righteous, and the wise, and their works, are in the hand of God.

If ye be willing and obey, the best of the land shall ye eat.

They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.

I will give to them in my house, and within my walls, a place, and a name better than sons and daughters: I will give them an everlasting name which shall never perish.

Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.

For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee.

They shall not be ashamed that wait for me.

No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that will rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn.

*Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill.*—TENNYSON

*Thro' the harsh noises of our day,
A low sweet prelude finds its way;
Thro' clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking calm and clear.*—WHITTIER

*Lo! the scene of verdure bright'ning,
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whit'ning,
Harvest time is surely near.*—HASTINGS

God shall be all, and in all ever blest.—ABELARD

*Then rise and greet the signs that prove
Unreal the ages' long lament!
The "one far-off divine event"
Is now, and that event is Love.*—BARLOW

*Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men!*—MACKAY

*God's will is done; His kingdom come.
The Potter's work is plain.
The longing to be good and true
Has brought the Light again.
And Man does stand as God's own child,
The image of His Love.
Let gladness ring from ev'ry tongue,
And heav'n and earth approve.*—ALICE DAYTON

*Mine eye prophetic scans the darkling heaven
With dawn's bright arrows riven:
Forthwith the horrid crew of hellish error
Flies to the Stygian pool in terror!
God's enemies, compelled to view the vision,
Confess with tears their long misprision.
The centuried hates, the olden strifes are ended:
Victorious Love hath all amended!
Now exiled Virtue seeks again her dwelling,
Of stainless faith and candor telling;
Peace, olive-wreathed, bids art and science flourish,
And Plenty's horn is here to nourish:
In vain shall Hell its myriad errors muster—
Here Wisdom shines with olden lustre.*—LEO XIII

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee:

When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.

Thou shalt not be forgotten by me.

I will send an angel before thee.

Go in peace: before the Lord is your way on which ye will go.

With great mercies will I gather thee.

With everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee.

My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed.

When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them.

My salvation shall be for ever, and my righteousness shall not be abolished.

Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is.

And he shall be like a tree that is planted by the waters, and by a stream spreadeth out its roots, which feeleth not when heat cometh, but its leaf remaineth green; and in a year of drought it is undisturbed by care, and ceaseth not from yielding fruit.

The Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee.

He that putteth his trust in me shall possess the land, and shall inherit my holy mountain.

ALL grim and soiled and brown with tan,
I saw a Strong One, in His wrath,
Smiting the godless shrines of man
Along His path.

The Church beneath her trembling dome
Essayed in vain her ghostly charm:
Wealth shook within his gilded home
With strange alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled
Before the sunlight bursting in:
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head
To drown the din.

"Spare," Art implored, "yon holy pile;
That grand old time-worn turret spare:"
Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,
Cried out, "Forbear!"

Gray-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,
Groped for his old accustomed stone,
Leaned on his staff, and wept to find
His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,
O'erhung with paly locks of gold,—
"Why smite," he asked in sad surprise,
"The fair, the old?"

Yet louder rang the Strong One's stroke.
Yet nearer flashed His axe's gleam;
Shuddering and sick of heart I woke,
As from a dream.

I looked: aside the dust-cloud rolled,—
The Waster seemed the Builder too;
Upspringing from the ruined Old
I saw the New.

'T was but the ruin of the bad,—
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
Whate'er of good the old time had
Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of Him I feared;
The frown which awed me passed away,
And left behind a smile which cheered
Like breaking day.

I have seen his ways, and will heal him: I will lead him also, and restore comforts unto him.

Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily: and thy righteousness shall go before thee; the glory of the Lord shall be thy rereward.

Then shalt thou call, and the Lord will answer; thou shalt cry, and he will say, Here am I.

I will restore health unto thee, and I will heal thee of thy wounds.

Then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noon day.

And the Lord will guide thee continually, and will satisfy thy soul in times of famine, and will strengthen thy bones; and thou shalt be like a well-watered garden, and like a spring of water, the waters of which will never deceive.

Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth.

The Lord is good unto those that hope in him, to the soul that seeketh him.

Therefore shall they receive a kingdom of glory, and a crown of beauty at the hand of the Lord: for with his right hand he will cover them, and with his holy arm he will defend them.

And my people shall be satisfied with my goodness.
Everlasting joy shall be unto them.

And I will direct their work in truth.

For the fruit of the Spirit is in all goodness and righteousness and truth.

The grain grew green on battle-plains,
O'er swarded war-mounds grazed the cow ;
The slave stood forging from his chains
The spade and plough.

Where frowned the fort, pavilions gay
And cottage windows, flower-entwined,
Looked out upon the peaceful bay
And hills behind.

Through vine-wreathed cups with wine once red,
The lights on brimming crystal fell,
Drawn, sparkling, from the rivulet head
And mossy well.

Through prison-walls, like Heaven-sent hope,
Fresh breezes blew, and sunbeams strayed,
And with the idle gallows-rope
The young child played.

Where the doomed victim in his cell
Had counted o'er the weary hours,
Glad school-girls, answering to the bell,
Came crowned with flowers.

Grown wiser for the lesson given,
I fear no longer, for I know
That where the share is deepest driven
The best fruits grow.

The outworn rite, the old abuse,
The pious fraud transparent grown,
The good held captive in the use
Of wrong alone,—

These wait their doom, from that great law
Which makes the past time serve to-day ;
And fresher life the world shall draw
From their decay.

O backward-looking son of time !
The new is old, the old is new,
The cycle of a change sublime
Still sweeping through.

So wisely taught the Indian seer ;
Destroying Seva, forming Brahm,
Who wake by turn Earth's love and fear,
Are one, the same.

And I will set my eye upon them for good.

And I will give them a heart to know me, that I am the Lord: and they shall be my people, and I will be their God.

I will cause them to walk by the rivers of waters in a straight way, wherein they shall not stumble.

And their soul shall be as a watered garden; and they shall not sorrow any more at all.

I will change their mourning into gladness, and I will comfort them, and make them rejoice from their sorrow.

So will I watch over them, to build up, and to plant.

I will put my fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me.

And I will reveal unto them the abundance of peace and truth.

And I will cleanse them from all their guiltiness, whereby they have sinned against me; and I will pardon all their iniquities.

There shall be heard again

The voice of joy, and the voice of gladness.

Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered.

And my people shall never be ashamed.

They shall build the abandoned cities, and inhabit them: and they shall plant vineyards, and drink the wine of them: and shall make gardens, and eat the fruits of them.

And they shall dwell safely therein; yea, they shall dwell with confidence.

Idly as thou, in that old day
Thou mournest, did thy sire repine;
So, in his time, thy child grown gray
Shall sigh for thine.

But life shall on and upward go;
Th' eternal step of Progress beats
To that great anthem, calm and slow,
Which God repeats.

Take heart!—the Waster builds again,—
A charmed life old Goodness hath;
The tares may perish,—but the grain
Is not for death.

God works in all things; all obey
His first propulsion from the night:
Wake thou and watch!—the world is gray
With morning light!

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, "*The Reformer*"

"LET US AID IT ALL WE CAN"

I am with you alway.—THE LION OF THE TRIBE OF JUDA

*Everlasting arms of Love
Are beneath, around, above.*—MACDUFF

*Watch,—’t is your Lord’s command;
And while we speak He’s near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.*—DODDRIDGE

*He lives; His presence hath not ceased,
Though foes and fears be rife.*—HARDENBURG

*Blessings abound where’er He reigns;
The pris’ner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.*—WATTS

*The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
His great, best name of Love.*—MONTGOMERY

*When God is seen with men to dwell,
And all creation makes anew,
What tongue can half the wonders tell?
What eye the dazzling glories view?*

The people that know their God shall prevail and succeed.

And they that understand among the people shall instruct many.

I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely.

The Lord shall be the hope of his people.

And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.

The Lord is good, a strong hold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him.

I will undo all that afflict thee.

The Lord will redeem thee out of the hand of thy enemies.

And thou shalt feast before the Lord thy God.

I will gather them that are sorrowful.

The Lord of hosts will be a shield over them.

And I will strengthen them in the Lord; and they shall walk up and down in his name.

I will destroy the names of idols out of the earth, and they shall be remembered no more.

For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.

And the Lord their God will save them in that day, as the flock of his people.

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for their's is the kingdom of heaven.

*Celestial streams shall gently flow;
The wilderness shall joyful be;
Lilies on parchèd ground shall grow;
And gladness spring on ev'ry tree;
The weak be strong, the fearful bold,
The deaf shall hear, the dumb shall sing,
The lame shall walk, the blind behold,
And joy through all the earth shall ring.*—BAILLOU

*God made all His creatures free;
Life itself is liberty;
God ordained no other bands
Than united hearts and hands.
So shall all our slavery cease,
All God's children dwell in peace,
And the new-born earth record
Love, and Love alone, is Lord.*—MONTGOMERY

*Blow, winds of God, awake and blow
The mists of earth away!
Shine out, O Light divine, and show
How wide and far we stray!*—WHITTIER

*Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possess,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.*—GOLDSMITH

*A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper He, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and pow'r are great,
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.*

*And tho' this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His trust to triumph thro' us.
The Prince of Darkness grim,
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.*—LUTHER

Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

I, I myself will comfort you.

As one whom the mother caresseth, so will I comfort you.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.
Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.

Blessed are ye that hunger now: for you shall be filled.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Can the children of the bridechamber fast, while the bridegroom is with them? as long as they have the bridegroom with them, they cannot fast.

I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.

I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever.

Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance.

THESE'S a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.
Cannon-balls may aid the Truth,
But Thought's a weapon stronger;
We'll win our battle by its aid;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
The pen shall supersede the sword,
And Right, not Might, shall be the lord
In the good time coming.
Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger;
The proper impulse has been given;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity
In the good time coming.
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger;
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Hateful rivalries of creed
Shall not make their martyrs bleed
In the good time coming.
Religion shall be shorn of pride,
And flourish all the stronger;
And Charity shall trim her lamp;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
And people shall be temperate,
And shall love instead of hate,
In the good time coming.
They shall use, and not abuse,
And make all virtue stronger;—
The reformation has begun;—
Wait a little longer.

And he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

For whosoever shall do the will of God, he is my brother, and my sister, and mother.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

And they shall be mine, in that day when I make up my jewels.

And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace.

Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for their's is the kingdom of heaven.

He that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved.

Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of man also confess before the angels of God.

All things are possible to him that believeth.

Whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass; he shall have whatsoever he saith.

And these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name they shall cast out devils: they shall speak with new tongues;

There's a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming:

Let us aid it all we can,

Every woman, every man,

The good time coming.

Smallest helps, if rightly given.

Make the impulse stronger;—

'T will be strong enough one day;—

WAIT A LITTLE LONGER.

—CHARLES MACKAY, "*The Good Time Coming*"

They shall take up serpents; and if they shall drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them: they shall lay their hands upon the sick, and they shall recover.

For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure.

With God nothing shall be impossible.

And his mercy is on them that fear him.

Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough ways shall be made smooth.

The hour cometh, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live.

He that believeth on me hath everlasting life.

If a man keep my sayings, he shall never see death.

I am the door. By me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved: and he shall go in, and go out, and shall find pasture.

I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live:

And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

He that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal.

If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be:

If any man serve me, him will my Father honour.

MAN'S CRY FOR A SAVIOUR

OH COME, OH COME, EMMANUEL

Master, carest thou not that we perish?—THE SONS OF MEN

*Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere!—LAURENTI*

*Arm of the Lord, awake! awake!
Put on Thy strength! the nations shake!—SHRUBSOLE*

*Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me.—LYTE*

*Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tender care.—ADELAIDE THRUPP*

*Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:
O heavenly Light, arise!
Dispel these mists that shroud us,
And hide Thee from our eyes!—BISHOP HOW*

*Thou gentle beam of living Love,
And deathless Life—
Truth infinite—so far above
All mortal strife,
Or cruel creed, or earth-born taint,
Fill us to-day
With all Thou art—be Thou our saint—
Our stay, alway.—MARY BAKER EDDY*

*Show Thy power in every nation,
O Thou Prince of Peace and Love!—WESLEY*

*When all is dark may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice—"Fear not, for it is I."
—BISHOP WORDSWORTH*

*Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.—ELLERTON*

Surely I will be with thee.

I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth on me should not abide in darkness.

If any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward.

He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father: and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.

If any one love me, he will keep my word, and my Father will love him, and we will come to him, and will make our abode with him.

He that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him.

Blessed is the man that in his mind shall think of the all seeing eye of God.

His commandment is life everlasting.

Who will render to every man according to his deeds:

To them who by patient continuance in well doing seek for glory and honour and immortality, eternal life:

Glory, honour, and peace, to every man that worketh good.

Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered.

Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin.

All things work together for good to them that love God.

*Appear, Desire of nations!
Thine exiles long for home:
Show in the heavens Thy promised sign!
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!—ALFORD*

*Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting!
Stretched the hand and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit, new creating,
Love's pure flame, and Wisdom's light.—BISHOP COXE*

*Proclaim to every people, tongue, and nation,
That God, in Whom they live and move, is Love.
—MRS. M. A. THOMPSON*

*When shall end the night of weeping?
When shall break the promised day?—DOWNTON*

*Hasten the time appointed, by prophets long foretold,
When all shall dwell together, one Shepherd and one Fold.
Let all that now divides us remove and pass away,
Like shadows of the morning before the blaze of day.
Let all that now unites us more sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union, in a blest land of love.
Let war be learned no longer, let strife and tumult cease,
All earth His blessed kingdom, the Lord and Prince of Peace.
O long-expected dawning, come with thy cheering ray!
When shall the morning brighten, the shadows flee away?
O sweet anticipation! it cheers the watchers on,
To pray, and hope, and labor, till the dark night be gone.
—JANE BORTHWICK*

*Oh, quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin:
Oh, quickly come: for Thou alone
Canst make Thy scattered people one.*

*Oh, quickly come, true Life of all;
For death is mighty all around;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found:
Oh, quickly come: for grief and pain
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.*

*Oh, quickly come, sure Light of all,
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And fainting souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day:
Come, quickly come: for round Thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known.—TUTTIETT*

He is a protector to all that seek him in truth.

Whatsoever good thing any man shall do, the same shall he receive from the Lord.

Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.

Whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed.

Unto the pure all things are pure.

Surely blessing I will bless thee, and multiplying I will multiply thee.

For them that honour me I will honour.

The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation.

If thou seek him, he will be found of thee.

Then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land.

And thou shalt eat there before the Lord thy God, and thou shalt rejoice.

The Lord thy God shall bless thee.

Blessed shall be thy basket and thy store.

He shall bless thy bread.

There shall you feast before the Lord your God.

If thou wilt return to the Almighty, thou shalt be built up.

Is not this thy fear, thy confidence, thy hope, and the uprightness of thy ways?

And who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?

OH come, oh come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel;
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.

Oh come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.

Oh come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.

Oh come, oh come, Thou Lord of might!
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.

Oh come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.

tr. J. M. NEALE

Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.

O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

Observe the perfect man, and behold the upright; for there is a happy future for the man of peace.

They that trust in the Lord shall be as mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever.

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for ever.

The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels.

I will bring my people again from the depths of the sea.

The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.

Blessed are they that keep judgment, and do justice at all times.

So shalt thou find grace and good favor in the eyes of God and man.

Where humility is, there also is wisdom.

The wise shall inherit glory.

I lead in the way of righteousness, in the midst of the paths of judgment:

That I may cause those that love me to inherit a lasting possession; and their treasures will I fill.

THE MESSIAH PROPHESED

*Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!*—tr. NEALE

"ORDER AND GOD'S HIGH JUSTICE SHALL PREVAIL"

THE SIBYL'S PROPHECY

Translated from the Greek

Done into English Verse by

JOHN GOADBY GREGORY

*The power of the earth is in the hand of God, and in his
time he will raise up a profitable ruler over it.*—THE BIBLE

CHILDREN of men—bent age and careless youth—
List to the Sibyl, for her voice is truth!

Blooming with hope, the message that I bring
Proclaims the future advent of a King—
The Son of God—commissioned from on high
To save earth's people, that they may not die;
To banish strife and wrong, men's souls to win,
To lift from off their necks the yoke of sin.
Blessèd on earth and in the realm above
All those shall be who give this King their love.

When Roman rule extends o'er Egypt's plain,
Then shall begin the Heavenly King's domain—
The widest empire that the world has known,
The longest ever subject to a throne,
Its writs authentic to earth's farthest shore,
Its reign secure till time shall be no more.

By meek example and by precept wise
The King shall lead the people to the skies,
And practice wonders as a saving sign
To doubting minds of His descent divine.
On watery waves His feet shall safely tread,
His touch shall banish sickness, raise the dead;
At His approach the deaf shall hear, the dumb
Shall have their speech again; to see Him come

The integrity of the upright shall guide them.
The righteous will God repay with happiness.
There is treasure to be desired and oil in the dwelling
of the wise.

Wait on the Lord, and he will help thee.
Such as are upright in their way are his delight.

Safety is of the Lord.

They that seek the Lord understand all things.

Glory shall uphold the humble of spirit.
I will bring them into my holy mount, and will make
them joyful in my house of prayer.

In the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.

To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and
of a contrite spirit.

If thou return, then will I bring thee again, and thou
shalt stand before me.

And ye shall find rest for your souls.
For I am with thee, to save thee.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:

The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be
gracious unto thee:

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give
thee peace.

I will build thee again, and thou shalt be built,
And shalt go forth in the dances of them that make
merry.

The blind, rejoicing, shall renew their sight—
The King! the Son of God! the Lord of Light!

His perfect rule shall give His subjects peace.
His people all shall share the earth's increase;
Around the righteous, like a ring of fire,
Shall stretch the shelter of their Heavenly Sire.

In that bright age shall God men's minds refine,
Who, purified, their idols shall resign,
Including, baneful among idols! gold—
Cause of black crimes and woe since days of old!
Then servitude no more shall men enthrall,
And goods all toil for shall be owned by all.
The murderous sword transmuted to a flail,
Order and God's high justice shall prevail.
Envy and hate and all the darkling brood
Of evil passions shall give way to good;
Kindness and confidence and love shall reign—
Extinguished greed, contentiousness, and pain!

The ancient bliss of Paradise restored,
Lions and wolves shall live unto the Lord,
Like lambs and calves as innocent and calm;
Serpents shall strike not, and the upas balm
Shall yield—such juice as that of Gilead's tree.
God's peace shall set the world from evil free—
Free as it was the day of Adam's birth,
One holy nation shall possess the earth.

"THE JARRING NATIONS HE IN PEACE SHALL BIND"

Virgil's "POLLIO"

Translated from the Latin by
JOHN DRYDEN

*They shall cry unto the Lord because of the oppressors, and he shall
send them a saviour, and a great one, and he shall deliver them.*

—THE SWORD OF THY GLOBE

SICILIAN Muse, begin a loftier strain!
Tho' lowly shrubs, and trees that shade the plain,
Delight not all; Sicilian Muse, prepare
To make the vocal woods deserve a consul's care.

The last great age, foretold by sacred rhymes,
Renews its finish'd course: Saturnian times
Roll round again; and mighty years, begun
From their first orb, in radiant circles run.
The base degenerate iron offspring ends;
A golden progeny from heav'n descends.

Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and I will tell thee great and unheard of things, which thou knowest not.

It shall be well with thee, and thy soul shall live.

If the wicked will turn from all his sins that he hath committed, and keep all my statutes, and do that which is lawful and right, he shall surely live, he shall not die.

All his transgressions that he hath committed, they shall not be mentioned unto him: in his righteousness that he hath done he shall live.

Again, when the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive.

I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death.

For every one that asketh, receiveth: and he that seeketh, findeth: and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened.

He that shall persevere unto the end, he shall be saved.

He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.

Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven.

For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother.

Whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance.

O chaste Lucina! speed the mother's pains,
And haste the glorious birth! thy own Apollo reigns!
The lovely boy, with his auspicious face,
Shall Pollio's consulship and triumph grace;
Majestic months set out with him to their appointed race.

The father banish'd virtue shall restore,
And crimes shall threat the guilty world no more.
The son shall lead the life of gods, and be
By gods and heroes seen, and gods and heroes see.
The jarring nations he in peace shall bind,
And with paternal virtues rule mankind.
Unbidden Earth shall wreathing ivy bring,
And fragrant herbs (the promises of spring),
As her first off'rings to her infant king.
The goats with strutting dugs shall homeward speed,
And lowing herds secure from lions feed.

His cradle shall with rising flowers be crown'd:
The serpent's brood shall die; the sacred ground
Shall weeds and pois'nous plants refuse to bear;
Each common bush shall Syrian roses wear.

But when heroic verse his youth shall raise,
And form it to hereditary praise,
Unlabour'd harvests shall the fields adorn,
And cluster'd grapes shall blush on every thorn;
The knotted oaks shall show'rs of honey weep;
And thro' the matted grass the liquid gold shall creep.

Yet of old fraud some footsteps shall remain:
The merchant still shall plough the deep for gain;
Great cities shall with walls be compass'd round,
And sharpen'd shares shall vex the fruitful ground;
Another Tiphys shall new seas explore;
Another Argo land the chiefs upon th' Iberian shore;
Another Helen other wars create,
And great Achilles urge the Trojan fate.

But when to ripen'd manhood he shall grow,
The greedy sailor shall the seas forego;
No keel shall cut the waves for foreign ware,
For every soil shall every product bear.
The labouring hind his oxen shall disjoin;
No plough shall hurt the glebe, no pruning-hook the vine;
Nor wool shall in dissembled colours shine;
But the luxurious father of the fold,
With native purple, or unborrow'd gold,
Beneath his pompous fleece shall proudly sweat;
And under Tyrian robes the lamb shall bleat.
The Fates, when they this happy web have spun,
Shall bless the sacred clew, and bid it smoothly run.

The righteous is delivered out of trouble.
And he that shalt humble himself shall be exalted.

Blessed are they who hear the word of God, and keep it.

As for the upright, he directeth his way.

I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.

If a man walk in the day, he stumbleth not, because he seeth the light of this world.

If thy whole body therefore be full of light, having no part dark, the whole body shall be full of light.

The just shall see, and shall rejoice, and all iniquity shall stop her mouth.

If any man be a server of God, and doth his will, him he heareth.

Whoso keepeth his word, in him verily is the love of God perfected.

He shall be a vessel unto honour, sanctified, and meet for the master's use, and prepared unto every good work.

To him that thirsteth, I will give of the fountain of the water of life, freely.

My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness.

Thou shalt have treasure in heaven.

He that doth the will of God, abideth for ever.

And he that keepeth his commandments dwelleth in him, and he in him.

Mature in years, to ready honours move,
O of celestial seed! O foster-son of Jove!
See, lab'ring Nature calls thee to sustain
The nodding frame of heav'n, and earth, and main!
See to their base restor'd, earth, seas, and air;
And joyful ages, from behind, in crowding ranks appear.

To sing thy praise, would Heav'n my breath prolong,
Infusing spirits worthy such a song,
Not Thracian Orpheus should transcend my lays,
Nor Linus crown'd with never-fading bays;
Tho' each his heav'nly parent should inspire;
The Muse instruct the voice, and Phœbus tune the lyre.
Should Pan contend in verse, and thou my theme,
Arcadian judges should their god condemn.

Begin, auspicious boy! to cast about
Thy infant eyes, and, with a smile, thy mother single out:
Thy mother well deserves that short delight,
The nauseous qualms of ten long months and travail to requite.
Then smile! the frowning infant's doom is read;
No god shall crown the board, nor goddess bless the bed.

"ALL CRIMES SHALL CEASE"

POPE'S "MESSIAH"

They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.—THE SON OF AMOZ

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus, and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more— O Thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
Th' ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye Heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!

The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.

For the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and his ears are open unto their prayers.

The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith,

Meekness, temperance: against such there is no law.

Righteousness keepeth him that is upright in the way.

He that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God.

And I will give him the morning star.

To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it.

He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before his angels.

To him that shall overcome, I will give to sit with me in my throne: as I also have overcome, and am set down with my Father in his throne.

He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.

All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail,
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from Heav'n descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
O spring to light, auspicious babe! be born.

See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies!

Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply;
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, Earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, rise;
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes, by ancient bards foretold!
Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!

He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:
'T is he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamant chains shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.

As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd Father of the future age.

No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpet kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.

He that shall overcome, I will make him a pillar in the temple of my God; and he shall go out no more; and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, the new Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God.

And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there.

And they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

And there shall be no curse any more; but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it, and his servants shall serve him.

And they shall see his face: and his name shall be on their foreheads.

Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters.

Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field:
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
See lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And start, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.

On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods;
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.

The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet;
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleas'd, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.

Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs;
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow;
See Heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!

No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;—
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

THIS is the inheritance of the servants of the Lord.

Thus shall it be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honour.

Thus shall the man be blessed that feareth the Lord.

And for all these things bless the Lord, that made thee, and that replenisheth thee with all his good things.

THY REFUGE

THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF PEACE

Watchman, what of the night?—ISAIAH

*Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are?
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight,
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman, does its beautiful ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Trav'ler, yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.*

*Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!*

*Watchman, tell us of the night;
For the morning seems to dawn.
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wand'rings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home!
Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God, is come!—BOWRING*

"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.—FORTUNATUS

*Long the nations waited, through the troubled night,
Looking, longing, yearning, for the promised Light.
Brightly dawned the Advent of the new-born King,
Joyously the watchers heard the angels sing.—JULIAN*

*Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own.—BRIDGES*

THIS is our God, we have waited for him, and he will save us: this is the Lord, we have patiently waited for him, we shall rejoice and be joyful in his salvation.

Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies;

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion.

Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.

The old error is passed away: thou wilt keep peace: peace, because we have hoped in thee.

Sing, O ye heavens; for the Lord hath done it: shout, ye lowest depths of the earth: break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forest, and every tree therein.

*Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.*—SHAKESPEARE

*Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole.*—BISHOP HEBER

DEAR Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.—WESLEY

Hark! hark to the angels!
All singing in heaven!—*tr.* CASWALL

Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy.—CAWOOD

Calm on the listening ear of night come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far her silver-mantled plains.
Celestial choirs, from courts above, shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres, make music on the air.
The answering hills of Palestine send back the glad reply:
And greet, from all their holy heights, the Day-Spring from on high.
O'er the blue depths of Galilee there comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise, her silent groves of palm.
"Glory to God!" the sounding skies loud with their anthems ring,
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men, from heaven's eternal King!"
Light on thy hills, Jerusalem! the Saviour now is born:
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains breaks the first Christmas
morn.—SEARS

Hark! the glad sound! the Saviour comes, the Saviour promised long:
Let every heart prepare a throne, and every voice a song.
He comes, the prisoners to release, in Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before Him burst, the iron fetters yield.
He comes, from thickest films of vice to clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night to pour celestial day.
Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace, Thy welcome shall proclaim:
And heaven's eternal arches ring with Thy beloved Name.—DODDRIDGE

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King:

We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord hath said, This will I give unto you.

We shall have many good things if we fear God, and depart from all sin, and do that which is good.

It is not the voice of them that shout for mastery, neither is it the voice of them that cry for being overcome: but the noise of them that sing do I hear.

The Spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty hath given me life.

The people that walked in darkness, have seen a great light: to them that dwelt in the region of the shadow of death, light is risen.

Thou gavest them thy good Spirit to teach them, and thy manna thou didst not withhold from their mouth, and thou gavest them water for their thirst.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!

Our sufficiency is of God.

For there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.

The Spirit of the Lord is upon me.

I doubt not but God hath regarded my prayers and tears in his sight.

O how good and sweet is thy spirit, O Lord, in all things!

For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.

Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round:
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
How His people with joy everlasting are crowned.
Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the glad some hosanna arise:
Ye angels, the full alleluia be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.
—MUHLENBERG

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!
Risen with healing in His wings,
Light and life to all He brings.
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!—WESLEY

Earth has many a noble city;
Bethlehem, thou dost all excel.—PRUDENTIUS

O little town of Bethlehem! how still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep the silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth the everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee to-night.
For Christ is born of Mary; and gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King, and peace to men on earth.
How silently, how silently, the wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts, to human hearts, the blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming; but in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still, the dear Christ enters in.
O holy Child of Bethlehem! descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in, be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels the great glad tidings tell;
Oh come to us, abide with us, our Lord Emmanuel!—PHILLIPS BROOKS

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.—BISHOP HEBER

My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work.

The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God:

And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together.

What shall I do unto thee, O thou preserver of men?

For to know thee is perfect justice: and to know thy justice, and thy power, is the root of immortality.

This every one is sure of that worshippeth thee, that his life, if it be under trial, shall be crowned: and if it be under tribulation, it shall be delivered.

It is high time to awake out of sleep.

For we can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth.

For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.

Thou hast shewn thy mercy to us, and hast shut out from us the enemy that persecuted us.

The dayspring from on high hath visited us,

To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace.

And hereby we know that he abideth in us, by the Spirit which he hath given us.

What can we give him sufficient for these things?

Behold, God himself is with us for our captain.

These things are told me by the providence of God.

Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.—MONTGOMERY

All my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear,
Far and near,
Sweetest angel voices;
"Christ is born," their choirs are singing,
Till the air
Everywhere
Now with joy is ringing.

Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet,
Doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger!
Brethren, come! from all doth grieve you
You are freed;
All you need
I will surely give you."

Come, then, let us hasten yonder!
Here let all,
Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder!
Love Him Who with love is yearning!
Hail the Star,
That from far
Bright with hope is burning!—GERHARDT

Joy fills our inmost hearts to-day! the royal Child is born;
And angel hosts, in glad array, His Advent keep this morn.
Rejoice, rejoice! th' incarnate Word has come on earth to dwell;
No sweeter sound than this is heard—Emmanuel!
Low at the cradle throne we bend, we wonder and adore;
And feel no bliss can ours transcend, no joy was sweet before.
For us the world must lose its charms before the manger shrine,
When, folded in Thy mother's arms, we see Thee, Babe divine.
Thou Light of uncreated light, shine on us, Holy Child;
That we may keep Thy birthday bright, with service undefiled.—DIX

No war nor battle's sound
Was heard the world around;
No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran;
But peaceful was the night,
In which the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.—MILTON, *varied*

For from the top of the rocks I see him, and from the hills I behold him.

If I ascend into heaven, thou art there: if I descend into hell, thou art present.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

Even there also shall thy hand lead me: and thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

They that fear thee, shall be great with thee in all things.

Doth not he see my ways, and count all my steps?

Thou wilt cause my light to shine: the Lord my God will enlighten my darkness.

For by thee have I run through a troop; and by my God have I leaped over a wall.

When I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me.

Blessed are all they that love thee, and that rejoice in thy peace.

To him that giveth me wisdom, will I give glory.

Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy.

For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King;
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lonely plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years,
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.—SEARS

For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God.

Because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it.

For I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth:

And I shall be clothed again with my skin, and in my flesh I shall see my God.

Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.

I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.

How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, of them that bring glad tidings of good things!

Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

It is not reason that we should leave the word of God. For he is our peace.

The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him.

For in him we live, and move, and have our being. For we are also his offspring.

By this we know the spirit of truth, and the spirit of error.

That thy children, O Lord, whom thou lovedst, might

“RECOVERED PARADISE”

“BY ONE MAN’S FIRM OBEDIENCE FULLY TRIED”

Arranged from
“PARADISE REGAINED”
JOHN MILTON

“*L*ET us be glad of this, and all our fears
Lay on His providence; He will not fail.”

—HIS DISCIPLES

*Thus thou hast seen one world begin and end,
And Man as from a second stock proceed.*—MILTON

*“The World shall burn, and from her ashes spring
New Heaven and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell,
And, after all their tribulations long
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With Joy and Love triumph’ng, and fair Truth.”*

—THE ETERNAL FATHER

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*I, who erewhile the happy Garden sung
By one man’s disobedience lost, now sing
Recovered Paradise to all mankind,
By one Man’s firm obedience fully tried
Through all temptation, and the Tempter foiled
In all his wiles, defeated and repulsed,
And Eden raised in the waste Wilderness.*

*Thou Spirit, who led’st this glorious Eremite
Into the desert, his victorious field
Against the spiritual foe, and brought’st him thence
By proof the undoubted Son of God, inspire,
As thou art wont, my prompted song, else mute,
And bear through highth or depth of Nature’s bounds,
With prosperous wing full summed, to tell of deeds
Above heroic, though in secret done,
And unrecorded left through many an age:
Worthy to have not remained so long unsung.*

know that it is not the growing of fruits that nourisheth men, but thy word preserveth them that believe in thee.

Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device.

Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another.

And hereby we do know that we know him, if we keep his commandments.

The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light.

For what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?

Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us.

For though we walk in the flesh, we do not war according to the flesh;

For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds;

Casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.

Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

For I am sure that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor might,

NOW had the great Proclaimer, with a voice
 More awful than the sound of trumpet, cried
 Repentance, and Heaven's kingdom nigh at hand
 To all baptized. To his great baptism flocked
 With awe the regions round, and with them came
 From Nazareth the son of Joseph deemed
 To the flood Jordan—came as then obscure,
 Unmarked, unknown. But him the Baptist soon
 Descried, divinely warned, and witness bore
 As to his worthier, and would have resigned
 To him his heavenly office. Nor was long
 His witness unconfirmed: on him baptized
 Heaven opened, and in likeness of a Dove
 The Spirit descended, while the Father's voice
 From Heaven pronounced him his beloved Son.

That heard the Adversary, who, roving still
 About the world, at that assembly famed
 Would not be last, and, with the voice divine
 Nigh thunder-struck, the exalted Man to whom
 Such high attest was given a while surveyed
 With wonder; then, with envy fraught and rage,
 Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air
 To council summons all his mighty Peers,
 Within thick clouds and dark tenfold involved,
 A gloomy consistory; and them amidst,
 With looks aghast and sad, he thus bespake:—
 "O ancient Powers of Air and this wide World
 (For much more willingly I mention Air,
 This our old conquest, than remember Hell,
 Our hated habitation), well ye know
 How many ages, as the years of men,
 This Universe we have possessed, and ruled
 In manner at our will the affairs of Earth,
 Since Adam and his facile consort Eve
 Lost Paradise, deceived by me, though since
 With dread attending when that fatal wound
 Shall be inflicted by the seed of Eve
 Upon my head. Long the decrees of Heaven
 Delay, for longest time to Him is short;
 And now, too soon for us, the circling hours
 This dreaded time have compassed, wherein we
 Must bide the stroke of that long-threatened wound
 (At least, if so we can, and by the head
 Broken be not intended all our power
 To be infringed, our freedom and our being
 In this fair empire won of Earth and Air)—
 For this ill news I bring: The Woman's Seed,
 Destined to this, is late of woman born.
 His birth to our just fear gave no small cause;
 But his growth now to youth's full flower, displaying
 All virtue, grace and wisdom to achieve
 Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.

Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God.

And let us consider one another to provoke unto love and to good works.

Have we not all one father? hath not one God created us?

Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!

For we are members one of another.

This is the love of God, that we keep his commandments: and his commandments are not grievous.

If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us.

And it is the Spirit that beareth witness, because the Spirit is truth.

If God hath so loved us, we also ought to love one another.

For this is the message that ye heard from the beginning, that we should love one another.

Not as Cain, who was of the wicked one, and killed his brother.

And wherefore did he kill him? Because his own works were wicked: and his brother's just.

In this we know that we love the children of God: when we love God, and keep his commandments.

Before him a great Prophet, to proclaim
 His coming, is sent harbinger, who all
 Invites, and in the consecrated stream
 Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so
 Purified to receive him pure, or rather
 To do him honour as their King. All come,
 And he himself among them was baptized—
 Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
 The testimony of Heaven, that who he is
 Thenceforth the nations may not doubt. I saw
 The Prophet do him reverence; on him, rising
 Out of the water, Heaven above the clouds
 Unfold her crystal doors; thence on his head
 A perfect Dove descend (whate'er it meant);
 And out of Heaven the sovereign voice I heard,
 "This is my Son beloved,—in him am pleased."
 His mother, then, is mortal, but his Sire
 He who obtains the monarchy of Heaven;
 And what will He not do to advance his Son?
 His first-begot we know, and sore have felt,
 When his fierce thunder drove us to the Deep;
 Who this is we must learn, for Man he seems
 In all his lineaments, though in his face
 The glimpses of his Father's glory shine.
 Ye see our danger on the utmost edge
 Of hazard, which admits no long debate,
 But must with something sudden be opposed
 (Not force, but well-couched fraud, well-woven snares),
 Ere in the head of nations he appear,
 Their king, their leader, and supreme on Earth.
 I, when no other durst, sole undertook
 The dismal expedition to find out
 And ruin Adam, and the exploit performed
 Successfully: a calmer voyage now
 Will waft me; and the way found prosperous once
 Induces best to hope of like success."

He ended, and his words impression left
 Of much amazement to the infernal crew,
 Distracted and surprised with deep dismay
 At these sad tidings. But no time was then
 For long indulgence to their fears or grief:
 Unanimous they all commit the care
 And management of this main enterprise
 To him, their great Dictator, whose attempt
 At first against mankind so well had thrived
 In Adam's overthrow, and led their march
 From Hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light,
 Regents, and potentates, and kings, yea gods,
 Of many a pleasant realm and province wide.

So to the coast of Jordan he directs
 His easy steps, girded with snaky wiles,

And this commandment we have from God, that he, who loveth God, love also his brother.

THE former things are passed away.

We trust in the Lord our God.

Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

With thee is the fountain of life; and in thy light shall we see light.

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.

Let us labour therefore to enter into that rest.

For we are labourers together with God.

And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God.

If God be for us, who can be against us?

Where he might likeliest find this new-declared,
This man of men, attested Son of God,
Temptation and all guile on him to try—
So to subvert whom he suspected raised
To end his reign on Earth so long enjoyed :

BUT, contrary, unweeting he fulfilled
The purposed counsel, pre-ordained and fixed,
Of the Most High, who, in full frequency bright
Of Angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake :—
“Gabriel, this day, by proof, thou shalt behold,
Thou and all Angels conversant on Earth
With Man or men’s affairs, how I begin
To verify that solemn message late,
On which I sent thee to the Virgin pure
In Galilee, that she should bear a son,
Great in renown, and called the Son of God.
Then told’st her, doubting how these things could be
To her a virgin, that on her should come
The Holy Ghost, and the power of the Highest
O’ershadow her. This Man, born and now upgrown,
To shew him worthy of his birth divine
And high prediction, henceforth I expose
To Satan; let him tempt, and now assay
His utmost subtlety, because he boasts
And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng
Of his Apostasy. He might have learnt
Less overweening, since he failed in Job,
Whose constant perseverance overcame
Whate’er his cruel malice could invent.
He now shall know I can produce a man,
Of female seed, far abler to resist
All his solicitations, and at length
All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell—
Winning by conquest what the first man lost
By fallacy surprised. But first I mean
To exercise him in the Wilderness;
There he shall first lay down the rudiments
Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth
To conquer Sin and Death, the two grand foes.
By humiliation and strong sufferance
His weakness shall o’ercome Satanic strength,
And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh;
That all the Angels and ethereal Powers—
They now, and men hereafter—may discern
From what consummate virtue I have chose
This perfect man, by merit called my Son,
To earn salvation for the sons of men.”

So spake the Eternal Father, and all Heaven
Admiring stood a space; then into hymns

PART TWO

Burst forth, and in celestial measures moved,
 Circling the throne and singing, while the hand
 Sung with the voice, and this the argument:—
 "Victory and triumph to the Son of God,
 Now entering his great duel, not of arms,
 But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles!
 The Father knows the Son; therefore secure
 Ventures his filial virtue, though untried,
 Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,
 Allure, or terrify, or undermine.
 Be frustrate, all ye stratagems of Hell,
 And, devilish machinations, come to nought!"

So they in Heaven their odes and vigils tuned.

MEANWHILE the Son of God, who yet some days
 Lodged in Bethabara, where John baptized,
 Musing and much revolving in his breast
 How best the mighty work he might begin
 Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first
 Publish his godlike office now mature,
 One day forth walked alone, the Spirit leading
 And his deep thoughts, the better to converse
 With solitude, till, far from track of men,
 Thought following thought, and step by step led on,
 He entered now the bordering Desert wild,
 And, with dark shades and rocks environed round,
 His holy meditations thus pursued:—
 "O what a multitude of thoughts at once
 Awakened in me swarm, while I consider
 What from within I feel myself, and hear
 What from without comes often to my ears,
 Ill sorting with my present state compared!
 When I was yet a child, no childish play
 To me was pleasing; all my mind was set
 Serious to learn and know, and thence to do,
 What might be public good; myself I thought
 Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
 All righteous things. Therefore, above my years,
 The Law of God I read, and found it sweet;
 Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
 To such perfection that, ere yet my age
 Had measured twice six years, at our great Feast
 I went into the Temple, there to hear
 The teachers of our Law, and to propose
 What might improve my knowledge or their own,
 And was admired by all. Yet this not all
 To which my spirit aspired. Victorious deeds
 Flamed in my heart, heroic acts—one while
 To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke;

A NEW EARTH

Then to subdue and quell, o'er all the earth,
 Brute violence and proud tyrannic power,
 Till truth were freed, and equity restored:
 Yet held it more humane, more heavenly, first
 By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
 And make persuasion do the work of fear;
 At least to try, and teach the erring soul,
 Not wilfully misdoing, but unaware
 Misled; the stubborn only to subdue.
 These growing thoughts my mother soon perceiving.
 By words at times cast forth, inly rejoiced,
 And said to me apart, 'High are thy thoughts,
 O Son! but nourish them, and let them soar
 To what highth sacred virtue and true worth
 Can raise them, though above example high;
 By matchless deeds express thy matchless Sire.
 For know, thou art no son of mortal man;
 Though men esteem thee low of parentage,
 Thy Father is the Eternal King who rules
 All Heaven and Earth, Angels and sons of men.
 A messenger from God foretold thy birth
 Conceived in me a virgin; he foretold
 Thou shouldst be great, and sit on David's throne,
 And of thy kingdom there should be no end.
 At thy nativity a glorious quire
 Of Angels, in the fields of Bethlehem, sung
 To shepherds, watching at their folds by night,
 And told them the Messiah now was born,
 Where they might see him; and to thee they came.
 Directed to the manger where thou lay'st;
 For in the inn was left no better room.
 A Star, not seen before, in heaven appearing,
 Guided the Wise Men thither from the East,
 To honour thee with incense, myrrh, and gold;
 By whose bright course led on they found the place,
 Affirming it thy star, new-graven in heaven,
 By which they knew thee King of Israel born.
 Just Simeon and prophetic Anna, warned
 By vision, found thee in the Temple, and spake,
 Before the altar and the vested priest,
 Like things of thee to all that present stood.'
 This having heard, straight I again revolved
 The Law and Prophets, searching what was writ
 Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes
 Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake
 I am—this chiefly, that my way must lie
 Through many a hard assay, even to the death,
 Ere I the promised kingdom can attain,
 Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins'
 Full weight must be transferred upon my head.
 Yet, neither thus disheartened or dismayed,
 The time prefixed I waited; when behold
 The Baptist (of whose birth I oft had heard,

THE FORMER THINGS ARE PASSED AWAY

Not knew by sight) now come, who was to come
 Before Messiah, and his way prepare!
 I, as all others, to his baptism came,
 Which I believed was from above; but he
 Straight knew me, and with loudest voice proclaimed
 Me him (for it was shewn him so from Heaven)—
 Me him whose harbinger he was; and first
 Refused on me his baptism to confer,
 As much his greater, and was hardly won.
 But, as I rose out of the laving stream,
 Heaven opened her eternal doors, from whence
 The Spirit descended on me like a Dove;
 And last, the sum of all, my Father's voice,
 Audibly heard from Heaven, pronounced me his,
 Me his belovèd Son, in whom alone
 He was well pleased: by which I knew the time
 Now full, that I no more should live obscure,
 But openly begin, as best becomes
 The authority which I derived from Heaven.
 And now by some strong motion I am led
 Into this wilderness; to what intent
 I learn not yet. Perhaps I need not know;
 For what concerns my knowledge God reveals."

So spake our Morning Star, then in his rise,
 And, looking round, on every side beheld
 A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades.
 The way he came, not having marked return,
 Was difficult, by human steps untrod;
 And he still on was led, but with such thoughts
 Accompanied of things past and to come
 Lodged in his breast as well might recommend
 Such solitude before choicest society.

Full forty days he passed—whether on hill
 Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night
 Under the covert of some ancient oak
 Or cedar to defend him from the dew,
 Or harboured in one cave, is not revealed;
 Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt,
 Till those days ended; hungered then at last
 Among wild beasts. They at his sight grew mild,
 Nor sleeping him nor waking harmed; his walk
 The fiery serpent fled and noxious worm;
 The lion and fierce tiger glared aloof.

BUT now an aged man in rural weeds,
 Following, as seemed, the quest of some stray ewe,
 Or withered sticks to gather, which might serve
 Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen,
 To warm him wet returned from field at eve,

***T**HE people that walked in darkness have seen a great light.*

For the peace of God is over all the face of the earth.

His blessing hath overflowed like a river.

For he created all things that they might be: and he made the nations of the earth for health: and there is no poison of destruction in them, nor kingdom of hell upon the earth.

He saw approach; who first with curious eye
Perused him, then with words thus uttered spake:—
“Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this place,
So far from path or road of men, who pass
In troop or caravan? for single none
Durst ever, who returned, and dropt not here
His carcass, pined with hunger and with droughth.
I ask the rather, and the more admire,
For that to me thou seem'st the man whom late
Our new baptizing Prophet at the ford
Of Jordan honoured so, and called thee Son
Of God. I saw and heard, for we sometimes
Who dwell this wild, constrained by want, come forth
To town or village nigh (nighest is far),
Where aught we hear, and curious are to hear,
What happens new; fame also finds us out.”

To whom the Son of God:—“Who brought me hither
Will bring me hence; no other guide I seek.”

“By miracle he may,” replied the swain;
“What other way I see not; for we here
Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inured
More than the camel, and to drink go far—
Men to much misery and hardship born.
But, if thou be the Son of God, command
That out of these hard stones be made thee bread;
So shalt thou save thyself, and us relieve
With food, whereof we wretched seldom taste.”

He ended, and the Son of God replied:—
“Think'st thou such force in bread? Is it not written
(For I discern thee other than thou seem'st),
Man lives not by bread only, but each word
Proceeding from the mouth of God, who fed
Our fathers here with manna? In the Mount
Moses was forty days, nor eat nor drank;
And forty days Elijah without food
Wandered this barren waste; the same I now.
Why dost thou, then, suggest to me distrust,
Knowing who I am, as I know who *thou* art?”

Whom thus answered the Arch-Fiend, now undisguised:—
“'T is true, I am that Spirit unfortunate
Who, leagued with millions more in rash revolt,
Kept not my happy station, but was driven
With them from bliss to the bottomless Deep—
Yet to that hideous place not so confined
By rigour unconniving but that oft,
Leaving my dolorous prison, I enjoy
Large liberty to round this globe of Earth,

THE FORMER THINGS ARE PASSED AWAY

I AM the Lord that hath made all things.

For there is no power but of God.

And my glory will I not give to another.

To be spiritually minded is life and peace.

The gift of God is eternal life.

For of him, and through him, and to him, are all things.

All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made.

He hath done all things well.

The Lord hath made all things for himself.

And God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, it was very good.

Know you not, that you are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?

Or range in the Air; nor from the Heaven of Heavens
 Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.
 I came, among the Sons of God, when he
 Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job,
 To prove him, and illustrate his high worth;
 And, when to all his Angels he proposed
 To draw the proud king Ahab into fraud,
 That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,
 I undertook that office, and the tongues
 Of all his flattering prophets glibbed with lies
 To his destruction, as I had in charge:
 For what he bids I do. Though I have lost
 Much lustre of my native brightness, lost
 To be beloved of God, I have not lost
 To love, at least contemplate and admire,
 What I see excellent in good, or fair,
 Or virtuous; I should so have lost all sense.
 What can be then less in me than desire
 To see thee and approach thee, whom I know
 Declared the Son of God, to hear attent
 Thy wisdom, and behold thy godlike deeds?
 Men generally think me much a foe
 To all mankind. Why should I? they to me
 Never did wrong or violence. By them
 I lost not what I lost; rather by them
 I gained what I have gained, and with them dwell
 Copartner in these regions of the World,
 If not disposer—lend them oft my aid,
 Oft my advice by presages and signs,
 And answers, oracles, portents, and dreams,
 Whereby they may direct their future life.
 Envy, they say, excites me, thus to gain
 Companions of my misery and woe!
 At first it may be; but, long since with woe
 Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof
 That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
 Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load;
 Small consolation, then, were Man adjoined.
 This wounds me most (what can it less?) that Man,
 Man fallen, shall be restored, I never more."

To whom our Saviour sternly thus replied:—
 "Deservedly thou griev'st, composed of lies
 From the beginning, and in lies wilt end,
 Who boast'st release from Hell, and leave to come
 Into the Heaven of Heavens. Thou com'st, indeed,
 As a poor miserable captive thrall
 Comes to the place where he before had sat
 Among the prime in splendour, now deposed,
 Ejected, emptied, gazed, unpitied, shunned,
 A spectacle of ruin, or of scorn,
 To all the host of Heaven. The happy place

Ye are the children of the Lord your God.

God said, Let us make man in our image, after our own likeness:

The Father hath life in himself.

He is the Rock, his work is perfect; for all his ways
are just: the God of truth and without iniquity,
just and upright is he.

And all his works are done in truth.

And his truth endureth to all generations.

God is love.

God made not death.

God is not the author of confusion, but of peace.

Every word of God is pure.

God is light, and in him there is no darkness.

God is a spirit:

So God created man in his own image.

—THE VOICE OF THE ALMIGHTY

Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy—
 Rather inflames thy torment, representing
 Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable;
 So never more in Hell than when in Heaven.
 But thou art serviceable to Heaven's King!
 Wilt thou impute to obedience what thy fear
 Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?
 What but thy malice moved thee to misdeem
 Of righteous Job, then cruelly to afflict him
 With all inflictions? but his patience won.
 The other service was thy chosen task,
 To be a liar in four hundred mouths;
 For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.
 Yet thou pretend'st to truth! all oracles
 By thee are given, and what confessed more true
 Among the nations? That hath been thy craft,
 By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies.
 But what have been thy answers? what but dark,
 Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding,
 Which they who asked have seldom understood,
 And, not well understood, as good not known?
 Who ever, by consulting at thy shrine,
 Returned the wiser, or the more instruct
 To fly or follow what concerned him most,
 And run not sooner to his fatal snare?
 But this thy glory shall be soon retrenched;
 No more shalt thou by oraceling abuse
 The Gentiles; henceforth oracles are ceased,
 And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice
 Shalt be enquired at Delphos or elsewhere—
 At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.
 God hath now sent his living Oracle
 Into the world to teach his final will,
 And sends his Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell
 In pious hearts, an inward oracle
 To all truth requisite for men to know."

So spake our Saviour; but the subtle Fiend,
 Though inly stung with anger and disdain,
 Dissembled, and this answer smooth returned:—
 "Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,
 And urged me hard with doings which not will,
 But misery, hath wrested from me. Where
 Easily canst thou find one miserable,
 And not inforced oft-times to part from truth,
 If it may stand him more in stead to lie,
 Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?
 But thou art placed above me; thou art Lord;
 From thee I can, and must, submit, endure
 Check or reproof, and glad to scape so quit.
 Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,
 Smooth on the tongue discoursed, pleasing to the ear,
 And tunable as sylvan pipe or song;

THEY SHALL ALL KNOW ME

What wonder, then, if I delight to hear
Her dictates from thy mouth? most men admire
Virtue who follow not her lore. Permit me
To hear thee when I come (since no man comes),
And talk at least, though I despair to attain."

To whom our Saviour, with unaltered brow:—
"Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,
I bid not, or forbid. Do as thou find'st
Permission from above; thou canst not more."

He added not; and Satan, bowing low
His gray dissimulation, disappeared,
Into thin air diffused: for now began
Night with her sullen wing to double-shade
The desert; fowls in their clay nests were couched;
And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam.

BUT to his mother Mary, when she saw
Others returned from baptism, not her Son,
Nor left at Jordan tidings of him none,
Within her breast though calm, her breast though pure,
Motherly cares and fears got head, and raised
Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad:—
"Oh, what avails be now that honour high,
To have conceived of God, or that salute,
'Hail, highly favoured, among women blest!'
While I to sorrows am no less advanced,
And fears as eminent above the lot
Of other women, by the birth I bore:
In such a season born, when scarce a shed
Could be obtained to shelter him or me
From the bleak air? A stable was our warmth,
A manger his; yet soon enforced to fly
Thence into Egypt, till the murderous king
Were dead, who sought his life, and, missing, filled
With infant blood the streets of Bethlehem.
From Egypt home returned, in Nazareth
Hath been our dwelling many years; his life
Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
Little suspicious to any king. But now,
Full grown to man, acknowledged, as I hear,
By John the Baptist, and in public shewn,
Son owned from Heaven by his Father's voice,
I looked for some great change. To honour? no;
But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,
That to the fall and rising he should be
Of many in Israel, and to a sign
Spoken against—that through my very soul
A sword shall pierce. This is my favoured lot,
My exaltation to afflictions high!

MY sheep have wandered in every mountain, and in every high hill: and my flocks were scattered upon the face of the earth, and there was none that sought them, there was none, I say, that sought them.

Behold, I, even I, will both search my sheep, and seek them out.

I will seek that which was lost: and that which was driven away, I will bring again: and I will bind up that which was broken, and I will strengthen that which was weak.

I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine.

My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me:

And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish.

And other sheep I have, that are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd.

And you my flocks, the flocks of my pasture, are men: and I am the Lord your God.

—THE CHIEF SHEPHERD

Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest!
I will not argue that, nor will repine.
But where delays he now? Some great intent
Conceals him. When twelve years he scarce had seen,
I lost him, but so found as well I saw
He could not lose himself, but went about
His Father's business. What he meant I mused—
Since understand; much more his absence now
Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.
But I to wait with patience am inured;
My heart hath been a storehouse long of things
And sayings laid up, portending strange events."

Thus Mary, pondering oft, and oft to mind
Recalling what remarkably had passed
Since first her Salutation heard, with thoughts
Meekly composed awaited the fulfilling.

THE while her Son, tracing the desert wild,
Sole, but with holiest meditations fed,
Into himself descended, and at once
All his great work to come before him set—
How to begin, how to accomplish best
His end of being on Earth, and mission high.

For Satan, with sly preface to return,
Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone
Up to the middle region of thick air,
Where all his Potentates in council sate.
There, without sign of boast, or sign of joy,
Solicitous and blank, he thus began:—
"Princes, Heaven's ancient Sons, Æthereal Thrones—
Daemonian Spirits now, from the element
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier called
Powers of Fire, Air, Water, and Earth beneath
(So may we hold our place and these mild seats
Without new trouble!)—such an enemy
Is risen to invade us, who no less
Threatens than our expulsion down to Hell.
I, as I undertook, and with the vote
Consenting in full frequency was impowered,
Have found him, viewed him, tasted him; but find
Far other labour to be undergone
Than when I dealt with Adam, first of men,
Though Adam by his wife's allurements fell,
However to this Man inferior far—
If he be Man by mother's side, at least
With more than human gifts from Heaven adorned,
Perfections absolute, graces divine,
And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds.

THEY SHALL ALL KNOW ME

BEHOLD, a King shall reign in righteousness.
For justice is perpetual and immortal.

And a King shall reign and prosper, and shall execute judgment and justice in the earth.

And this is his name whereby he shall be called, **THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.**

And in mercy shall the throne be established.

He will put on justice as a breastplate, and will take true judgment instead of a helmet.

He will take equity for an invincible shield.

In his days shall the righteous flourish;

In his days shall justice spring up, and abundance of peace.

And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord;

And shall make him of quick understanding in the

Therefore I am returned, lest confidence
Of my success with Eve in Paradise
Deceive ye to persuasion over-sure
Of like succeeding here. I summon all
Rather to be in readiness with hand
Or counsel to assist, lest I, who erst
Thought none my equal, now be over-matched."

So spake the old Serpent, doubting, and from all
With clamour was assured their utmost aid
At his command; when from amidst them rose
Belial, the dissolutes Spirit that fell,
The sensualest, and, after Asmodai,
The fleshliest Incubus, and thus advised:—
"Set women in his eye and in his walk,
Among daughters of men the fairest found.
Women, when nothing else, beguiled the heart
Of wisest Solomon, and made him build,
And made him bow, to the gods of his wives."

To whom quick answer Satan thus returned:—
"Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st
All others by thyself. Because of old
Thou thyself doat'st on womankind, admiring
Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace,
None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.
How many have with a smile made small account
Of beauty and her lures, easily scorned
All her assaults, on worthier things intent!
For Solomon, he lived at ease, and, full
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aimed not beyond
Higher design than to enjoy his state;
Thence to the bait of women lay exposed.
But he whom we attempt is wiser far
Than Solomon, of more exalted mind.
Therefore with manlier objects we must try
His constancy—with such as have more shew
Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise
(Rocks whereon greatest men have ofttest wrecked);
Or that which only seems to satisfy
Lawful desires of nature, not beyond.
And now I know he hungers, where no food
Is to be found, in the wide Wilderness:
The rest commit to me; I shall let pass
No advantage, and his strength as oft assay."

He ceased, and heard their grant in loud acclaim;
Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band
Of Spirits likest to himself in guile,
To be at hand and at his beck appear,
If cause were to unfold some active scene
Of various persons, each to know his part;

fear of the Lord: and he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears:

But he shall judge the poor with justice, and shall reprove with equity for the meek of the earth.

And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins.

Injustice shall be blotted out, and fidelity shall stand for ever.

All nations shall serve him.

And all nations shall know that there is one that redeemeth and delivereth.

And in him shall all the tribes of the earth be blessed.

He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth.

And the nations shall bless themselves in him, and in him shall they glory.

And the whole earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord.

Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

I will save my people from the land of the east, and from the land of the going down of the sun.

And they shall be my people, and I will be their God, in truth and in righteousness.

And they shall dwell safely all of them.

And they all shall have one shepherd:

THE DESIRED OF ALL NATIONS SHALL COME.

Then to the desert takes with these his flight,
Where still, from shade to shade, the Son of God,
After forty days' fasting, had remained,
Now hungering first, and to himself thus said:—
"Where will this end? Four times ten days I have passed
Wandering this woody maze, and human food
Nor tasted, nor had appetite. That fast
To virtue I impute not, or count part
Of what I suffer here. If nature need not,
Or God support nature without repast,
Though needing, what praise is it to endure?
But now I feel I hunger; which declares
Nature hath need of what she asks. Yet God
Can satisfy that need some other way,
Though hunger still remain. So it remain
Without this body's wasting, I content me,
And from the sting of famine fear no harm;
Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts, that feed
Me hungering more to do my Father's will."

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son
Communed in silent walk, then laid him down
Under the hospitable covert nigh
Of trees thick interwoven. There he slept,
And dreamed, as appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet.
Him thought he by the brook of Cherith stood,
And saw the ravens with their horny beaks
Food to Elijah bringing even and morn—
Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they brought;
He saw the Prophet also, how he fled
Into the desert, and how there he slept
Under a juniper—then how, awaked,
He found his supper on the coals prepared,
And by the Angel was bid rise and eat,
And eat the second time after repose,
The strength whereof sufficed him forty days:
Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,
Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.

Thus wore out night; and now the harald Lark
Left his ground-nest, high towering to descry
The Morn's approach, and greet her with his song.
As lightly from his grassy couch up rose
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream;
Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting waked.

Up to a hill anon his steps he reared,
From whose high top to ken the prospect round.
When suddenly a man before him stood,
Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
As one in city or court or palace bred.

Behold thy King will come to thee, the just and saviour.

He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest:

And of his kingdom there shall be no end.

Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel:

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young.

They shall feed in the ways, and their pastures shall be in all high places.

They shall not hunger, nor thirst, neither shall the heat nor the sun strike them: for he that is merciful to them shall be their shepherd, and at the fountains of waters he shall give them drink.

So will I make my holy name known in the midst of my people.

It shall come, that I will gather all nations and tongues; and they shall come, and see my glory.

And I will dwell in the midst of them for ever.

The mountain of the Lord's house shall be firmly established on the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and unto it shall flow all the nations.

And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths:

And he shall judge among the nations, and shall re-

And with fair speech these words to him addressed:—
“With granted leave officious I return,
But much more wonder that the Son of God
In this wild solitude so long should bide,
Of all things destitute, and, well I know,
Not without hunger. Others of some note,
As story tells, have trod this wilderness:
The fugitive Bond-woman, with her son,
Outcast Nebaiôth, yet found here relief
By a providing Angel; all the race
Of Israel here had famished, had not God
Rained from heaven manna; and that Prophet bold,
Native of Thebez, wandering here, was fed
Twice by a voice inviting him to eat.
Of thee these forty days none hath regard,
Forty and more deserted here indeed.”

To whom thus Jesus:—“What conclud’st thou hence?
They all had need; I, as thou seest, have none.”

“How hast thou hunger then?” Satan replied.
“Tell me, if food were now before thee set,
Wouldst thou not eat?” “Thereafter as I like
The giver,” answered Jesus. “Why should that
Cause thy refusal?” said the subtle Fiend.
“Hast thou not right to all created things?
Owe not all creatures, by just right, to thee
Duty and service, nor to stay till bid,
But tender all their power? Nor mention I
Meats by the law unclean, or offered first
To idols—those young Daniel could refuse;
Nor proffered by an enemy—though who
Would scruple that, with want oppressed? Behold,
Nature ashamed, or, better to express,
Troubled, that thou shouldst hunger, hath purveyed
From all the elements her choicest store,
To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord
With honour. Only deign to sit and eat.”

He spake no dream: for, as his words had end,
Our Saviour, lifting up his eyes, beheld,
In ample space under the broadest shade,
A table richly spread in regal mode,
With dishes piled and meats of noblest sort
And savour—beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled,
Grisamber-steamed; all fish, from sea or shore.
Freshet or purling brook, of shell or fin,
And exquisitest name, for which was drained
Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.
Alas! how simple, to these cates compared,
Was that crude Apple that diverted Eve!

buke many people: and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

I will break the bow and the sword and the battle out of the earth.

Ye shall not see the sword, neither shall ye have famine; but a permanent peace will I give you in this place.

Then will I turn to the people a pure language, that they may all call upon the name of the Lord, to serve him with one consent.

And men shall worship him, every one from his place, even all the isles of the heathen.

I will say: Thou art my people: and they shall say: The Lord is my God.

And the Lord shall be king over all the earth: in that day shall there be one Lord, and his name shall be one.

For from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same my name shall be great among the Gentiles; and in every place incense shall be offered unto my name, and a pure offering: for my name shall be great among the heathen.

I will make a man more precious than fine gold.

And I will pour upon you clean water, and you shall be cleansed.

And I will turn my hand upon thee, and purely purge away thy dross, and take away all thy tin.

In that day a man shall cast his idols of silver, and

And at a stately sideboard, by the wine,
That fragrant smell diffused, in order stood
Tall stripling youths rich-clad, of fairer hue
Than Ganymed, or Hylas; distant more,
Under the trees now tripped, now solemn stood,
Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades
With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn,
And ladies of the Hesperides, that seemed
Fairer than feigned of old, or fabled since
Of faery damsels met in forest wide
By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore.
And all the while harmonious airs were heard
Of chiming strings or charming pipes; and winds
Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fanned
From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells.

Such was the splendour; and the Tempter now
His invitation earnestly renewed:—
“What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?
These are not fruits forbidden; no interdict
Defends the touching of these viands pure;
Their taste no knowledge works, at least of evil,
But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.
All these are Spirits of air, and woods, and springs,
Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay
Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord.
What doubt'st thou, Son of God? Sit down and eat.”

To whom thus Jesus temperately replied:—
“Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?
And who withholds my power that right to use?
Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
When and where likes me best, I can command?
I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,
Command a table in this wilderness,
And call swift flights of Angels ministrant,
Arrayed in glory, on my cup to attend:
Why shouldst thou, then, obtrude this diligence
In vain, where no acceptance it can find?
And with my hunger what hast thou to do?
Thy pompous delicacies I contemn,
And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles.”

To whom thus answered Satan, malecontent:—
“That I have also power to give thou seest;
If of that power I bring thee voluntary
What I might have bestowed on whom I pleased,
And rather opportunely in this place
Chose to impart to thy apparent need,
Why shouldst thou not accept it? But I see

his idols of gold, which they made each one for himself to worship, to the moles and to the bats.

And I will give you a new heart.

And I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them.

And you shall dwell in the land which I gave to your fathers, and you shall be my people, and I will be your God.

Behold, thy King cometh unto thee.

Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner; but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire.

I will make the land of Egypt utterly waste and desolate.

The foot of man shall not pass through it.

And the spirit of Egypt shall fail in the midst thereof.

And I will pour my fury upon Sin, the strength of Egypt; and I will cut off the multitude of No.

Sin shall have great pain, and No shall be rent asunder.

And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah.

For every purpose of the Lord shall be performed against Babylon, to make the land of Babylon a desolation without an inhabitant.

Thus shall Babylon sink, and she shall not rise up from the affliction that I will bring upon her.

What I can do or offer is suspect.
Of these things others quickly will dispose,
Whose pains have earned the far-fet spoil." With that
Both table and provision vanished quite,
With sound of harpies' wings and talons heard;

Only the impòrtune Tempter still remained,
And with these words his temptation pursned:—
"By hunger, that each other creature tames,
Thou art not to be harmed, therefore not moved;
Thy temperance, invincible besides,
For no allurement yields to appetite;
And all thy heart is set on high designs,
High actions. But wherewith to be achieved?
Great acts require great means of enterprise;
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,
A carpenter thy father known, thyself
Bred up in poverty and straits at home,
Lost in a desert here and hunger-bit.
Which way, or from what hope, dost thou aspire
To greatness? whence authority deriv'st?
What followers, what retinûe canst thou gain,
Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude,
Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost?
Money brings honour, friends, conquest, and realms.
What raised Antipater the Edomite,
And his son Herod placed on Juda's throne,
Thy throne, but gold, that got him puissant friends?
Therefore, if at great things thou wouldst arrive,
Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap—
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me.
Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand;
They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,
While virtue, valour, wisdom, sit in want."

To whom thus Jesus patiently replied:—
"Yet wealth without these three is impotent
To gain dominion, or to keep it gained—
Witness those ancient empires of the earth,
In highth of all their flowing wealth dissolved;
But men endued with these have oft attained,
In lowest poverty, to highest deeds—
Gideon, and Jephtha, and the shepherd lad
Whose offspring on the throne of Juda sate
So many ages, and shall yet regain
That seat, and reign in Israel without end.
Extol not riches, then, the toil of fools,
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare; more apt
To slacken virtue and abate her edge
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
What if with like aversion I reject
Riches and realms! Yet not for that a crown,

In that day the Lord with his sore and great and strong sword shall punish leviathan the piercing serpent, even leviathan that crooked serpent; and he shall slay the dragon that is in the sea.

And he will destroy in this mountain the face of the covering cast over all people, and the vail that is spread over all nations.

And then shall that Wicked be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming.

The soul that sinneth, it shall die.

The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan!

Sin shall be destroyed with the sinner.

He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it.

In this mountain shall the hand of the Lord rest.

The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.

He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces; and the rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth.

O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction.

And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all.

You shall draw waters with joy out of the saviour's fountains.

Golden in shew, is but a wreath of thorns,
 Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights,
 To him who wears the regal diadem,
 When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;
 For therein stands the office of a king,
 His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,
 That for the public all this weight he bears.
 Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
 Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king—
 Which every wise and virtuous man attains;
 And who attains not, ill aspires to rule
 Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes,
 Subject himself to anarchy within,
 Or lawless passions in him, which he serves.
 But to guide nations in the way of truth
 By saving doctrine, and from error lead
 To know, and, knowing, worship God aright,
 Is yet more kingly. This attracts the soul,
 Governs the inner man, the nobler part;
 That other o'er the body only reigns,
 And oft by force—which to a generous mind
 So reigning can be no sincere delight.
 Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought
 Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
 Far more magnanimous, than to assume.
 Riches are needless, then, both for themselves,
 And for thy reason why should they be sought—
 To gain a sceptre, ofttest better missed."

So spake the Son of God; and Satan stood
 A while as mute, confounded what to say,
 What to reply, confuted and convinced
 Of his weak arguing and fallacious drift;

At length, collecting all his serpent wiles,
 With soothing words renewed, him thus accosts:—
 "I see thou know'st what is of use to know,
 What best to say canst say, to do canst do;
 Thy actions to thy words accord; thy words
 To thy large heart give utterance due; thy heart
 Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.
 These godlike virtues wherefore dost thou hide?
 Affecting private life, or more obscure
 In savage wilderness, wherefore deprive
 All Earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself
 The fame and glory—glory, the reward
 That sole excites to high attempts the flame
 Of most erected spirits, most tempered pure
 Æthereal, who all pleasures else despise,
 All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,
 And dignities and powers, all but the highest?
 Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe. The son

And thou shalt know no god but me: for there is no saviour beside me.

And there shall be a tabernacle for a shadow in the daytime from the heat, and for a place of refuge, and for a covert from storm and from rain.

The wolf shall dwell with the lamb: and the leopard shall lie down with the kid: the calf and the lion, and the sheep shall abide together, and a little child shall lead them.

And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp: and the weaned child shall thrust his hand into the den of the basilisk.

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord.

The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth.

And in this mountain shall the Lord of hosts make unto all people a feast of fat things.

And I will send down the rain in its season, there shall be showers of blessing.

And I will raise up for them a plant of renown, and they shall be no more consumed with hunger in the land.

The tree of the field shall yield its fruit.

For there shall be the seed of peace: the vine shall yield her fruit, and the earth shall give her increase, and the heavens shall give their dew.

Of Macedonian Philip had ere these
Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held
At his dispose; young Scipio had brought down
The Carthaginian pride; young Pompey quelled
The Pontic king, and in triúmph had rode.
Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,
Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.
Great Julius, whom now all the world admires,
The more he grew in years, the more inflamed
With glory, wept that he had lived so long
Inglorious. But thou yet art not too late."

To whom our Saviour calmly thus replied:—
"Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth
For empire's sake, nor empire to affect
For glory's sake, by all thy argument.
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
The people's praise, if always praise unmixed?
This is true glory and renown—when God,
Looking on the Earth, with approbation marks
The just man, and divulges him through Heaven
To all his Angels, who with true applause
Recount his praises. Thus he did to Job,
When, to extend his fame through Heaven and Earth,
As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember,
He asked thee, 'Hast thou seen my servant Job?'
Famous he was in Heaven; on Earth less known,
Where glory is false glory, attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.
They err who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to overrun
Large countries, and in field great battles win,
Great cities by assault. What do these worthies
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
Peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy;
Then swell with pride, and must be titled Gods,
Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
Worshipped with temple, priest, and sacrifice?
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;
Till conqueror Death discover them scarce men,
Rowling in brutish vices, and deformed,
Violent or shameful death their due reward.
But, if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attained,
Without ambition, war, or violence—
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance. I mention still
Him whom thy wrongs, with saintly patience borne,

And ye shall dwell in the land in safety.

And I will give it unto you to possess it, a land that floweth with milk and honey.

The threshing of your harvest shall reach unto the vintage, and the vintage shall reach unto the sowing time: and you shall eat your bread to the full, and dwell in your land without fear.

I will give peace in your coasts: you shall sleep, and there shall be none to make you afraid.

I will walk among you, and will be your God, and you shall be my people.

In that day shall the deaf hear the words of the book, and the eyes of the blind shall see out of obscurity, and out of darkness.

I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight.

They also that erred in spirit shall come to understanding, and they that murmured shall learn doctrine.

The meek also shall increase their joy in the Lord, and the poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel.

None shall be weary nor stumble among them.

As a shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered; so will I seek out my sheep, and will deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day.

Made famous in a land and times obscure;
 Who names not now with honour patient Job?
 Poor Socrates (who next more memorable?),
 By what he taught and suffered for so doing,
 For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
 Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.
 Yet, if for fame and glory aught be done,
 Aught suffered—if young African for fame
 His wasted country freed from Punic rage—
 The deed becomes unpraised, the man at least,
 And loses, though but verbal, his reward.
 Shall I seek glory, then, as vain men seek,
 Oft not deserved? I seek not mine, but His
 Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am."

To whom the Tempter, murmuring, thus replied:—
 "Think not so slight of glory, therein least
 Resembling thy great Father. He seeks glory,
 And for his glory all things made, all things
 Orders and governs; nor content in Heaven,
 By all his Angels glorified, requires
 Glory from men, from all men, good or bad,
 Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption.
 Above all sacrifice, or hallowed gift,
 Glory he requires, and glory he receives,
 Promiscuous from all nations, Jew, or Greek,
 Or Barbarous, nor exception hath declared;
 From us, his foes pronounced, glory he exacts."

To whom our Saviour fervently replied:—
 "And reason; since his Word all things produced,
 Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
 But to shew forth his goodness, and impart
 His good communicable to every soul
 Freely; of whom what could He less expect
 Than glory and benediction—that is, thanks—
 The slightest, easiest, readiest recompense
 From them who could return him nothing else,
 And, not returning that, would likeliest render
 Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy?
 Hard recompense, unsuitable return
 For so much good, so much beneficence!
 But why should man seek glory, who of his own
 Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs
 But condemnation, ignominy, and shame—
 Who, for so many benefits received,
 Turned recreant to God, ingrate and false,
 And so of all true good himself despoiled;
 Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take
 That which to God alone of right belongs?
 Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,
 That who advance his glory, not their own,
 Them he himself to glory will advance."

Moreover I will appoint a place for my people Israel, and will plant them, that they may dwell in a place of their own, and move no more;

And I will bring them to their own land, and feed them upon the mountains of Israel by the rivers, and in all the inhabited places of the country.

I will feed them in the most fruitful pastures, and their pastures shall be in the high mountains of Israel: there shall they rest on the green grass, and be fed in fat pastures upon the mountains of Israel.

I myself will feed my flock, and I myself will cause them to lie down.

And I will set up one shepherd over them, and he shall feed them.

Then will he give the rain for thy seed, that thou mayest sow in the ground; and bread—the produce of the ground—this shall be fat and nutritious.

And I will make with them a covenant of peace, and will cause the evil beasts to cease out of the land: and they shall dwell safely in the wilderness, and sleep in the woods.

The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills, by righteousness.

And it shall come to pass in that day that the Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow, and from thy fear, and from the hard bondage wherein thou wast made to serve.

And he will do thee good, and multiply thee above thy fathers.

And the Lord thy God will make thee pre-eminent in every work of thy hand, in the fruit of thy body, and in

So spake the Son of God; and here again
 Satan had not to answer, but stood struck
 With guilt of his own sin—for he himself,
 Insatiable of glory, had lost all;
 Yet of another plea bethought him soon:—
 “Of glory, as thou wilt,” said he, “so deem;
 Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass.
 But to a Kingdom thou art born—ordained
 To sit upon thy father David's throne,
 By mother's side thy father, though thy right
 Be now in powerful hands, that will not part
 Easily from possession won with arms.
 Judæa now and all the Promised Land,
 Reduced a province under Roman yoke,
 Obeys Tiberius, nor is always ruled
 With temperate sway; oft have they violated
 The Temple, oft the Law, with foul affronts,
 Abominations rather, as did once
 Antiochus. And think'st thou to regain
 Thy right by sitting still, or thus retiring?
 So did not Machabeus. He indeed
 Retired unto the Desert, but with arms;
 And o'er a mighty king so oft prevailed
 That by strong hand his family obtained,
 Though priests, the crown, and David's throne usurped,
 With Modin and her suburbs once content.
 If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal
 And duty—Zeal and Duty are not slow,
 But on Occasion's forelock watchful wait:
 They themselves rather are occasion best—
 Zeal of thy Father's house, duty to free
 Thy country from her heathen servitude.
 So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify,
 The Prophets old, who sung thy endless reign—
 The happier reign the sooner it begins.
 Reign then; what canst thou better do the while?”

To whom our Saviour answer thus returned:—
 “All things are best fulfilled in their due time;
 And time there is for all things, Truth hath said.
 If of my reign Prophetic Writ hath told
 That it shall never end, so, when begin
 The Father in his purpose hath decreed—
 He in whose hand all times and seasons rowl.
 What if he hath decreed that I shall first
 Be tried in humble state, and things adverse,
 By tribulations, injuries, insults,
 Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,
 Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting
 Without distrust or doubt, that He may know
 What I can suffer, how obey? Who best
 Can suffer best can do, best reign who first
 Well hath obeyed—just trial ere I merit

the fruit of thy cattle, and in the fruit of thy land, for good; for the Lord will again rejoice over thee for good, as he rejoiced over thy fathers.

Jacob shall not now be confounded, neither shall his countenance now be ashamed.

For when he seeth his children, the work of my hands in the midst of him, how they sanctify my name: then will they sanctify the Holy One of Jacob, and the God of Israel will they reverence.

And they shall all be taught of God.

And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places: thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called, The repairer of the breach, The restorer of paths to dwell in.

Fear not: for I am with thee: I will bring thy seed from the east, and gather thee from the west;

I will say to the north: Give up: and to the south: Keep not back: bring my sons from afar, and my daughters from the ends of the earth;

Even every one that is called by my name: for I have created him for my glory.

This people have I formed for myself; they shall shew forth my praise.

I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts: and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people.

And they shall teach no more every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying: Know the Lord: for all shall know me from the least of them even to the greatest.

My exaltation without change or end.
But what concerns it *thee* when I begin
My everlasting Kingdom? Why art *thou*
Solicitous? What moves *thy* inquisition?
Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,
And my promotion will be thy destruction?"

To whom the Tempter, inly racked, replied:—
"Let that come when it comes. All hope is lost
Of my reception into grace; what worse?
For where no hope is left is left no fear.
If there be worse, the expectation more
Of worse torments me than the feeling can.
I would be at the worst; worst is my port,
My harbour, and my ultimate repose,
The end I would attain, my final good.
My error was my error, and my crime
My crime; whatever, for itself condemned,
And will alike be punished, whether thou
Reign or reign not—though to that gentle brow
Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign,
From that placid aspect and meek regard,
Rather than aggravate my evil state,
Would stand between me and thy Father's ire
(Whose ire I dread more than the fire of Hell)
A shelter and a kind of shading cool
Interposition, as a summer's cloud.
If I, then, to the worst that can be haste,
Why move thy feet so slow to what is best?
Happiest, both to thyself and all the world,
That thou, who worthiest art, shouldst be their King!
Perhaps thou linger'st in deep thoughts detained
Of the enterprise so hazardous and high!
No wonder; for, though in thee be united
What of perfection can in Man be found,
Or human nature can receive, consider
Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent
At home, scarce viewed the Galilean towns,
And once a year Jerusalem, few days'
Short sojourn; and what thence couldst thou observe?
The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,
Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts—
Best school of best experience, quickest insight
In all things that to greatest actions lead.
The wisest, unexperienced, will be ever
Timorous, and loth, with novice modesty
Irresolute, unhardy, unadventurous.
But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit
Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes
The monarchies of the Earth, their pomp and state—
Sufficient introduction to inform
Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts,

And they shall build houses, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruits of them.

Every man shall sit under his vine, and under his fig tree, and there shall be none to make them afraid.

They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat: for as the days of a tree, so shall be the days of my people,

And mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands.

They shall not labour in vain, nor bring forth for trouble; for they are the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their offspring with them.

And out of them shall proceed thanksgiving and the voice of them that make merry: and I will multiply them, and they shall not be few; I will also glorify them, and they shall not be small.

All thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children.

In righteousness shalt thou be established: thou shalt be far from oppression; for thou shalt not fear: and from terror; for it shall not come near thee.

For ye shall not go out with haste, nor go by flight: for the Lord will go before you; and the God of Israel will be your rereward.

Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

And the desolate land shall be tilled, whereas it lay desolate in the sight of all that passed by.

And regal mysteries; that thou may'st know
How best their opposition to withstand."

With that (such power was given him then), he took
The Son of God up to a mountain high.
It was a mountain at whose verdant feet
A spacious plain outstretched in circuit wide
Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flowed,
The one winding, the other straight, and left between
Fair champaign, with less rivers interveined,
Then meeting joined their tribute to the sea.
Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil, and wine;
With herds the pasture thronged, with flocks the hills;
Huge cities and high-towered, that well might seem
The seats of mightiest monarchs; and so large
The prospect was that here and there was room
For barren desert, fountainless and dry.

To this high mountain-top the Tempter brought
Our Saviour, and new train of words began:—
"Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,
Forest, and field, and flood, temples and towers,
Cut shorter many a league. Here thou behold'st
Assyria, and her empire's ancient bounds,
Araxes and the Caspian lake; thence on
As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,
And oft beyond; to south the Persian bay,
And, inaccessible, the Arabian drouth:
Here, Nineveh, of length within her wall
Several days' journey, built by Ninus old,
Of that first golden monarchy the seat,
And seat of Salmanassar, whose success
Israel in long captivity still mourns;
There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues,
As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice
Judah and all thy father David's house
Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,
Till Cyrus set them free; Persepolis,
His city, there thou seest, and Bactra there;
Ecbatana her structure vast there shews,
And Hecatompylos her hundred gates;
There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,
The drink of none but kings; of later fame,
Built by Emathian or by Parthian hands,
The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there
Artaxata, Teredon, Ctesiphon,
Turning with easy eye, thou may'st behold.
All these the Parthian (now some ages past
By great Arsaces led, who founded first
That empire) under his dominion holds.
From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.
And just in time thou com'st to have a view
Of his great power; for now the Parthian king

And they shall say, This land that was desolate is become like the garden of Eden; and the waste and desolate and ruined cities are become fenced, and are inhabited.

So shall the ruined cities be full of flocks of men.

And I will make them one nation in the land on the mountains of Israel, and one king shall be king over them all.

Unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear.

At that day shall a man look to his Maker, and his eyes shall have respect to the Holy One of Israel:

God himself that formed the earth and made it; he hath established it, he created it not in vain, he formed it to be inhabited:

Even to him shall men come.

My cities through prosperity shall yet be spread abroad.

My cities shall yet flow with good things.

Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me.

I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and lay thy foundations with sapphires.

And I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones.

Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in.

Thy gates shall be open continually; they shall not be shut day nor night.

In Ctesiphon hath gathered all his host
 Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild
 Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid
 He marches now in haste. See, though from far,
 His thousands, in what martial equipage
 They issue forth, steel bows and shafts their arms,
 Of equal dread in flight or in pursuit—
 All horsemen, in which fight they most excel;
 See how in warlike muster they appear,
 In rhombs, and wedges, and half-moons, and wings.”

He looked, and saw what numbers numberless
 The city gates outpoured, light-armed troops
 In coats of mail and military pride.
 In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
 Prauncing their riders bore, the flower and choice
 Of many provinces from bound to bound.
 He saw them in their forms of battle ranged,
 How quick they wheeled, and flying behind them shot
 Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face
 Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight;
 The field all iron cast a gleaming brown.
 Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor, on each horn,
 Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,
 Chariots, or elephants indorsed with towers
 Of archers; nor of labouring pioneers
 A multitude, with spades and axes armed,
 To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,
 Or where plain was raise hill, or overlay
 With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke:
 Mules after these, camels and dromedaries,
 And waggons fraught with utensils of war.

Such and so numerous was their chivalry;
 At sight whereof the Fiend yet more presumed,
 And to our Saviour thus his words renewed:—
 “That thou may’st know I seek not to engage
 Thy virtue, and not every way secure
 On no slight grounds thy safety, hear and mark
 To what end I have brought thee hither, and shew
 All this fair sight. Thy kingdom, though foretold
 By Prophet or by Angel, unless thou
 Endeavour, as thy father David did,
 Thou never shalt obtain: prediction still
 In all things, and all men, supposes means;
 Without means used, what it predicts revokes.
 But say thou wert possessed of David’s throne
 By free consent of all, none opposite,
 Samaritan or Jew; how couldst thou hope
 Long to enjoy it quiet and secure
 Between two such enclosing enemies,
 Roman and Parthian? Therefore one of these

The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir, the cypress, and the box together, to adorn the place of my sanctuary, and the resting-place of my feet will I glorify.

For brass I will bring gold, and for iron I will bring silver: and for wood brass, and for stones iron: and I will make thy visitation peace, and thy overseers justice.

Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders; but thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise.

Thou shalt no more have the sun for thy light by day, neither shall the brightness of the moon enlighten thee: but the Lord shall be unto thee for an everlasting light, and thy God for thy glory.

Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.

Thy people also shall be all righteous: they shall inherit the land for ever, the branch of my planting, the work of my hands, that I may be glorified.

And they shall build the places that have been waste from of old, and shall raise up ancient ruins, and shall repair the desolate cities, that were destroyed for generation and generation.

And I will give them one heart, and one way, that they may fear me for ever, for the good of them, and of their children after them:

I will put my fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me.

I will be glad over them to do them good; and I will

Thou must make sure thy own: the Parthian first,
 By my advice, as nearer, and of late
 Found able by invasion to annoy
 Thy country, and captive lead away her kings,
 Antigonus and old Hyrcanus, bound,
 Maugre the Roman. It shall be my task
 To render thee the Parthian at dispose,
 Choose which thou wilt, by conquest or by league.
 By him thou shalt regain, without him not,
 That which alone can truly reinstall thee
 In David's royal seat, his true successor—
 Deliverance of thy brethren, those Ten Tribes
 Whose offspring in his territory yet serve
 In Habor, and among the Medes dispersed:
 Ten sons of Jacob, two of Joseph, lost
 Thus long from Israel, serving, as of old
 Their fathers in the land of Egypt served,
 This offer sets before thee to deliver.
 These if from servitude thou shalt restore
 To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
 Thou on the throne of David in full glory,
 From Egypt to Euphrates and beyond,
 Shalt reign, and Rome or Cæsar not need fear."

To whom our Saviour answered thus, unmoved:—
 "Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm
 And fragile arms, much instrument of war,
 Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,
 Before mine eyes thou hast set, and in my ear
 Vented much policy, and projects deep
 Of enemies, of aids, battles, and leagues,
 Plausible to the world, to me worth naught.
 Means I must use, thou say'st; prediction else
 Will unpredict, and fail me of the throne!
 My time, I told thee (and that time for thee
 Were better farthest off), is not yet come.
 When that comes, think not thou to find me slack
 On my part aught endeavouring, or to need
 Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome
 Luggage of war there shewn me—argument
 Of human weakness rather than of strength.
 My brethren, as thou call'st them, those Ten Tribes,
 I must deliver, if I mean to reign
 David's true heir, and his full sceptre sway
 To just extent over all Israel's sons!
 But whence to *thee* this zeal? Where was it then
 For Israel, or for David, or his throne,
 When thou stood'st up his tempter to the pride
 Of numbering Israel—which cost the lives
 Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites
 By three days' pestilence? Such was thy zeal
 To Israel then, the same that now to me.
 As for those captive tribes, themselves were they

plant them in this land in truth, with all my heart and with all my soul.

So will I bring upon them all the good that I have promised them.

With an everlasting love have I loved thee; therefore have I guided thee with loving-kindness.

And thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name.

And thou shalt be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God.

And as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee.

Thou shalt no more be called Forsaken: and thy land shall no more be called Desolate; but thou shalt be called My pleasure in her, and thy land inhabited. Because the Lord hath been well pleased with thee.

He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: as showers that water the earth.

He will comfort all her waste places; and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody.

I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day.

Fear not, O land; be glad and rejoice: for the Lord will do great things.

And he shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain.

Who wrought their own captivity, fell off
 From God to worship calves, the deities
 Of Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroth,
 And all the idolatries of heathen round,
 Besides their other worse than heathenish crimes;
 Nor in the land of their captivity
 Humbled themselves, or penitent besought
 The God of their forefathers, but so died
 Impenitent, and left a race behind
 Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce
 From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain,
 And God with idols in their worship joined.
 Yet He at length, time to himself best known,
 Remembering Abraham, by some wondrous call
 May bring them back, repentant and sincere,
 And at their passing cleave the Assyrian flood,
 While to their native land with joy they haste,
 As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,
 When to the Promised Land their fathers passed.
 To his due time and providence I leave them."

So spake Israel's true King, and to the Fiend
 Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.
 So fares it when with truth falsehood contends.

Perplexed and troubled at his bad success
 The Tempter stood, nor had what to reply,
 Discovered in his fraud, thrown from his hope
 So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric
 That sleeked his tongue, and won so much on Eve,
 So little here, nay lost. But Eve was Eve;
 This far his over-match, who, self-deceived
 And rash, beforehand had no better weighed
 The strength he was to cope with, or his own.
 But—as a man who had been matchless held
 In cunning, over-reached where least he thought,
 To salve his credit, and for very spite,
 Still will be tempting him who foils him still,
 And never cease, though to his shame the more;
 Or as a swarm of flies in vintage-time,
 About the wine-press where sweet must is poured,
 Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound;
 Or surging waves against a solid rock,
 Though all to shivers dashed, the assault renew,
 (Vain battery!) and in froth or bubbles end—
 So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
 Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,
 Yet gives not o'er, though desperate of success,
 And his vain importunity pursues.

He brought our Saviour to the western side
 Of that high mountain, whence he might behold

And the floors shall be filled with wheat, and the presses shall overflow with wine and oil.

And ye shall eat in plenty, and be satisfied, and praise the name of the Lord your God, that hath dealt wondrously with you: and my people shall never be ashamed.

Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty.

And wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of thy times.

Remember ye not the former things, neither consider the things of old.

Behold I do new things, and now they shall spring forth, verily you shall know them:

I will make a way in the wilderness, rivers in the desert.

The mountains shall drop down sweetness, and the hills shall flow with milk.

The beast of the field shall honour me, the dragons and the owls: because I give waters in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert, to give drink to my people, my chosen.

I have healed these waters; there shall not be from thence any more death or barren land.

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the glory of the Lord.

And all the trees of Eden, the choice and best of

Another plain, long, but in breadth not wide,
 Washed by the southern sea, and on the north
 To equal length backed with a ridge of hills
 That screened the fruits of the earth and seats of men
 From cold Septentrion blasts; thence in the midst
 Divided by a river, off whose banks
 On each side an Imperial City stood,
 With towers and temples proudly elevate
 On seven small hills, with palaces adorned,
 Porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts,
 Statues and trophies, and triumphal arcs,
 Gardens and groves, presented to his eyes
 Above the highth of mountains interposed—
 By what strange parallax, or optic skill
 Of vision, multiplied through air, or glass
 Of telescope, were curious to enquire.

And now the Tempter thus his silence broke:—
 “The city which thou seest no other deem
 Than great and glorious Rome, Queen of the Earth
 So far renowned, and with the spoils enriched
 Of nations. There the Capitol thou seest,
 Above the rest lifting his stately head
 On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
 Impregnable; and there Mount Palatine,
 The imperial palace, compass huge, and high
 The structure, skill of noblest architects,
 With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,
 Turrets, and terraces, and glittering spires.
 Many a fair edifice besides, more like
 Houses of gods—so well I have disposed
 My aerie microscope—thou may’st behold,
 Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs
 Carved work, the hand of famed artificers
 In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold.
 Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
 What conflux issuing forth, or entering in:
 Prætors, proconsuls to their provinces
 Hasting, or on return, in robes of state;
 Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power;
 Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings;
 Or embassies from regions far remote.
 All nations now to Rome obedience pay—
 To Rome’s great Emperor, whose wide domain,
 In ample territory, wealth and power,
 Civility and manners, arts and arms,
 And long renown, thou justly may’st prefer
 Before the Parthian. These two thrones except,
 The rest are barbarous, and scarce worth the sight,
 Shared among petty kings too far removed;
 These having shewn thee, I have shewn thee all
 The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.
 This Emperor hath no son, and now is old,

Lebanon, all that drink water, shall be comforted in the nether parts of the earth.

Then shall all the trees of the forest sing for joy.

Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.

The eyes of those that see shall not be blinded again, and the ears of those that hear shall hearken.

The heart also of the rash shall be attentive in order to know, and the tongue of the stammerers shall be ready to speak plainly.

Then shall the lame leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing; for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and brooks in the desert.

And the sandy waste shall be changed into a pool, and the thirsty land into springs of water: in the habitation of monsters, where each one used to lie, shall be a court for reeds and rushes.

And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness.

No lion shall be there, nor shall any mischievous beast go up by it, nor be found there: but they shall walk there that shall be delivered.

I will open on naked mountain-peaks rivers, and in the midst of valleys fountains; I will change the wilderness into a pool of water, and the dry land into springs of water.

I will place in the wilderness the cedar, the acacia, and the myrtle, and the oil-tree: I will set in the desert the fir-tree, the pine and the box-tree together.

Old and lascivious, and from Rome retired
 To Capreaë, an island small but strong
 On the Campanian shore, with purpose there
 His horrid lusts in private to enjoy;
 Committing to a wicked favourite
 All public cares, and yet of him suspicious;
 Hated of all, and hating. With what ease,
 Endued with regal virtues as thou art,
 Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,
 Might'st thou expel this monster from his throne,
 Now made a sty, and, in his place ascending,
 A victor-people free from servile yoke!
 And with my help thou may'st; to me the power
 Is given, and by that right I give it thee.
 Aim, therefore, at no less than all the world;
 Aim at the highest; without the highest attained,
 Will be for thee no sitting, or not long,
 On David's throne, be prophesied what will."

To whom the Son of God, unmoved, replied:—
 "Nor doth this grandeur and majestic shew
 Of luxury, though called magnificence,
 More than of arms before, allure mine eye,
 Much less my mind; though thou should'st add to tell
 Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts
 On citron tables or Atlantic stone
 (For I have also heard, perhaps have read),
 Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,
 Chios and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,
 Crystal, and myrrhine cups, imbossed with gems
 And studs of pearl!—to me should'st tell, who thirst
 And hunger still. Then embassies thou shew'st
 From nations far and nigh! What honour that,
 But tedious waste of time, to sit and hear
 So many hollow compliments and lies,
 Outlandish flatteries? Then proceed'st to talk
 Of the Emperor, how easily subdued,
 How gloriously. I shall, thou say'st, expel
 A brutish monster: what if I withal
 Expel a Devil who first made him such?
 Know, therefore, when my season comes to sit
 On David's throne, it shall be like a tree
 Spreading and overshadowing all the earth,
 Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash
 All monarchies besides throughout the world;
 And of my Kingdom there shall be no end.
 Means there shall be to this; but what the means
 Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell."

To whom the Tempter, impudent, replied:—
 "I see all offers made by me how slight
 Thou valuest, because offered, and reject'st.

Then shall the trees of the forest sing joyfully at the presence of the Lord.

Every valley shall be raised, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made a straight path, and the rough places a plain:

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together.

For I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground: I will pour my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring:

And they shall spring up among the herbs, as willows beside the running waters.

I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron:

And I will give thee hidden treasures, and the concealed riches of secret places.

Thy deserts, and thy desolate places, and the land of thy destruction shall now be too narrow by reason of the inhabitants.

Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

And Sharon shall become a fold of flocks, and the valley of Achor a resting-place for herds, for my people that have sought me.

The wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the bullock: and dust shall be

Nothing will please the difficult and nice,
 Or nothing more than skill to contradict.
 On the other side know also thou that I
 On what I offer set as high esteem,
 Nor what I part with mean to give for naught.
 All these, which in a moment thou behold'st,
 The kingdoms of the world, to thee I give
 (For, given to me, I give to whom I please),
 No trifle; yet with this reserve, not else—
 On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
 And worship me as thy superior Lord
 (Easily done), and hold them all of me;
 For what can less so great a gift deserve?"

Whom thus our Saviour answered with disdain:—
 "I never liked thy talk, thy offers less;
 Now both abhor, since thou hast dared to utter
 The abominable terms, impious condition.
 But I endure the time, till which expired
 Thou hast permission on me. It is written,
 The first of all commandments, 'Thou shalt worship
 The Lord thy God, and only Him shalt serve;'—
 And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound
 To worship thee, accursed? now more accursed
 For this attempt, bolder than that on Eve,
 And more blasphemous; which expect to rue.
 The kingdoms of the world to thee were given!
 Permitted rather, and by thee usurped;
 Other donation none thou canst produce.
 If given, by whom but by the King of kings,
 God over all supreme? If given to thee,
 By thee how fairly is the Giver now
 Repaid! But gratitude in thee is lost
 Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame
 As offer them to me, the Son of God—
 To me my own, on such abhorrèd pact,
 That I fall down and worship thee as God?
 Get thee behind me! Plain thou now appear'st
 That Evil One, Satan for ever damned."

To whom the Fiend, with fear abashed, replied:—
 "Be not so sore offended, Son of God—
 Though Sons of God both Angels are and Men—
 If I, to try whether in higher sort
 Than these thou bear'st that title, have proposed
 What both from Men and Angels I receive,
 Tetrarchs of Fire, Air, Flood, and on the Earth
 Nations besides from all the quartered winds—
 God of this World invoked, and World beneath.
 Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold
 To me most fatal, me it most concerns.
 The trial hath indamaged thee no way,

the serpent's meat. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain.

And my elect shall inherit it, and my servants shall dwell there.

And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.

Thou shalt weep no more: he will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry; when he shall hear it, he will answer thee.

Therefore the redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head: they shall obtain gladness and joy; and sorrow and mourning shall flee away.

Behold, I make all things new.

And my people shall sit in the beauty of peace, and in the tabernacles of confidence, and in wealthy rest.

Truth shall spring out of the earth; and righteousness shall look down from heaven.

Judgment shall return unto righteousness: and all the upright in heart shall follow it.

My just one is near at hand, my saviour is gone forth, and my arms shall judge the people: the islands shall look for me, and shall patiently wait for my arm.

Then shall justice dwell in the wilderness, and righteousness abide in the fruitful field.

Rather more honour left and more esteem;
 Me naught advantaged, missing what I aimed.
 Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,
 The kingdoms of this world; I shall no more
 Advise thee; gain them as thou canst, or not.
 And thou thyself seem'st otherwise inclined
 Than to a worldly crown, addicted more
 To contemplation and profound dispute;
 As by that early action may be judged,
 When, slipping from thy mother's eye, thou went'st
 Alone into the Temple, there wast found
 Among the gravest Rabbies, disputant
 On points and questions fitting Moses' chair,
 Teaching, not taught. The childhood shews the man,
 As morning shews the day. Be famous, then,
 By wisdom; as thy empire must extend,
 So let extend thy mind o'er all the world
 In knowledge; all things in it comprehend.
 All knowledge is not couched in Moses' law,
 The Pentateuch, or what the Prophets wrote;
 The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach
 To admiration, led by Nature's light;
 And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,
 Ruling them by persuasion, as thou mean'st.
 Without their learning, how wilt thou with them,
 Or they with thee, hold conversation meet?
 How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
 Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?
 Error by his own arms is best evinced.
 Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,
 Westward, much nearer by south-west; behold
 Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,
 Built nobly, pure the air and light the soil—
 Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
 And eloquence, native to famous wits
 Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
 City or suburban, studious walks and shades.
 See there the olive-grove of Academe,
 Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
 Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
 There, flowery hill, Hymettus, with the sound
 Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
 To studious musing; there Ilissus rowls
 His whispering stream. Within the walls then view
 The schools of ancient sages—his who bred
 Great Alexander to subdue the world,
 Lyceum there; and painted Stoa next.
 There thou shalt hear and learn the secret power
 Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
 By voice or hand, and various-measured verse,
 Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
 And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
 Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer called,

And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever.

Then shall my people abide in peaceful dwellings, and secure abodes, and in undisturbed resting-places.

THIS is the purpose that is purposed upon the whole earth: and this is the hand that is stretched out upon all the nations.

My counsel shall stand firm, and all my pleasure will I do.

For the Lord of hosts hath purposed, and who shall disannul it? and his hand is stretched out, and who shall turn it back?

I bring near my righteousness; it shall not be far off, and my salvation shall not tarry.

For as the rain and the snow come down from heaven, and return not thither, but water the earth, and render it fruitful, and cause it to bring forth plants; and give seed to the sower and bread to him that eateth:

So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own.
 Thence what the lofty grave Tragedians taught
 In chorus or iambic, teachers best
 Of moral prudence, with delight received
 In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
 Of fate, and chance, and change in human life,
 High actions and high passions best describing.
 Thence to the famous Orators repair,
 Those ancient whose resistless eloquence
 Wielded at will that fierce democracy,
 Shook the Arsenal, and fulminated over Greece
 To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.
 To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
 From heaven descended to the low-roofed house
 Of Socrates—see there his tenement—
 Whom, well inspired, the Oracle pronounced
 Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
 Mellifluous streams, that watered all the schools
 Of Academics old and new, with those
 Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
 Epicurean, and the Stoic severe.
 These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,
 Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;
 These rules will render thee a king complete
 Within thyself, much more with empire joined."

To whom our Saviour sagely thus replied:—
 "Think not but that I know these things; or, think
 I know them not, not therefore am I short
 Of knowing what I ought. He who receives
 Light from above, from the Fountain of Light,
 No other doctrine needs, though granted true;
 But these are false, or little else but dreams,
 Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
 The first and wisest of them all professed
 To know this only, that he nothing knew;
 The next to fabling fell and smooth conceits;
 A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense;
 Others in virtue placed felicity,
 But virtue joined with riches and long life;
 In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease;
 The Stoic last in philosophic pride,
 By him called virtue, and his virtuous man,
 Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing,
 Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,
 As fearing God nor man, contemning all
 Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life—
 Which, when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can;
 For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
 Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.
 Alas! what can they teach, and not mislead,
 Ignorant of themselves, of God much more,
 And how the World began, and how Man fell,

For, as the earth bringeth forth her growth, and as a garden causeth what is sown therein to spring forth: thus will the Lord Eternal cause righteousness and praise to spring forth in the presence of all the nations.

THE FAITHFUL CREATOR

Degraded by himself, on grace depending?
 Much of the Soul they talk, but all awry;
 And in themselves seek virtue; and to themselves
 All glory arrogate, to God give none;
 Rather accuse him under usual names,
 Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite
 Of mortal things. Who, therefore, seeks in these
 True wisdom finds her not, or, by delusion
 Far worse, her false resemblance only meets,
 An empty cloud. However, many books,
 Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads
 Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
 A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
 (And what he brings what needs he elsewhere seek?)
 Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
 Deep-versed in books and shallow in himself,
 Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys
 And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge,
 As children gathering pebbles on the shore.
 Or, if I would delight my private hours
 With music or with poem, where so soon
 As in our native language can I find
 That solace? All our Law and Story
 Strewed with hymns, our Psalms with artful terms inscribed,
 Our Hebrew songs and harps, in Babylon
 That pleased so well our victor's ear, declare
 That rather Greece from us these arts derived—
 Ill imitated while they loudest sing
 The vices of their deities, and their own,
 In fable, hymn, or song, so personating
 Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.
 Their orators thou then extoll'st as those
 The top of eloquence—statists indeed,
 And lovers of their country, as may seem;
 But herein to our Prophets far beneath,
 As men divinely taught, and better teaching
 The solid rules of civil government,
 In their majestic, unaffected style,
 Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome,
 In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
 What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so,
 What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat;
 These only, with our Law, best form a king.”

So spake the Son of God; but Satan, now
 Quite at a loss (for all his darts were spent),
 Thus to our Saviour, with stern brow, replied:—
 “Since neither wealth nor honour, arms nor arts,
 Kingdom nor empire, pleases thee, nor aught
 By me proposed in life contemplative
 Or active, tended on by glory or fame,
 What dost thou in this world? The Wilderness
 For thee is fittest place: I found thee there,

A GREAT CALM

And thither will return thee. Yet remember
 What I foretell thee; soon thou shalt have cause
 To wish thou never hadst rejected, thus
 Nicely or cautiously, my offered aid,
 Which would have set thee in short time with ease
 On David's throne, or throne of all the world,
 Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season,
 When prophecies of thee are best fulfilled.
 Now, contrary—if I read aught in heaven,
 Or heaven write aught of fate—by what the stars
 Voluminous, or single characters
 In their conjunction met, give me to spell,
 Sorrows and labours, opposition, hate,
 Attend thee; scorns, reproaches, injuries,
 Violence and stripes, and, lastly, cruel death.
 A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,
 Real or allegoric, I discern not;
 Nor when: eternal sure—as without end,
 Without beginning; for no date prefixed
 Directs me in the starry rubric set."

So saying, he took (for still he knew his power
 Not yet expired), and to the Wilderness
 Brought back, the Son of God, and left him there,
 Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,
 As daylight sunk, and brought in louring Night,
 Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,
 Privation mere of light and absent day.

Our Saviour, meek, and with untroubled mind
 After his aerie jaunt, though hurried sore,
 Hungry and cold, betook him to his rest,
 Wherever, under some concourse of shades,
 Whose branching arms thick intertwined might shield
 From dews and damps of night his sheltered head;
 But, sheltered, slept in vain; for at his head
 The Tempter watched, and soon with ugly dreams
 Disturbed his sleep. And either tropic now
 'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven; the clouds
 From many a horrid rift abortive poured
 Fierce rain with lightning mixed, water with fire
 In ruin reconciled; nor slept the winds
 Within their stony caves, but rushed abroad
 From the four hinges of the world, and fell
 On the vexed wilderness, whose tallest pines,
 Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks,
 Bowed their stiff necks, laden with stormy blasts,
 Or torn up sheer. Ill wast thou shrouded then,
 O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st
 Unshaken! Nor yet staid the terror there:
 Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round
 Environed thee; some howled, some yelled, some shrieked,

THE eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.

This is the true God, and eternal life.

The king hath brought me into his chambers: we will be glad and rejoice in thee.

After a storm thou makest a calm, and after tears and weeping thou pourest in joyfulness.

Thou didst feed thy people with the food of angels, and gavest them bread from heaven prepared without labour; having in it all that is delicious, and the sweetness of every taste.

And they found a fat and good pasture, and the land was roomy, and quiet, and peaceable.

For the spirit of the Lord hath filled the whole world: and that, which containeth all things, hath knowledge of the voice.

Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
Sat'st unappalled in calm and sinless peace.

Thus passed the night so foul, till Morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim steps, in amice grey,
Who with her radiant finger stilled the roar
Of thunder, chased the clouds, and laid the winds,
And griesly spectres, which the Fiend had raised
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.

And now the sun with more effectual beams
Had cheered the face of earth, and dried the wet
From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,
Who all things now behold more fresh and green,
After a night of storm so ruinous,
Cleared up their choicest notes in bush and spray,
To gratulate the sweet return of morn.

Nor yet, amidst this joy and brightest morn,
Was absent, after all his mischief done,
The Prince of Darkness; glad would also seem
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came;
Yet with no new device (they all were spent),
Rather by this his last affront resolved,
Desperate of better course, to vent his rage
And mad despite to be so oft repelled.

Him walking on a sunny hill he found,
Backed on the north and west by a thick wood;
Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,
And in a careless mood thus to him said:—
“Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,
After a dismal night. I heard the wrack,
As earth and sky would mingle; but myself
Was distant; and these flaws, though mortals fear them,
As dangerous to the pillared frame of Heaven,
Or to the Earth's dark basis underneath,
Are to the main as inconsiderable
And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze
To man's less universe, and soon are gone.
Yet, as being oftentimes noxious where they light
On man, beast, plant, wasteful and turbulent,
Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,
Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,
They oft fore-signify and threaten ill.
This tempest at this desert most was bent;
Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.
Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject
The perfect season offered with my aid
To win thy destined seat, but wilt prolong
All to the push of fate, pursue thy way
Of gaining David's throne no man knows when

A GREAT CALM

WE came unto the land whither thou didst send us,
and truly doth it flow with milk and honey.

How beautiful are thy tents, O Jacob, thy dwellings,
O Israel!

As streams are they spread forth, as gardens by the
river's side, as aloe-trees, which the Lord hath planted,
as cedar-trees beside the waters.

There is no remembrance of former things.

For the former things are passed away.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given:
and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his
name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty
God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

Of the increase of his government and peace there
shall be no end.

How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war
perished!

For the extortioner is at an end, the spoiler ceaseth,
the oppressors are consumed out of the land.

(For both the when and how is nowhere told),
 Thou shalt be what thou art ordained, no doubt;
 For Angels have proclaimed it, but concealing
 The time and means? Each act is rightliest done
 Not when it must, but when it may be best.
 If thou observe not this, be sure to find
 What I foretold thee—many a hard assay
 Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,
 Ere thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold;
 Whereof this ominous night that closed thee round,
 So many terrors, voices, prodigies,
 May warn thee, as a sure foregoing sign."

So talked he, while the Son of God went on,
 And staid not, but in brief him answered thus:—
 "Me worse than wet thou find'st not; other harm
 Those terrors which thou speak'st of did me none.
 I never feared they could, though noising loud
 And threatening nigh: what they can do as signs
 Betokening or ill-boding I condemn
 As false portents, not sent from God, but thee;
 Who, knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,
 Obtrud'st thy offered aid, that I, accepting,
 At least might seem to hold all power of thee,
 Ambitious Spirit! and would'st be thought my God;
 And storm'st, refused, thinking to terrify
 Me to thy will! Desist (thou art discerned,
 And toil'st in vain), nor me in vain molest."

To whom the Fiend, now sworn with rage, replied:—
 "Then hear, O Son of David, virgin-born!
 For Son of God to me is yet in doubt.
 Of the Messiah I have heard foretold
 By all the Prophets; of thy birth, at length
 Announced by Gabriel, with the first I knew,
 And of the angelic-song in Bethlehem field,
 On thy birth-night, that sung thee Saviour born.
 From that time seldom have I ceased to eye
 Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
 Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred;
 Till, at the ford of Jordan, whither all
 Flocked to the Baptist, I among the rest
 (Though not to be baptized), by voice from Heaven
 Heard thee pronounced the Son of God beloved.
 Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
 And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn
 In what degree or meaning thou art called
The Son of God, which bears no single sense.
 The Son of God I also am, or was;
 And, if I was, I am; relation stands:
 All men are Sons of God; yet thee I thought
 In some respect far higher so declared.

How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations!

Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen.

How is the gold become dim!

Death is swallowed up in victory.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

THE Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

HE that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep.

To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice: and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.

Therefore I watched thy footsteps from that hour,
And followed thee still on to this waste wild,
Where, by all best conjectures, I collect
Thou art to be my fatal enemy.
Good reason, then, if I beforehand seek
To understand my adversary, who
And what he is; his wisdom, power, intent;
By parle or composition, truce or league,
To win him, or win from him what I can.
And opportunity I here have had
To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee
Proof against all temptation, as a rock
Of adamant and as a centre, firm
To the utmost of mere man both wise and good,
Not more; for honours, riches, kingdoms, glory,
Have been before condemned, and may again.
Therefore, to know what more thou art than man,
Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heaven,
Another method I must now begin."

So saying, he caught him up, and, without wing
Of hippogrif, bore through the air sublime,
Over the wilderness and o'er the plain,
Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,
The Holy City, lifted high her towers,
And higher yet the glorious Temple reared
Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
Of alabaster, topt with golden spires:
There, on the highest pinnacle, he set
The Son of God, and added thus in scorn:—
"There stand, if thou wilt stand; to stand upright
Will ask thee skill. I to thy Father's house
Have brought thee, and highest placed: highest is best.
Now shew thy progeny; if not to stand,
Cast thyself down. Safely, if Son of God;
For it is written, 'He will give command
Concerning thee to his Angels; in their hands
They shall uplift thee, lest at any time
Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.'"

To whom thus Jesus: "Also it is written,
'Tempt not the Lord thy God.'" He said, and stood;

But Satan, smitten with amazement, fell.
As when Earth's son, Antæus (to compare
Small things with greatest), in Irassa strove
With Jove's Alcides, and, oft foiled, still rose,
Receiving from his mother Earth new strength,
Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple joined,
Throttled at length in the air expired and fell,
So, after many a foil, the Tempter proud,
Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride

And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice.

I am the door of the sheep.

By me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved: and he shall go in, and go out, and shall find pasture.

I am come that they may have life, and may have it more abundantly.

I am the good shepherd. The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep.

THE voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.

My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies.

My beloved is like a roe or a young hart: behold, he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, shewing himself through the lattice.

It is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me.

Behold, my beloved speaketh to me: Arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come.

For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone;

The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;

The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

I found him whom my soul loveth: I laid fast hold of him, and would not let him go.

Fell whence he stood to see his victor fall;
And, as that Theban monster that proposed
Her riddle, and him who solved it not devoured,
That once found out and solved, for grief and spite
Cast herself headlong from the Ismenian steep,
So, strook with dread and anguish, fell the Fiend,
And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought
Joyless triumphals of his hoped success,
Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,
Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God.

SO Satan fell; and straight a fiery globe
Of Angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
Who on their plummy vans received Him soft
From his uneasy station, and upbore,
As on a floating couch, through the blithe air;
Then, in a flowery valley, set him down
On a green bank, and set before him spread
A table of celestial food, divine
Ambrosial fruits fetched from the Tree of Life,
And from the Fount of Life ambrosial drink,
That soon refreshed him wearied, and repaired
What hunger, if aught hunger, had impaired,
Or thirst; and, as he fed, Angelic quires
Sung heavenly anthems of his victory
Over temptation and the Tempter proud:—
“True Image of the Father, whether throned
In the bosom of bliss, and light of light
Conceiving, or, remote from Heaven, enshrined
In fleshly tabernacle and human form,
Wandering the wilderness—whatever place,
Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing
The Son of God, with Godlike force endued
Against the attempter of thy Father’s throne
And thief of Paradise! Him long of old
Thou didst debel, and down from Heaven cast
With all his army: now thou hast avenged
Supplanted Adam, and, by vanquishing
Temptation, hast regained lost Paradise,
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent.
He never more henceforth will dare set foot
In Paradise to tempt; his snares are broke.
For, though that seat of earthly bliss be failed,
A fairer Paradise is founded now
For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou,
A Saviour, art come down to reinstall;
Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,
Of tempter and temptation without fear.
But thou, Infernal Serpent! shalt not long
Rule in the clouds. Like an autumnal star,
Or lightning, thou shalt fall from Heaven, trod down

Then was I in his eyes as one that found favour.

He brought me to the banqueting-house, and his banner over me was love.

Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it.

My beloved is mine, and I am his: he feedeth among the lilies.

His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me.

A bundle of myrrh is my wellbeloved unto me.

My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of En-gedi.

Behold, thou art fair, my beloved, yea, pleasant.

As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.

At our gates are all manner of pleasant fruits, new and old, which I have laid up for thee, O my beloved.

I am my beloved's, and his desire is toward me.

My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand.

His countenance is as Lebanon, excellent like the cedars.

His mouth is most sweet: yea, he is altogether lovely.

This is my beloved, and this is my friend.

Under his feet. For proof, ere this thou feel'st
Thy wound (yet not thy last and deadliest wound)
By this repulse received, and hold'st in Hell
No triumph; in all her gates Abaddon rues
Thy bold attempt. Hereafter learn with awe
To dread the Son of God. He, all unarmed,
Shall chase thee, with the terror of his voice,
From thy demoniac holds, possession foul—
Thee and thy legions; yelling they shall fly,
And beg to hide them in a herd of swine,
Lest he command them down into the Deep,
Bound, and to torment sent before their time.
Hail, Son of the Most High, heir of both Worlds,
Queller of Satan! On thy glorious work
Now enter, and begin to save Mankind.”

Thus they the Son of God, our Saviour meek,
Sung Victor, and, from heavenly feast refreshed,
Brought on his way with joy. He, unobserved,
Home to his mother's house private returned.

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